McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
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GOMPERS AND BURNS ON UNIONISM AND DYNAMITE

I. BURNS' STORY

ON THE TRAIL OF THE MEN HIGHER UP

[THE two interviews that follow were given to McCLURE'S MAGAZINE shortly after the confession of the McNamara brothers to the blowing up of the Los Angeles *Times* Building.]

"THE men higher up, eh!" said Burns, in his resonant, positive voice. "The men back of the dynamiters? All right; I'll give you what I can. We're only through with the first of our cases yet, you know."

Burns had come into New York for the first time after the McNamara confession. A continent ringing with his name, men whispering it as he passed the street corners; telephones jangling; messages from presidents and fools, friends and cranks; a simultaneous uprising of a metropolis to appropriate the time and person of the celebrity of the hour. Now Burns was leaving it. Out of the distraction and the clamor the sturdy, vigorous figure walked its straight, unswerving course—disappeared into the stuffy, upholstered isolation of the Pullman train.

"I'll tell as much as I can," said Burns, as the train started.

Something to Make "the Boys" Feel Good

We were shadowing McManigal around Chicago; he was house-hunting, with his wife. Naturally we didn't think he'd pull off any more dynamiting for a day or two, anyway. A client at Boston telegraphed me, and I jumped over to see him.

I hadn't more than got out of town when McManigal and J. B. McNamara started out on the dynamiting job we were waiting to catch them at. It was going to be a big one this time — five different places in Detroit; they were getting over their scare about the Los Angeles business. It seems the executive council of the Bridge-Workers was going to have a quarterly meeting, and J. J. McNamara, the secretary and treasurer, had called McManigal to Indianapolis and instructed him to do some more dynamiting before they met.

"You've got to get out and pull off something to make the boys feel good when they get here," he told McManigal.

So that next day, the 11th of April, Ortie McManigal took his suit-case full of bombs, and met J. B. McNamara at Toledo, Ohio. And the day after that my son, Raymond J. Burns, went over to Detroit with the Chicago officer, and they got them with the infernal machines on them.

We'd arrested twelve "yeggs" at Toledo for bank robbery on the same day they were there — as I told you before; and we let the two dynamiters think that was what we wanted them for. So, knowing they could show an alibi on the bank jobs, they both waived extradition finally, and we took them into Chicago.

About this time J. J. McNamara wasn't making anybody feel very happy. When McManigal and J. B. McNamara were arrested, they

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gave the names they traveled under, of course. That was notice to their people that they were arrested. The papers came out, the next day, and said that Ortie McManigal and Frank Sullivan — that was one of J. B.'s names — had been arrested in Detroit as safe-blowers.

That was all there was; then they dropped out of sight. The next day the police brought them to Chicago, and we took them out and kept them at the house of Detective Sergeant William H. Reed of the Chicago police force, on the South Side of Chicago. They stayed there while we were getting the extradition papers.

J. J. McNamara saw the arrest in the papers, then nothing else. He didn't know what to think. Maybe they'd been arrested for that bank burglary, maybe it was a bluff and they were taken up for the Los Angeles job. They'd just disappeared off the face of the earth. All there was to do was to wait for something more. Our men who were watching J. J. McNamara reported he was pale and drawn and uneasy.

"The American Federation Is Back of Us"

We had had our eyes on the "higher-ups" in the International Bridge-Workers for some time. But just as soon as we made these first two arrests we began to hear about something higher up still.

When our people were taking the two dynamiters from Detroit to Chicago, J. B. McNamara was in the seat with my son. They hadn't been out very long when McNamara woke up to the fact that it wasn't safe-blowing they were wanted for, but that Los Angeles business; and he began to try bribery. He started at $2,000 and he went up to $30,000.

"How will you raise any such money?" asked Raymond.

"Never mind how I'll raise it; all you've got to do is to let me get to a telegraph office for ten minutes."

My son refused him.

"You're making the mistake of your life," said McNamara. "The American Federation of Labor is back of us."

When they told that to me after I reached Chicago, I didn't take any stock in it. "He's talking through his hat," I said. "They'll never stand for that."

That same day I went over and saw McManigal, and he confessed to me. There's a lot of mystery made about this getting confessions from criminals — and about the whole detective business in general. It's all rot.

Before I began with McManigal, I instructed him as to his rights under the law — that whatever he said might be used against him, and that this was a very serious matter. Then I explained to him the law of conspiracy, and showed him that, even if he hadn't gone to Los Angeles himself, he was guilty of murder if we could prove he was part of a general conspiracy which caused the explosion.

It was the first time he knew he was liable for murder, and naturally it got on his nerves.

"Now," I said, "I can't promise you anything — no immunity whatever. I'm not even an officer; I'm a private detective. But you've got to decide what you'll do, one way or the other. You can take your time about it. If you want to talk to me, just let me know." Then I left him.

About twenty minutes later the officer at the house where we had them called me up by telephone. "He says he wants to talk to you."

"All right; tell him I'll be right over."

An hour later the officer telephoned me again: "He wants to know why you don't come up."

"All right," I said; "tell him I'll be over."

I let him go another hour, and the telephone rang again.

"Say," the officer said, "when are you coming up? This man's getting very nervous."

"All right; I'll be right over," I said.

Pretty soon I went over. When McManigal saw me he was ready to hug me. We sent for a stenographer and a notary public, and he told the whole thing from beginning to end.

Now, there was one thing McManigal told me I didn't think much about at first, but I remembered afterward — that was about Clarence Darrow, the lawyer at Chicago. Their orders were, he said, if they ever got caught, the first thing they were to do was to telegraph Darrow to come down and defend them.

Some "Good News" for Mrs. McManigal

While this was going on our men down in Indianapolis kept us posted on that council meeting down there. They reported that J. J. McNamara was getting more and more nervous. I saw I'd have to ease up a little on him, So I went to the telephone and called up Mrs. McManigal, at her home in Chicago.

"Hello," I said; "is this – – – Harrison?"

"Yes," she answered. "Who is it?"

"Never mind who it is; you don't know me and I don't know you," I said. "But I got a letter this morning I want to read to you." Then I started as if I was reading:

"'Immediately upon receipt of this letter,' it says, 'call up Harrison – – –, and tell the woman there her husband is all right; he and his friend were arrested for safe-blowing, but the police let them go again, and they're in Windsor, Canada (opposite Detroit), and they're all right.'"

"Good," she said. "My God, that's good news to me. Good!" She kept me there five minutes before she let me go on.

"And it further states," I said, "to tell her to go to a certain party — it doesn't say his name ——"

"I know, I know," she says. "Go on."

"And get five hundred dollars from him and go back home and wait till her husband sends for her; and in a day or two, the letter says, he may write you himself."

"Yes, yes," she said. "All right; I'll go right down to-night."

So down she went that night to Indianapolis, straight down to J. J. McNamara — our men shadowing them, of course, all the time.

"That's funny," said McNamara. "I don't see why he didn't write me." You see, McNamara had a secret box in Indianapolis, under the name of Sandusky, where they were to write him when they got in trouble, and I didn't know it. McManigal had forgotten to tell me about that.

Entering the Silent Council Chamber

Well, all this time we were holding these men in Chicago, waiting for the extradition papers from California. On the 21st of April the papers came, and on the 22d I went over to Indianapolis with the agents of the State of California. The Governor of Indiana granted the extradition papers, and the local police made the arrests.

The executive council was still in session. J. J. McNamara opened the door himself when the policeman knocked.

"The chief of police wants to see you over at his office," said the officer.

It's a singular thing, how a criminal always falls down somewhere. Some time or other, they "tip their hand." McNamara didn't even ask what he was wanted for. He just got up and walked around the group of silent officers at the table, and went to the president at the head.

"What'll I do?" he said in a low voice.

"Better go with him," said Ryan, in just the same tone.

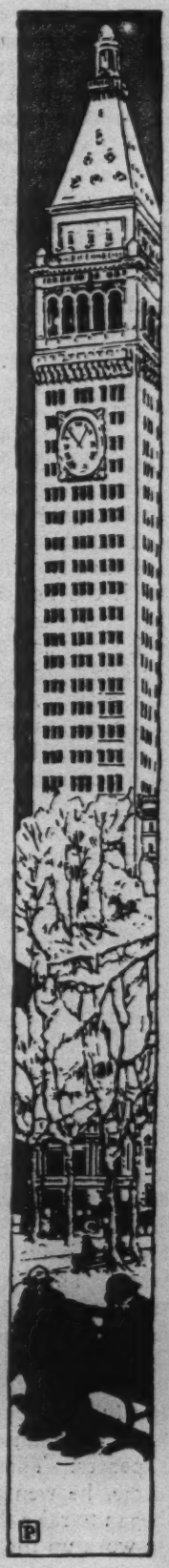
Some time afterward they began to ask what it was all about. It came over them, when they had time, that the first thing an innocent man would think of was to inquire what he was arrested for.

So then, with my information from McManigal, we got their dynamite and their books. And the books showed right away what was going on.

The Private Bank Account

The system was this: The council appropriated, every now and then, from $1,000 to $3,500 for "organization work." These appropriations averaged over $1,000 a month. This was a special fund, entirely separate from the regular expenses of organizers. It was given to J. J. McNamara as secretary and treasurer, and he gave no account of it. Their constitution provided that they print all their expenditures in their *Bridgeman's Magazine*, but their executive council had simply decided some years before that they would stop giving these accounts.

When the secretary and treasurer got this money he put it into a private bank account, and whenever his brother or McManigal blew up something, he checked out their $200 direct from this private bank account. There's no



guessing about this. We have the evidence of the whole transaction, from the minutes of the council making the appropriation, to J. J. McNamara's checks from his private account to his brother and McManigal. And we've got the letters. When they pulled off a job, they'd send in newspaper clippings describing the results of their dynamiting for bills before they'd get their money.

Indianapolis is full of international union headquarters, and just as soon as they could catch their breath they all began the same cry — conspiracy. We had planted the dynamite in all those hiding-places McNamara had bought or built and had the keys to. We'd kidnapped McNamara, and lied about getting extradition papers. None of them seemed to want to know about what McNamara had done.

Now, everything I had done was perfectly regular. My telegram to the Los Angeles district attorney, asking for extradition papers, told exactly what had happened, though they say it did not. The papers were obtained in the regular way. They took the prisoner to the police station, and from the police station to the same judge who always acted in extradition cases. And then they took him away to California, as they had a right to do.

That was late Saturday afternoon; on Sunday Gompers came out in Washington and began talking about plots and outrages. He couldn't have made any investigation as to whether McNamara was guilty or not; he didn't have time. He at once started talking about a plot to crush organized labor. On Monday E. N. Nochals, the secretary of the Chicago Federation of Labor and an organizer of the American Federation, came down, with Clarence Darrow, to talk over the case with the Bridge-Workers — the same Darrow that McManigal and J. B. McNamara had orders to telegraph when they got caught dynamiting.

Darrow came out promptly and said he couldn't possibly think of taking the case; he wasn't strong enough. "In the last big labor case I was in," he said, "I nearly killed myself." He was only down to consult as a friend of labor. That was one of the funniest things in the whole case. Darrow didn't want the case — no, not at all. For a couple of weeks he was in it; then he was out of it; then he was in it again — according to the newspapers. Then finally they gave him a $50,000 retainer, with a hundred dollars a day throughout the case, and expenses. Then Darrow's hesitancy was overcome, he went out to Los Angeles, and they began to raise the money for him. They started to work up the sympathy act to get it.

The Stuff that Martyrs Are Made of

I wonder sometimes, when I'm on cases like this, if everybody's gone crazy. You take these "boys," these "heroes of labor," they were trying to stampede the labor men of the country with. They certainly were a fine type of heroes.

J. J., the secretary-treasurer, was thirty-four, and his brother was twenty-eight. J. B., the dynamiter, was raised in a Cincinnati reform school — a dissipated, cigarette-smoking degenerate looking for "easy money." J. J. has a five-year-old child by one of the many women he was continually mixed up with.

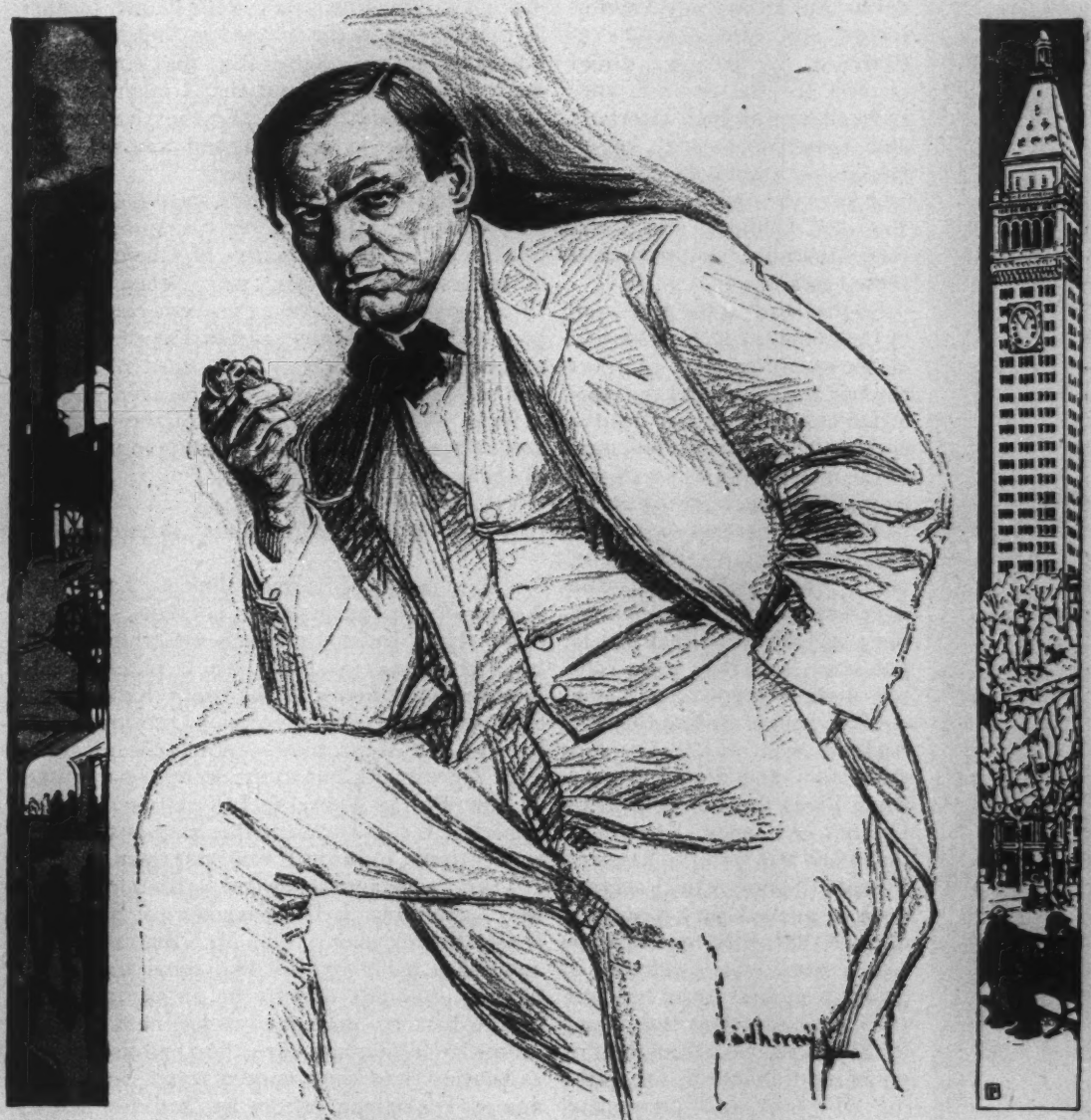
A nice crowd. There was one workman in Indianapolis, an old man, whom they got after. He had a job on an iron smokestack. So they went up and cut off all but one of the rivets around one length of the pipe. The idea was that this one bolt would hold until he started working on it next day, and then it would give way and the pipe would telescope down and shear the man in two. It fell during the night, instead; so they fixed one of the ropes on his derrick, and he fell and was crippled for life.

When McManigal spoke to J. J. McNamara about the Los Angeles *Times* and its twenty-odd men that were killed, "I guess they'll come across now," said McNamara. That's all he was interested in.

About a week after the arrests Gompers came on to Indianapolis and then up to Chicago to see about the case. I knew just what we had, and I knew any fair-minded man would see it; so I said publicly that, now he had made an investigation, Gompers would probably say there wasn't any detectives' frame-up, because there couldn't be. But Gompers came back and said I was a liar, and had been all through the case. He had come down on the ground, talked with the men who had appropriated the money which J. J. McNamara paid for the dynamiting, and had every possible opportunity to know that our evidence couldn't be manufactured; yet he took the position that the whole thing was a "frame-up."

Then Gompers took matters over into the hands of the Federation of Labor. They got together a McNamara ways and means committee. And they asked every union member in the country for twenty-five cents a head for the trial; and Gompers and the rest of them went around the country and worked the labor people into a fury. Every Socialist haranguing from the tail of a cart was talking about Burns' "frame-up." I went around now and then and listened to them. All their talk was well calculated to incite some crank to take a shot at me.

Then they sold fancy stamps with McNamara's head on them, to put on their stationery. The Federation carried these on their own mail. And they had McNamara buttons to sell for a nickel. And finally they got out a moving-picture show, with an actor to represent labor, and folding his hands and rolling up his eyes and praying. Then they throw his "letter to labor" on the screen. After he confessed, they scratched up the film, so McNamara moved along without any face on. Then, of course, they stopped it altogether.



Drawing by E. V. Nadherny

CLARENCE S. DARROW
CHIEF COUNSEL FOR THE McNAMARAS IN THE LOS ANGELES DYNAMITING CASE

McNamara and a big thug to represent me, and the council of the iron-workers posing for themselves — where I come in and drag him out. It starts in with McNamara leaving home and his mother blessing him, and it ends up with him in his cell, writing one of his letters to

The Federation's Three Men Take Charge

All these operations were under the American Federation of Labor. The Federation officers had a conference in June, and they passed a resolution which read like this: "That the

disbursement of all moneys received in connection with these cases shall be made by Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, upon the order of Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and made payable to Clarence S. Darrow, chief counsel for the defense, and, through him, to such attorneys and assistants as may be retained or employed by him (subject to the approval of President Gompers and Secretary Morrison) for services in these cases."

So they had all the collecting of the money, and Darrow had all the spending of it — subject to their approval; and the resolution closed by saying "at the end of the trial a printed copy of the income and expenses will be mailed to each contributor."

They got together — according to Morrison's last statement — nearly $200,000, and over $170,000 of it was handed over to Darrow. Really they got more, and they gave Darrow more — a good deal more.

Now, just as soon as the case began, I went out to Los Angeles for a conference, and when I was there I outlined to District Attorney Fredericks just what was going to happen. I said: "They can't acquit; even a packed jury wouldn't dare do that, with the evidence we've got. The defense is going to try first to get me, and then you, and then the judge, if they dare; and then they're going right down the line, bribing witnesses and jurors and anybody they can lay their hands on. And, if they can't bribe them, they're going to threaten them that they'll put them out of the way. And then they're going to be convicted or plead guilty."

I told Captain Fredericks this, and I told it to him just as it happened. The representatives of the defense went right down the line, bribing and threatening. I made only one mistake. They didn't dare try to get the judge; and they didn't dare try to get Captain Fredericks, either — they knew it would be useless. But they did all the rest. That was their way of defending a lawsuit.

They didn't try to bribe me; they knew too much for that. But they went at me another way. They knew the city of Los Angeles wasn't giving me a very good deal at that time in the case, and they figured out that I might be sore and disgruntled about it. So they had people I knew come to see me and suggest that I loosen up — ease up on them.

But the worst time we had was looking after our witnesses. They weren't anxious in the first place, a good many of them, to do much testifying in this case. When we told them we wanted them to go into court, they had all kinds of excuses, from loss of memory to doctors' certificates. But, most of all, we had to keep them away from the agents of the defense. There was a variety of these agents, and at one time or another you would find some of them around our witnesses.

The Agents After Our Witnesses

Take a few of our principal men. Take C. C. Keiser, of the Independent Torpedo Company of Portland, Indiana. Here's something that'll be interesting to you; it hasn't come out any time in connection with the trial. Keiser was a man who sold nitroglycerin — 120 quarts of it — to J. J. McNamara — not McManigal nor J. B. McNamara, but to the secretary-treasurer of the Bridge-Workers' International Union himself. We had to take this man out of their way entirely, to protect him from them.

There was another witness of ours whom they were after, J. D. Waggoner, of Seattle — an electrician whom J. B. McNamara went to and asked if he couldn't find some way of exploding dynamite directly by an electric spark from a battery, instead of using the dangerous fulminate-of-mercury caps they had used.

Another man they wanted was a hotel clerk named Diekelman, whom we had to identify J. B. McNamara as the man who signed his name J. B. Boyce on the hotel register in Los Angeles. Diekelman left Los Angeles, and we located him in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Darrow's brother-in-law, Hammerstrohm, was with him. I had one of my men there in the hotel watching Diekelman and getting friendly with him. Then all at once Diekelman got out of Albuquerque and went on to Chicago. Our men were waiting for him, and trailed him up into Darrow's Chicago office, and back again

to his hotel. There my son Raymond and one of his men went up to him and told him he'd better go back to Los Angeles; if he didn't he'd go back on a warrant from the district attorney, so finally we got him back to Los Angeles.

"I'm the Last Man that'll See You"

Then there was Superintendent Phillips of the powder works near Oakland, California, the man who delivered the dynamite which J. B. McNamara and his two confederates, Schmidt and Caplan, got just before the Los Angeles explosion.

They tried this man all sorts of ways. They threatened him; they telephoned his wife; men hung around his house, watching it; they had his wife scared almost to death.

Finally one of his best friends went to him and talked to him on the subject.

"All they want you to do is to testify that this J. B. Boyce you delivered the dynamite to had lost the index-finger on his right hand."

Of course, as J. B. Boyce (that is, J. B. McNamara) hadn't lost an index-finger, that would have finished Phillips' testimony.

"You can name your own price," said the man.

"I haven't got a price," said Phillips. (It does you good to see a man who will stand up like Phillips and do his duty now and then.) "I'm an American citizen, and I propose to give my testimony in this case. If it'll do them any good they can have it."

"You'd better think that over," said the fellow. "They told me to tell you I was the last man who'd see you on this matter, and if you don't come through, you're not very likely to die a natural death."

"All right," says Phillips; "let it go at that."

All this I've been telling you was about our witnesses. The bribing of jurymen I don't know so much about. Captain Fredericks took care of it out there. That's all been in the newspapers. They've held this "investigator," Burt H. Franklin, in $10,000 cash bail, for bribing a venireman and a juror. The venireman and the juryman who testified against him both told the court that Franklin said he was getting his money from Darrow.

Now, you see how the thing was going — just exactly as I told them it would. All we had to do was to lie still and let them work out their method of defending a law case, and watch their game. And the more they worked with our witnesses and jurors the more they wound themselves up; and pretty soon some of the crowd "higher up" woke up and began to see where they were themselves. Just as soon as they saw they were getting tangled up in the bribery business, they began the final process in the trial. They began throwing overboard one man after another to save the rest of them.

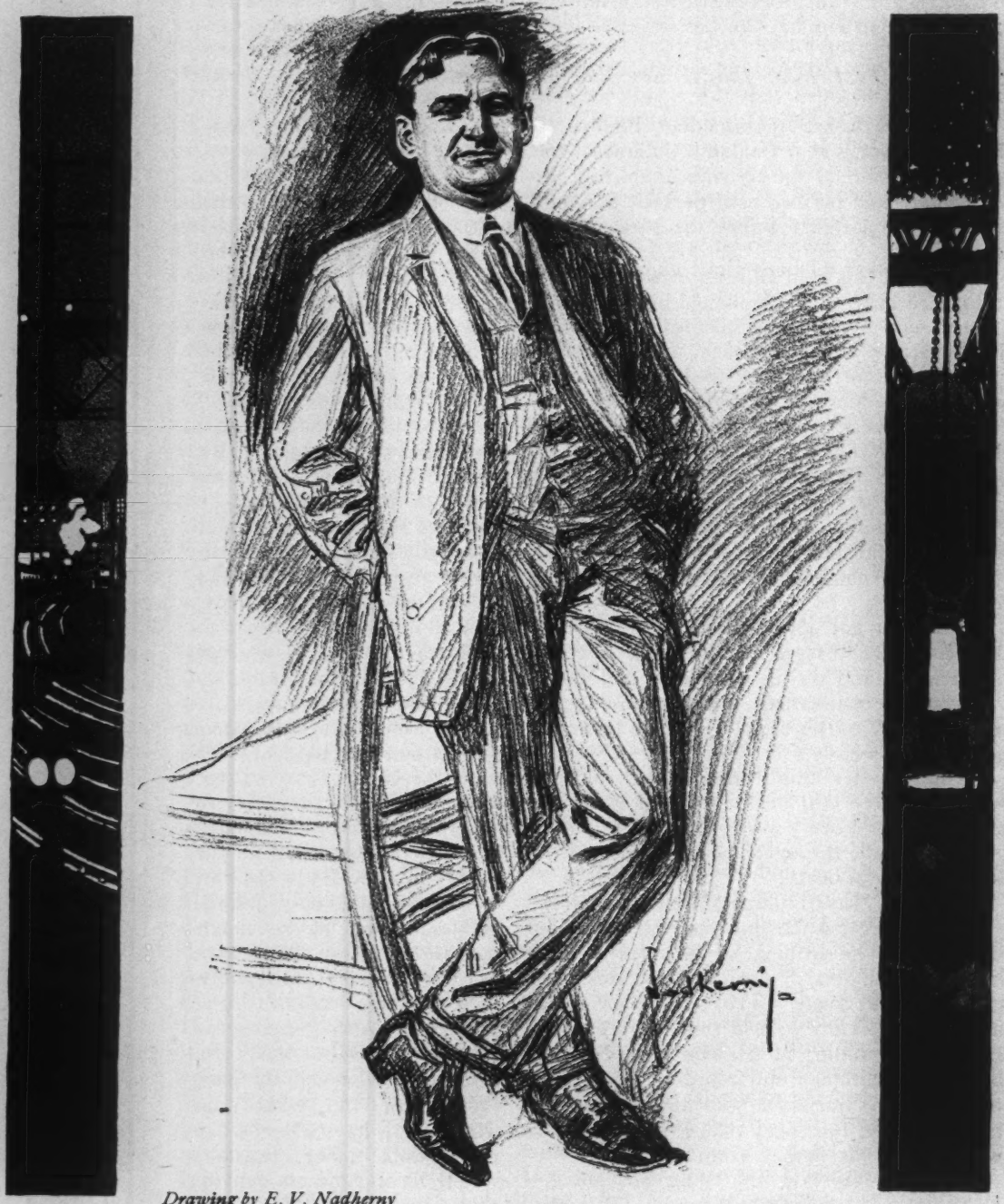
The Sacrifice of the Non-Union Brother

J. B. McNamara — the brother — was the first slated to go. He was the man who set off the dynamite which destroyed the Los Angeles *Times* Building; and they knew we had him tied up tight to the job. The plan was to trade him off for his brother, John J., the labor leader. Then they could hang the man paid to do the job; the "higher-up" who paid him the union's money would go free; and they could always say that the labor union wasn't responsible. We had no idea of standing for that, naturally. Then they began to wake up to the case we had against John J., the brother.

We had an air-tight case against him in the first place. But all summer we had been strengthening it. As we got our new evidence, they knew of it. And then they found they were getting wound up in the bribery matter. So it was time to unload another man, John J. McNamara, one of the leaders themselves. Then, finally, the two McNamaras pleaded guilty.

Now, there couldn't have been any other outcome of this case so good as this. Our evidence was enough to hang those men; but what good would that have done? The professional labor leaders would have gone on denying their guilt and talking about corruption or class prejudice in the jury. We got the guilty men to come out themselves and say they did what we charged them with. Now there's no doubt about it; and no argument. That's settled.

Now, then, when this happened, all the other "higher-ups" were astounded. Ryan, the president of the International Bridge-Workers, from his private account directly on a regular scale of wages to his dynamiters. And the executive council had resolved — contrary to



Drawing by E. V. Nadherny

JOHN J. McNAMARA
SECRETARY-TREASURER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BRIDGE AND STRUCTURAL IRON-WORKERS

and the other members of the council stated that they were amazed. They had been appropriating over $1,000 a month for several years to J. J. McNamara, and he had checked it out the especial provisions of the constitution — to suppress the printing of the account of expenditures. Of course, they didn't know anything about the dynamiting.

There's just one man in the crowd who comes out now and says he knew the McNamaras were guilty — Darrow, their attorney — the same man McNamara told McManigal to telegraph at once if he were ever arrested. He knew it from the time he took the case, and he was talking about it with his acquaintances around Los Angeles some little time before the confession; but he did not inform in any way his principals — the American Federation of Labor, the men who were paying him for his work. Gompers, especially, was astounded when he heard about it.

The Three Men and the $200,000

All of that $200,000 of the Federation was handled by these men, you remember. It went to Morrison, the Federation's secretary, who paid it to Clarence Darrow upon the order of Samual Gompers, the president. Darrow paid it out for the case — to the "attorneys or assistants" he should employ subject to the approval of the other two men. These three men, and that is all, were responsible for the handling and expenditure of this $200,000. And not once did Darrow intimate to the other two men that their clients were guilty!

It will be worth waiting for to see just how the three men account for the $200,000, according to the resolution of their council, to the contributors. Darrow will get, of course, with his $50,000 retainer and his hundred dollars a day and expenses, well toward one half of it. It will be interesting to see their detailed accounts of the remaining $100,000 or $125,000.

It isn't necessary to comment on this sort of thing. Everybody sees it. And that is the greatest thing we've done in this case: we've dragged out these labor politicians, these men like Gompers, and let the public look at them as they are.

Nine tenths of the laboring men in this country don't want dynamiting or violence. The trouble with organized labor is that it has got into the control of a low type of politicians, who hold it just as politicians control our municipal affairs; and corruption and violence breeds under this kind of men. Labor unions will have proper management — just as cities will — when the average member and voter takes an interest and does his duty in the organization. I've seen the condition in both cities and unions, and I know. It's the task of organized labor to purge itself — to clean house thoroughly. I hope it will. No one wants to see the labor movement prosper more than I do.

II. GOMPERS SPEAKS FOR LABOR

THE ORGANIZED ASSAULT AGAINST THE RIGHTS AND THE LEADERS OF THE AMERICAN WORKINGMAN

THE American labor movement, under the American Federation of Labor [said Mr. Gompers], has been the most peaceful and law-abiding in the world. This is a matter of history; any one who knows anything about modern economic movements knows it. Now, when these two McNamaras — two poor, misguided fanatics, out of two million workers — are driven to hopelessness and pessimism by a policy of oppression, and resort to violence, the professional enemies of labor at once come out to charge their crazy acts to organized labor and its management as a whole.

The American Federation of Labor needs no defense from such attacks. It has absolutely nothing to hide; it invites the closest examination of its records and affairs. Personally, as president of the Federation for all but two of its thirty-one years, I take the same position. It is impossible that my policy and record can be different from those of that body.

I am a member of a family of workingpeople; my father and grandfather worked at a trade. There are now four living generations of union members in my family, starting with my father, a cigarmaker eighty-four years old, and ending with my oldest son's daughter, a stenographer. I worked at my trade twenty-six years, and the members of my family have been, are,

and expect to remain wage-earners. We belong with the workers, and we want to stay where we belong.

The Men Who Started the Federation

Thirty-four years ago, when I was a young man working at my trade in New York, I became one of the group of men whose efforts resulted later in the formation of the Federation of Labor. The ranks of organized labor had been decimated by the industrial troubles following the Civil War. One of the greatest obstacles to permanent organization was that the strong men in labor unions were constantly being lured away from them by better opportunities in politics or business, which their influence as labor leaders had opened to them.

The group of men to which I belonged pledged themselves that, come what would, we would remain in the ranks of labor. Out of this group came the men who started the present American Federation of Labor, and gave their viewpoint and policy to its management. The American labor movement owes its success very largely to this policy — the fact that its leaders, with very few exceptions, remained within the class of workers, and fought their battles. It has been impossible to buy them away; their opponents know that they can not cajole or bend or frighten them. And the attack against them has been especially bitter on this account.

The fight against organized labor in America became savage in 1902, when the Manufacturers' Association, a group of the manufacturers of this country, a body organized for general trade purposes, began to turn its attention to the relentless purpose of wresting from the workers' organizations every right they had under the law.

The Attack on Labor's Primary Rights

The men and women who work with their hands have two primary rights — the right to control the one thing they have to sell, their own physical labor; and the right to buy, with their own money, where they choose. Their only chance of survival, especially in the face of the combination and concentration of modern capital, is to exercise these rights in voluntary associations. As organizations, they claim the right to withhold their labor — that is, to strike; or to withhold their patronage — that is, to boycott. These are, and have been, the weapons of American labor; not violence, but peaceful weapons, based upon guaranties of personal rights — personal liberty, without which freedom, free economic society, can not exist. What organized labor wants is not the right to violent action; it neither wants nor condones violence. It asks the simple right to do nothing; to stop work and fold its hands, when it deems it for its best interests to do so. What our opponents really want is just the opposite — to tie the workman to his work, so that he can not possibly break away. When that is accomplished — slavery begins.

Starting in 1902, the Manufacturers' Association began its campaign to deprive organized labor of its primary rights — the right to work or to withhold their labor power (work), and the right to buy from whom they choose; the right of free speech and a free press. These manufacturers have endless means to conduct litigation. By securing a process of judicial legislation, by the perversion of the rightful purposes of injunctions and of contempt proceedings (under which last I am liable myself to be put into prison), they have worked toward the accomplishment of their purpose, and the denial to the working-people of their primary and common rights, rights enjoyed by every other citizen of our country.

The lawyer and the courts have been two of the chief weapons of this band of men organized to destroy labor organizations. A third has been the private detective agencies. The Federation of Labor has protested against the use of the hired detective since its beginning in the '80's. But never has the private detective been used to such an extent, or with such unscrupulousness, as since the campaign of the Manufacturers' Association began. They have been not only private soldiers, hired by capital, to commit violence, and spies in the ranks of labor: they have been and are being used in the capacity of *agents provocateurs* — that is, in disguise as union men, to provoke ill-advised action, or even violence, among workmen. And they have been employed to create evidence, to "frame up" cases against labor, to be used by the lawyers of our enemies in court, and by their publicity agents in creating public opinion.

The Los Angeles Explosion

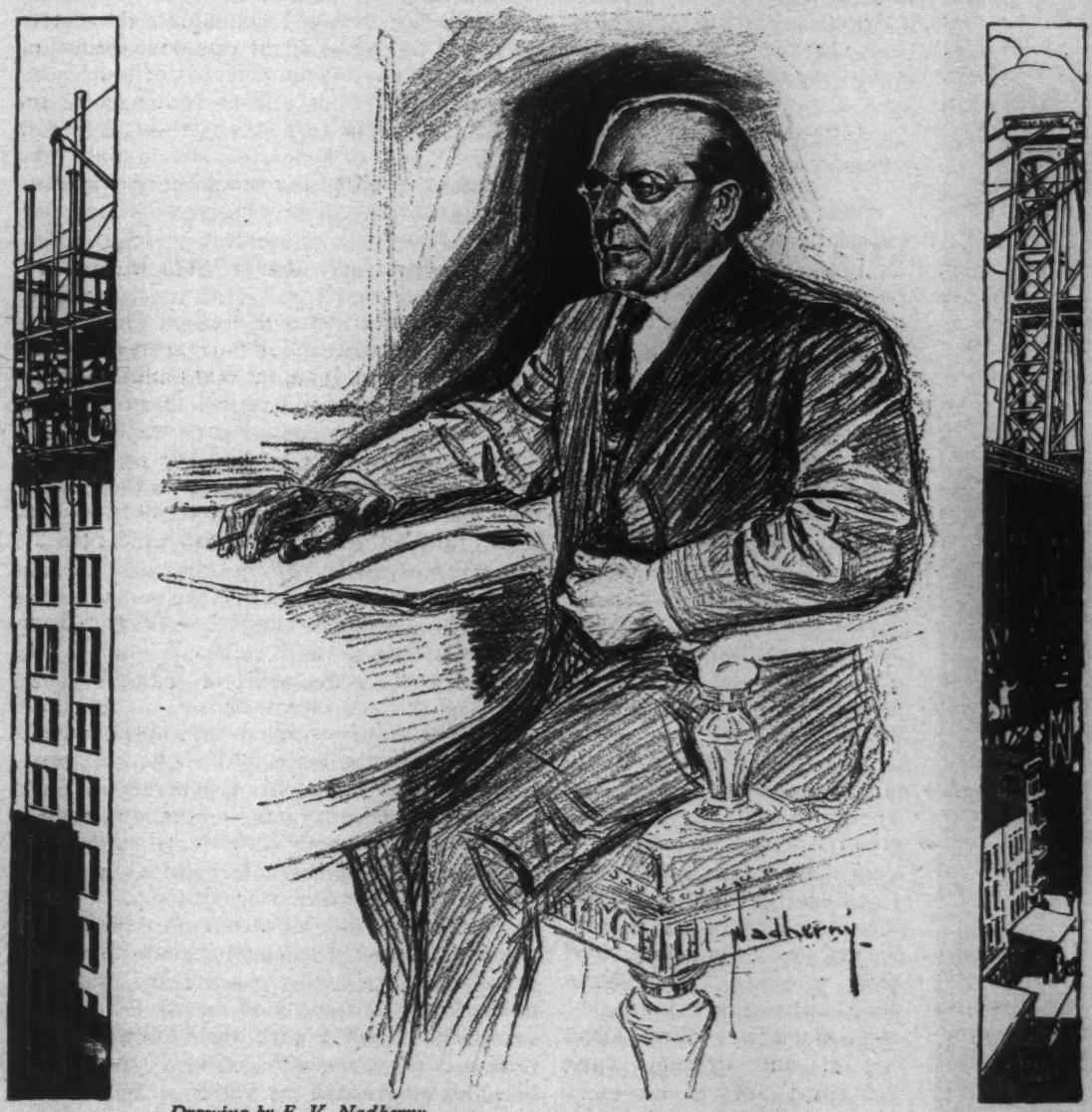
In October, 1910, the Los Angeles *Times* Building was blown up and a score of human lives destroyed. It was a terrible disaster, and a great shock to the country. By no one was it more promptly or strongly deplored than by the leaders of labor, including myself.

The Los Angeles *Times*, as everybody knows, was and is an active and vindictive opponent of organized labor. On the morning of the explosion its owner, General Otis, was out of town. Without the slightest opportunity of investigation, or even viewing the wreck, he

immediately came out with one of his usual bitter and bellicose attacks on organized labor, and attributed the explosion to its agents. At once the lawyers and detectives and press agents of the Manufacturers' Association took up the outcry.

There was no convincing proof whatever, at that time, that the destruction of the *Times* Building was the work of a dynamiter, or of dynamite. There was excellent reason to believe it was caused by an accidental explosion of gas. It is now admitted that the secondary cause was a gas explosion. I, in common with all other officers and men of labor, resented the imputation that the explosion was caused by organized labor. But I purposely abstained from expressing a final judgment. All we asked was that judgment be suspended.

Matters went along in this way for months. Then suddenly, in the first part of April, the McNamaras were arrested. The secretary-treasurer of the International Bridge and Structural Iron-Workers was dragged out of a council meeting; the members of the council, without any warrant of law, were held prisoners for two hours in their own council chamber; the secretary-treasurer was hurried before a police judge, who had no jurisdiction in the case, and, without being allowed to see an attorney, he was hurried out of the State to the Pacific



Drawing by E. V. Nadherny

SAMUEL GOMPERS
PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

Coast, on a zigzag course planned to prevent the use of the constitutionally guaranteed writ of *habeas corpus*. All this was done under the management of the usual private detective agency, working in connection with the National Erectors' Association, part of the Manufacturers' Association.

Federation Undertakes Raising of Defense Fund

There are eight international unions that have headquarters in Indianapolis; as soon as possible after this event, their officers came together in conference to see what could be done to defend the McNamara brothers and to prosecute the men who had illegally taken J. J. McNamara from the State. They saw that they had no authority to make any general appeal to organized labor for the funds needed, and they asked me, as president of the American Federation of Labor, to call a conference of labor-union officials of the country in Indianapolis to take up the matter.

I declined, because I did not approve of that method. They then asked me to call a meeting of our executive council at Indianapolis. This I also declined to do. They then asked me to come personally for conference with them, and I did so, early in May — the Hon. Frank L. Mulholland, of Toledo, Ohio, one of our attorneys, and William J. Spencer, secretary of the American Federation of Labor Building Trades Department, both in compliance with my request, accompanying me to Indianapolis and participating in the conference. By telegraph I requested several representative labor men of Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana to be at the conference and give it the benefit of their advice.

I met in this conference perhaps thirty or forty of the leaders of labor, with headquarters in or about Indianapolis, men who should be in a position to understand the situation. They assured me that there was absolutely no case against the McNamara brothers, and they asked me to take over the matter of the raising of money into the hands of the American Federation of Labor. I said I would place the matter before my colleagues of the executive council of the Federation. I communicated with them by telegraph, and, while still at Indianapolis, received their reply that it was their judgment that the American Federation should undertake the matter of gathering funds for the defense, as well as for the kidnapping prosecution.

The Surprisingly Large Sum Required

In accordance with our decision, the officials of the Federation and its departments came together early in June, in Washington, in conference with Attorney Clarence Darrow of Chicago, who had previously been engaged to conduct the defense. He informed us that a great sum of money would be required for the defense, some $300,000. The trial or trials, he explained, would take a year or a year and a half; the attorneys' fees would be large, for the attorneys would be obliged to give up their own business and move themselves and their families from their own cities to Los Angeles. A similar great expense would come with the high-priced experts and the host of witnesses.

I confess that I, as well as my colleagues, was astounded by the amount of money required, and I was very dubious as to whether we could raise any such sum, and so expressed myself. But we went to work, and we raised by contribution, entirely voluntary with organized labor, a sum approximating $225,000.

This money, like all of our own funds, was received by our secretary, Frank Morrison. I myself have never undertaken financial management of any kind in the Federation since 1889, when I gave the Federation convention the choice of electing a secretary to take this work out of my hands or the selection of a new president. I have no gift or liking for financial affairs. The McNamara defense money, when received, was forwarded by Mr. Morrison to Mr. Darrow, the attorney, who was already preparing the defense when we undertook the work of collecting funds for it.

We publish monthly in our official magazine, the *American Federationist*, an account of the Federation's income and expenditures, detailed to the last cent. Mr. Morrison has his detailed accounts of our collections for this special fund.

When we appealed for contributions, we assured all that we would publish an account of all our receipts and expenditures. This assurance we will fulfil.

Through the summer we went on with our work, conducting the uplift purposes of the Federation. We are very busy men here. Personally, I have never had a vacation; there has not been one day in the past year, Sundays and holidays included, when I was not working.

"You Can Rely on Us; We're Innocent"

In the late summer I took an exhausting two months' trip to the Pacific Coast. While I was in Los Angeles, I naturally went to see the McNamara brothers. I saw them twice. To the best of my remembrance, I then saw J. B. McNamara for the first time. J. J. McNamara, the Bridge-Workers officer, I knew fairly well — that is, as I had met him at conventions, or at conferences in jurisdictional disputes, when he seemed always a quiet, modest, intelligent young man. When I visited them at the jail in Los Angeles, my conversation was almost entirely with him.

He and every one else assured me that he was absolutely guiltless. McNamara said to me over and over again: "It's all right; you can rely on us." When I left him the last time, he took my hand — he is a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow — and looked me in the eyes and said:

"Sam" (everybody who cares a cent about me calls me Sam; I never cared for "Mr. Gompers" or "President Gompers"), "I want to send a message by you to organized labor and all you may meet. Tell them we're innocent — that we are the victims of an outrageous plot."

I believed him, — I had no reason not to at that time, — and I delivered his message.

If he had told me in confidence that he was guilty, I will say this: I don't believe I would have betrayed him. I'm willing to stand by that — I don't believe I would have betrayed him. But I certainly wouldn't have declared my confidence in his innocence; and I certainly would not have gone out and helped to collect money for him.

But no one, at any time, gave me the slightest reason to believe these men were guilty. I returned East, and went through the arduous work of preparing for the annual Federation convention at Atlanta. It was the most progressive, harmonious, and constructive gathering ever held by labor in America.

Upon my return I was met with this awful thing. These two misguided men were guilty — they confessed that they were guilty. I was horror-struck and amazed.

I have no intention of adding to the burden and misery of these two wretched men by any statement of mine. What concerns me is the effect of this matter upon the welfare of labor. In my opinion, it will not be serious in any way. No former or present enemy can be placated; no true friend of labor will be alienated.

Federation's Great Recent Growth

The last year, to October first, has seen the greatest growth in a decade of the international unions in the Federation, a growth of about two hundred thousand members. It has now practically two million workers associated with it. Its growth has continued through October and November at even a higher rate of increase, and there has been no falling off since the guilt of the McNamaras was known.

We have been bitterly attacked since the confession of the McNamaras. The newspapers have, with a few exceptions, assailed us. That is nothing more than we expect; we never look for an even break with the newspapers of America. Their managements are employers of labor, in many cases quite large employers, and, with some most honorable exceptions, they seem to believe that their interests as employers must line them up against organized labor, in policy if not in practice.

But the laboring people of this country are not in any way deceived or estranged by this outcry against the organization of labor. They know that the American Federation of Labor has a right, like any other organization,

to ask that it be judged by two things: what it has done, and what it aims to do. The workers know what it has done for them in the past, and what they can do under its organization in the future.

And what have our unions done? What do they aim to do? To improve the standard of life, to uproot ignorance and foster education, to instil character, manhood, and independent spirit among our people; to bring about a recognition of the interdependence of man upon his fellow man. We aim to establish a normal work-day, to take the children from the factory and workshop and give them the opportunity of the school and the play-ground. In a word, our unions strive to lighten toil, educate their members, make their homes more cheerful, and in every way contribute an earnest effort toward making life the better worth living. To achieve these praiseworthy ends we believe that all honorable and lawful means are both justifiable and commendable and should receive the sympathetic support of every right-thinking American.

Personally I have never received so many words of encouragement and approbation in my career as during these attacks. The men of labor know me. I have worked for long, long years with them. I am one of them. They know that it has been my life's ambition to serve them to the fullest limits of whatever power or ability there is in me. And they know I am neither a dynamiter nor a law-breaker.

The American Federation of Labor and its unions will not be weakened by this event. They will continue on the course they have held for thirty years, not of violence, but of protection of the working-people, and the achievement to the fullest extent of their rights under the law. One of our purposes is to prevent the repetition of the illegal arrest and kidnapping of men, because they are poor men, either by private detective agencies hired by enemies of labor, or by any other source of assumed unlawful authority. We intend to push the case against the kidnappers to its last conclusion in court.

In general we shall continue our fight for the rights of labor, and to defend ourselves in the courts and in the legislatures and against the assault on our legal rights made by the Manufacturers' Association and agencies of that kind. The determination of organized labor on this point was never so strong as now. The work of the American Federation of Labor has never been so active or so definitely directed to this aim as it will be in the future. Its appropriation for the work under it will be increased a third, from six to eight cents a year for every active member of its unions, beginning January 1st, 1912.

The Coming Presidential Election

In addition, by unanimous vote, the Atlanta convention directed that the executive council of the American Federation of Labor urge upon the President and the Congress of the United States the legislation which will secure the legal status of the wage-workers from unjust discrimination in the exercise of their natural rights, through their voluntary associations.

The instructions of that convention conclude:

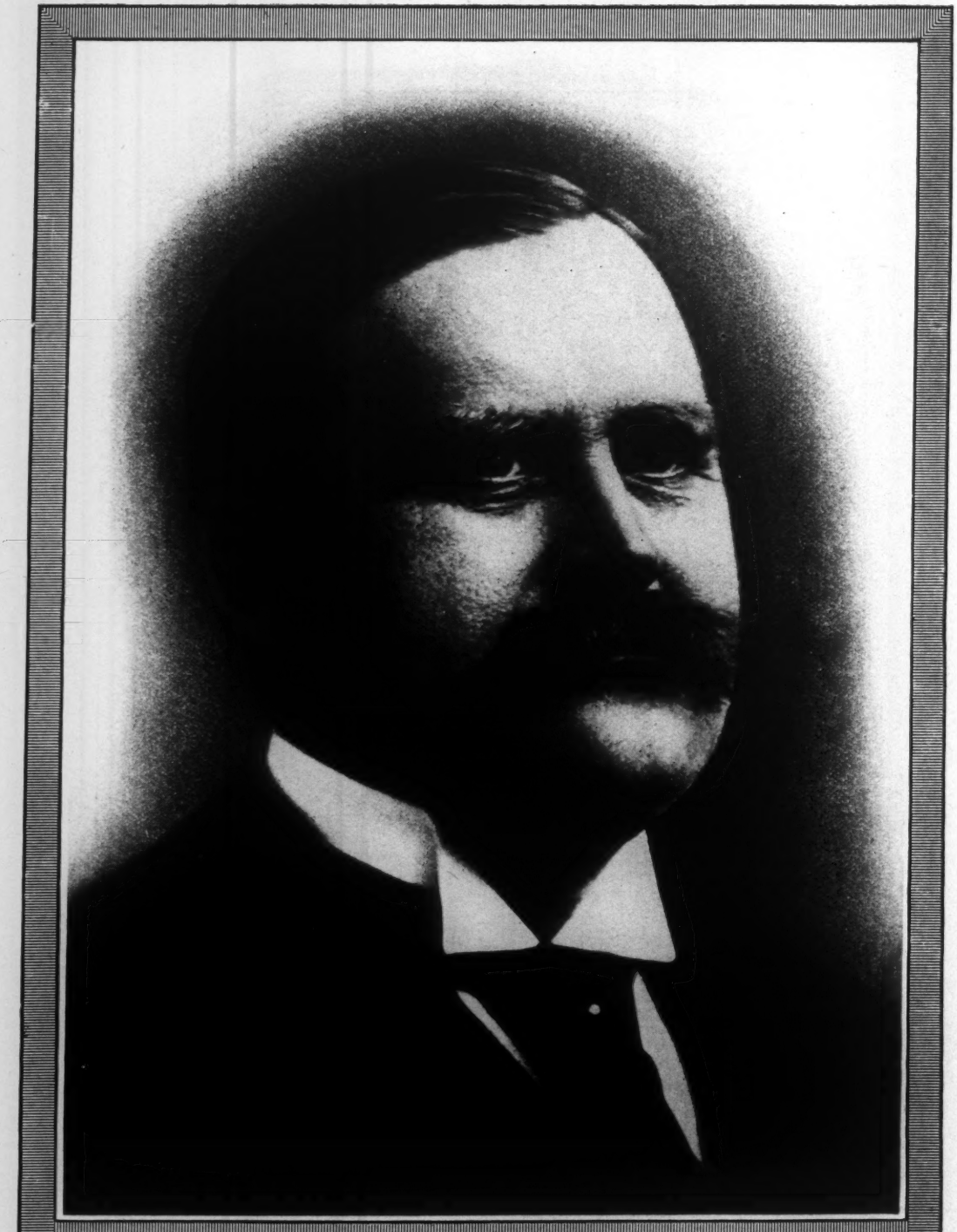
"And the Executive Council is further authorized and directed, in the event of a failure on the part of Congress to enact the legislation which we herein seek at the hands of the Congress and the President, to take such action as in its judgment the situation may warrant in the presidential and congressional election of 1912."

The American Federation of Labor is not a partizan political body. It is partizan to the principle of the common uplift. Its officers have never before received such definite instructions as these. But, in giving them, the convention is merely carrying out the life policy of the Federation — the securing of its aims, not by violence, but by action under the Constitution and laws of the Republic.

The American labor movement is the outgrowth of the necessity of the workers in modern industrial society and environment. It will not be crushed out of existence. It must and will live and grow; it has grown into the hearts and minds of earnest, thinking Americans, has done so much to bring light and life and hope into the homes, the workshops, and the school-room that the hosts of labor, scholars, and real humanitarians look to the American labor movement as the haven of industrial and social safety, the harbinger of rational evolution of America's future greatness, founded upon the intelligence and sovereignty of her yeomanry, her masses, her workers. It is founded upon justice and right. Its men are loyal, as loyal to the institutions of our Republic as can be found in any walk of life. The unions of labor have done much for the material, moral, and social uplift of the men and women of labor — have taken the children out of the factories, the workshops, the mills, and the mines, so that the organized labor movement is indelibly impressed on the hearts and minds, not only of the workers themselves, but of every earnest, broad-minded, liberty-loving citizen of our country.

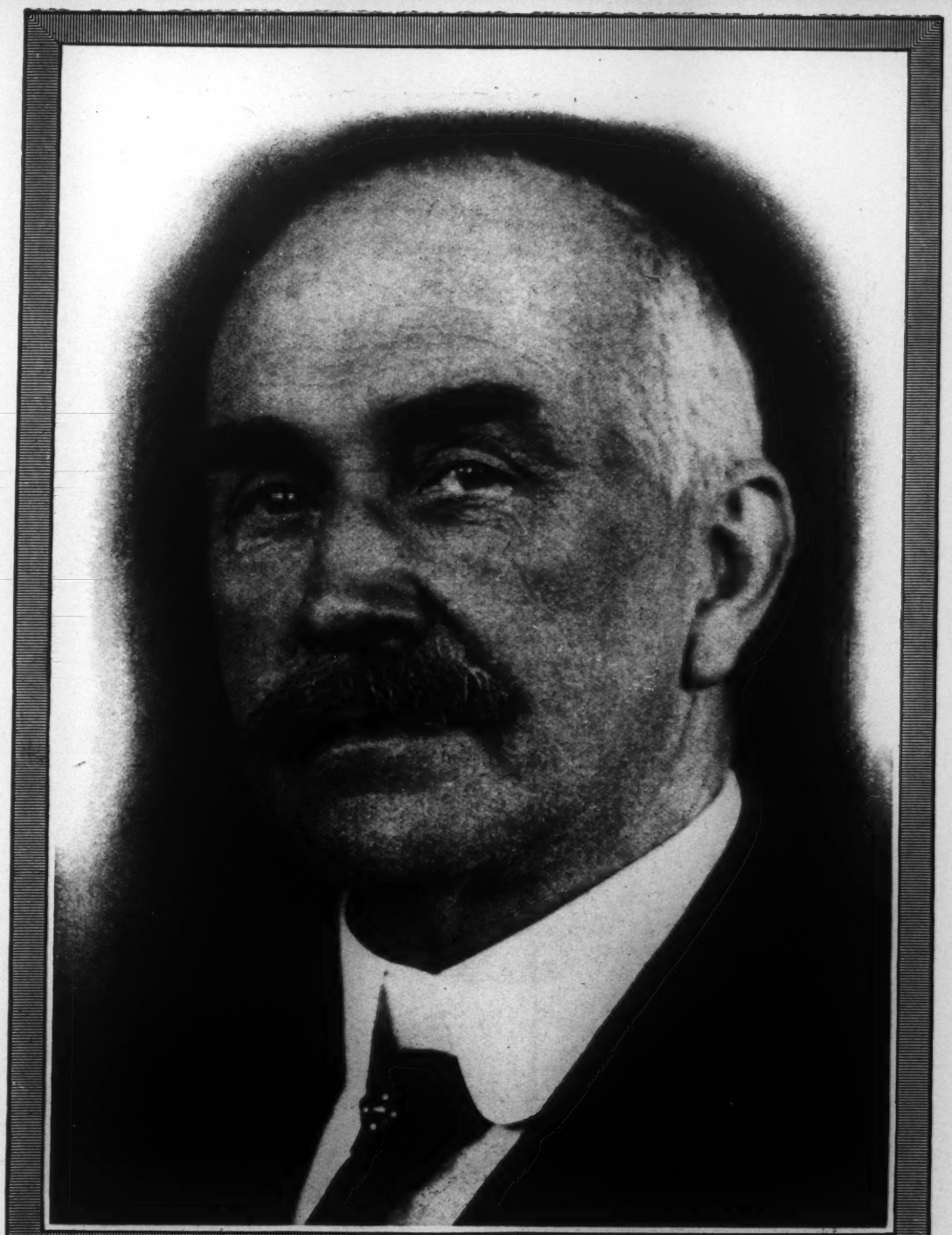
LEADERS OF THE NEW DEMOCRACY

AN ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE OF McCLURE'S DESCRIBES OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD, ONE OF THE LEADING CANDIDATES FOR THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION. IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE OTHER MEN STRONGLY INDORSED FOR THIS HONOR. FROM THIS LIST THE NEXT DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE WILL DOUBTLESS BE CHOSEN.



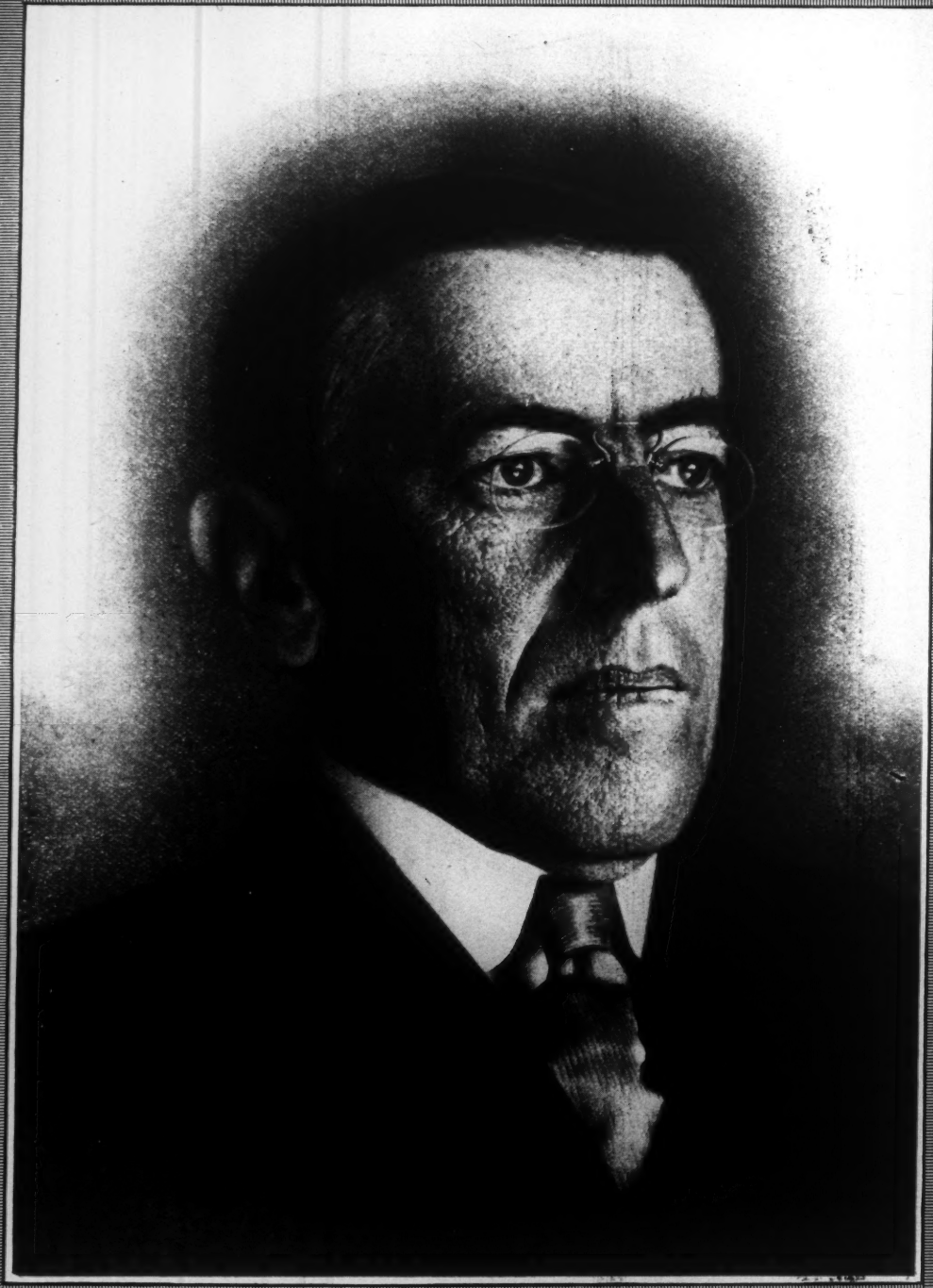
EUGENE N. FOSS

A DEMOCRATIC GOVERNOR OF A STRONG REPUBLICAN STATE — MASSACHUSETTS. HE IS AN ADVANCED DEMOCRATIC "PROGRESSIVE." HE IS WORKING HARD TO HAVE THIS STAID, CONSERVATIVE COMMONWEALTH ADOPT THE INITIATIVE, THE REFERENDUM, AND THE RECALL



JUDSON HARMON

TWICE ELECTED AS A DEMOCRATIC GOVERNOR IN THE STRONG REPUBLICAN STATE OF OHIO. MR. HARMON IS NOT INCLUDED IN BRYAN'S LIST OF ELIGIBLE CANDIDATES. AMONG OTHER THINGS THAT BRYAN CAN NOT FORGIVE IS THAT HARMON WAS A MEMBER—ATTORNEY-GENERAL—OF CLEVELAND'S CABINET



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WOODROW WILSON

NEW JERSEY'S GOVERNOR, THE UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT WHO HAS SHOWN UNSUSPECTED TALENTS IN CIRCUMVENTING THE POLITICIANS. THE MOST SCHOLARLY AMERICAN IN PUBLIC LIFE. HIS SPEECHES ARE DISTINGUISHED FOR THEIR WIT, THEIR NOVELTY OF THOUGHT, AND THEIR BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH

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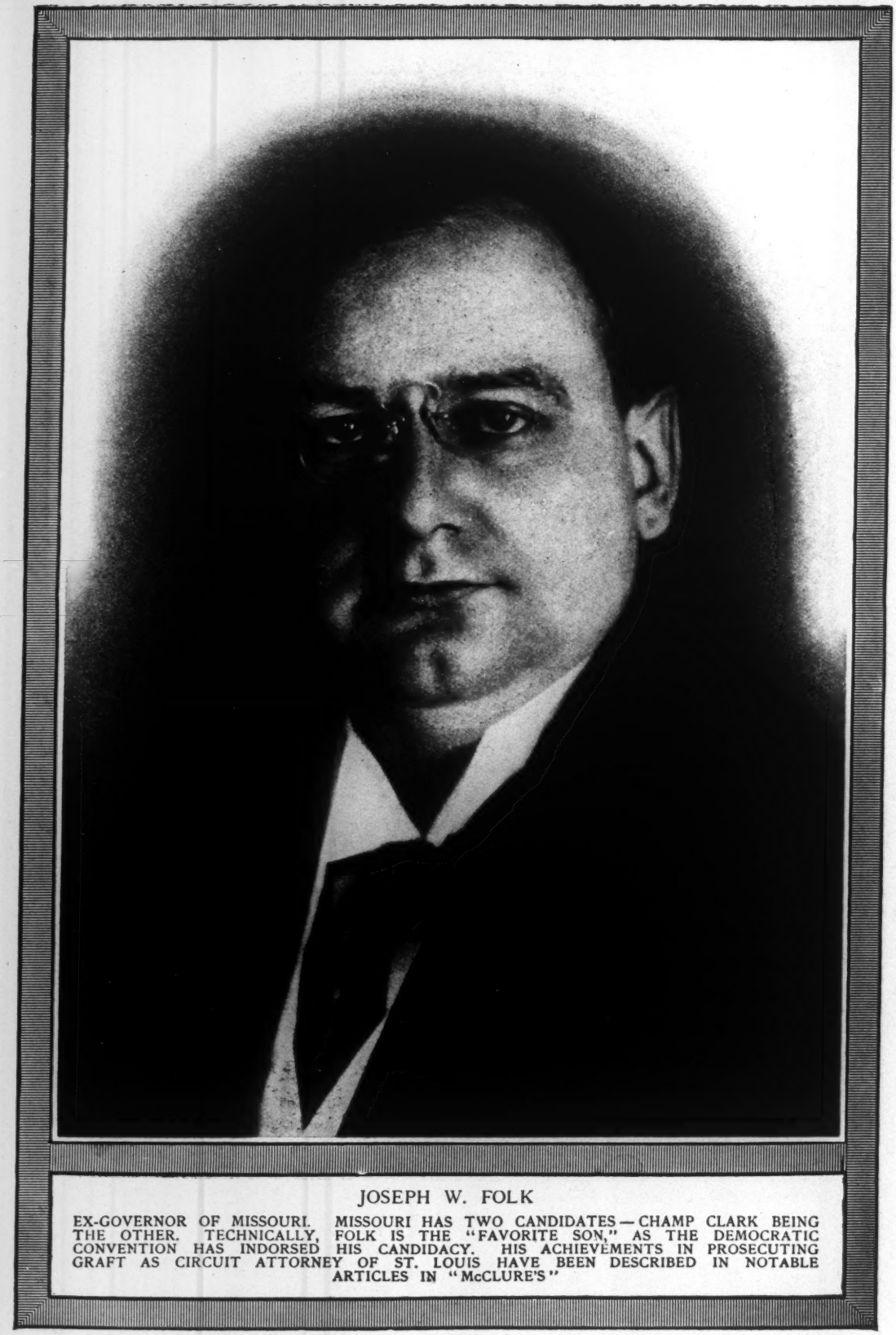
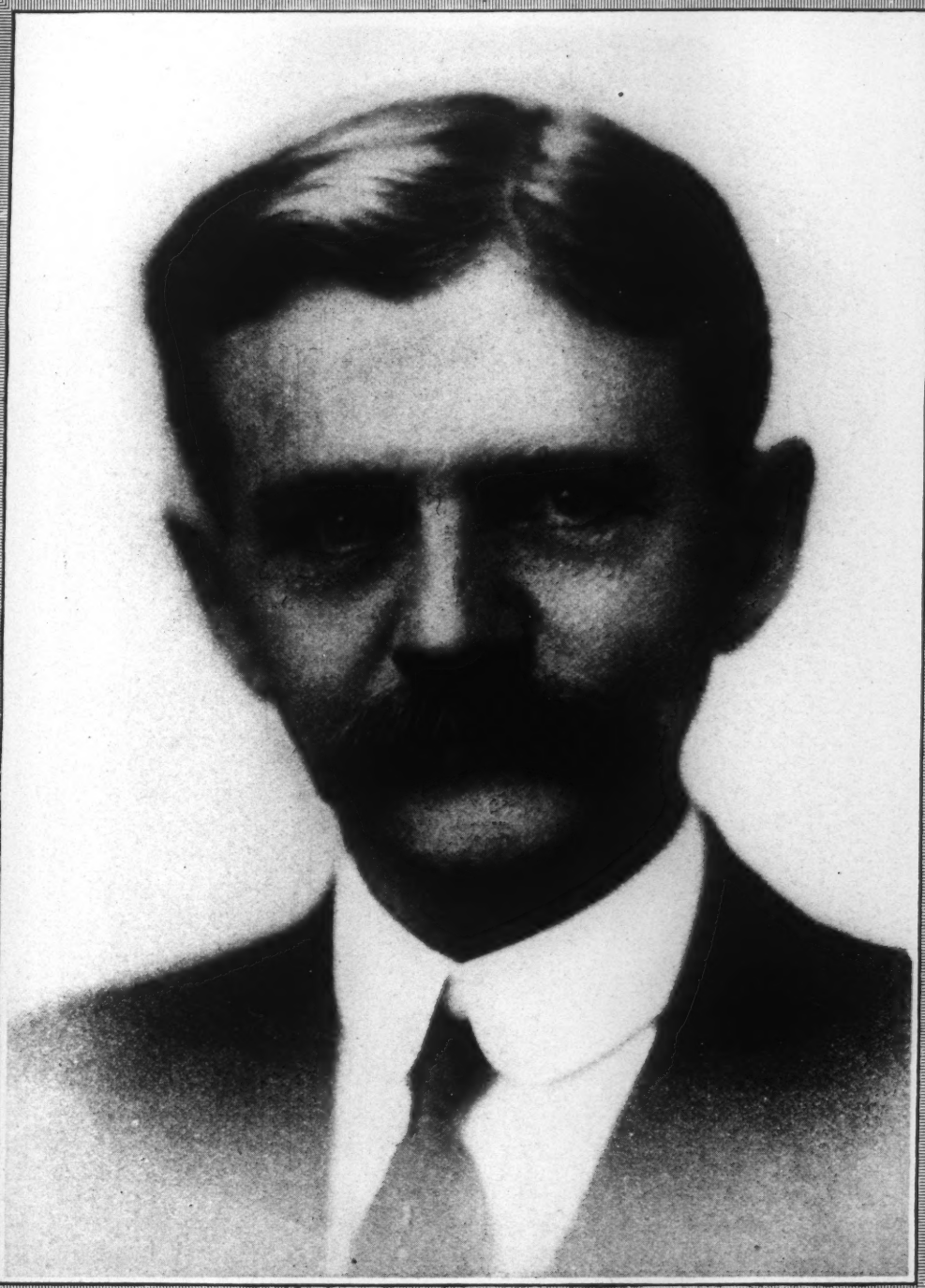
CHAMP CLARK

SPEAKER OF THE NEW DEMOCRATIC HOUSE, AND FOR MANY YEARS LEADER OF THE DEMOCRATIC MINORITY. HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE BRYAN'S FAVORITE CANDIDATE. ONE OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE SPEAKERS AMONG THE DEMOCRATS, AND ESPECIALLY MARKED FOR HIS AGGRESSIVE AMERICANISM



JOSEPH W. FOLK

EX-GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI. MISSOURI HAS TWO CANDIDATES — CHAMP CLARK BEING THE OTHER. TECHNICALLY, FOLK IS THE "FAVORITE SON," AS THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION HAS INDORSED HIS CANDIDACY. HIS ACHIEVEMENTS IN PROSECUTING GRAFT AS CIRCUIT ATTORNEY OF ST. LOUIS HAVE BEEN DESCRIBED IN NOTABLE ARTICLES IN "McCLURE'S"



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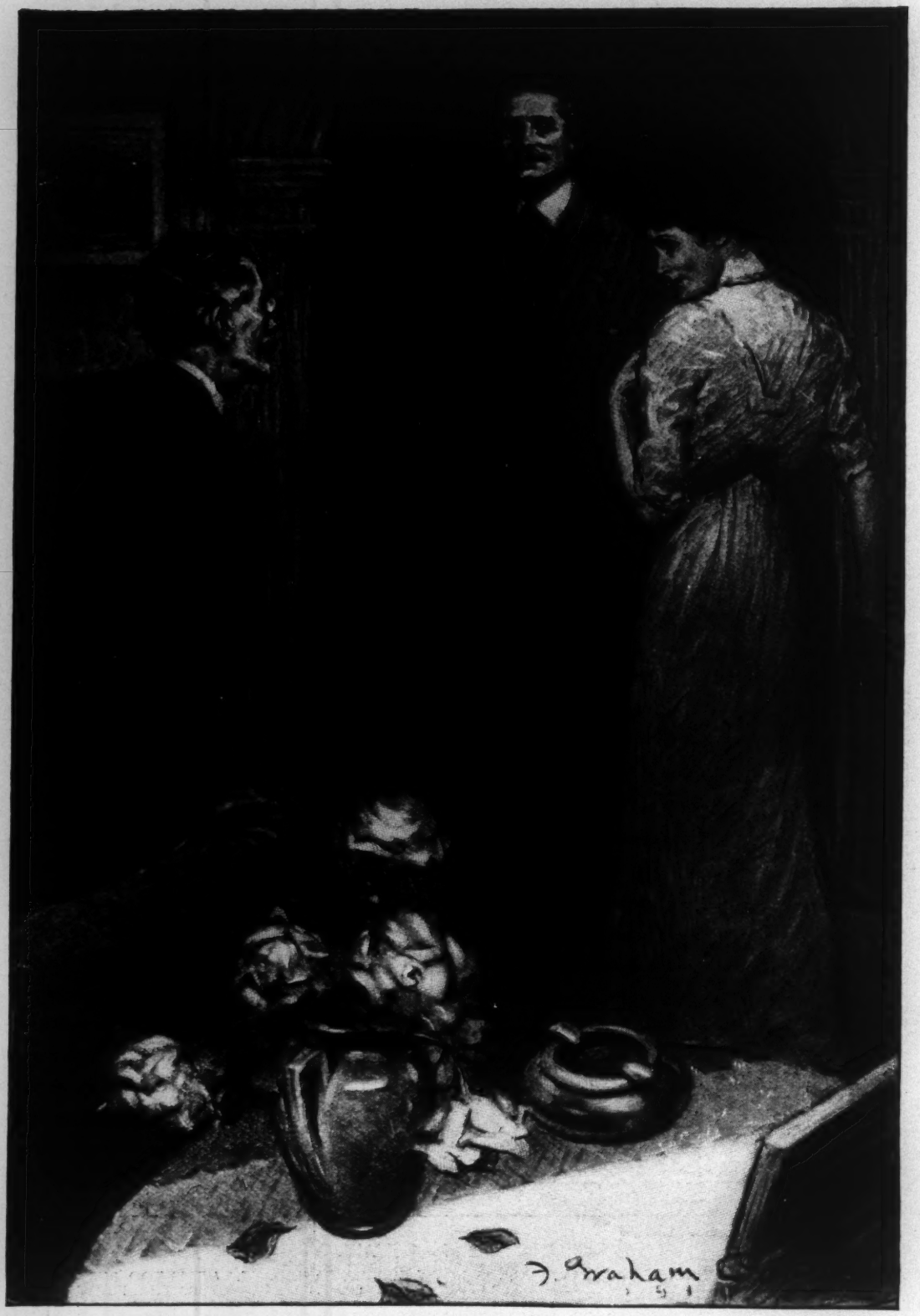
THOMAS R. MARSHALL

GOVERNOR OF INDIANA. MR. MARSHALL IS NOT OPENLY A CANDIDATE. HE IS TOO BUSY GIVING HIS STATE A STRONG ADMINISTRATION TO BE THAT. IF, HOWEVER, THE FIGHT AMONG THE LEADING CANDIDATES SHOULD BECOME SO FIERCE AS TO MAKE A COMPROMISE NECESSARY, GOVERNOR MARSHALL WOULD COME IN FOR EARNEST CONSIDERATION



"ALEXANDER SWITCHED ON THE LIGHTS AND STOOD IN THE ARCHWAY, GLOWING WITH STRENGTH AND CORDIALITY"

ALEXANDER'S MASQUERADE

by Willa Sibert Cather

Author of "The Troll-Garden," "On the Gulls' Road," etc.

Illustration by F. Graham Cootes

CHAPTER I

LATE one brilliant April afternoon Professor Lucius Wilson stood at the head of Chestnut Street, looking about him with the pleased air of a man of taste who does not very often get to Boston. He had lived there as a student, but for twenty years and more, since he had been Professor of Philosophy in a Western university, he had seldom come East except to take a steamer for some foreign port. Wilson was standing quite still, contemplating with a whimsical smile the slanting, worn street, with its irregular, gravely colored houses and the row of naked gray trees on which the thin sunlight was still shining. The gleam of the river at the foot of the hill made him blink a little, not so much because it was too bright as because he found it so pleasant. The few passers-by glanced at him unconcernedly, and even the children who hurried along with their school-bags under their arms seemed to find it perfectly natural that a tall brown gentleman should be standing there, looking up through his glasses at the gray housetops.

The sun sank rapidly; the silvery light had faded from the bare boughs and the watery twilight was setting in when Wilson at last walked down the hill, descending into cooler and cooler depths of grayish shadow. His nostril, long unused to it, was quick to detect the smell of wood smoke in the air, blended with the odor of moist spring earth and the saltiness that came up the river with the tide. He crossed Charles Street between jangling street cars and shelving lumber drays, and after a moment of uncertainty wound into Brimmer Street. The street was quiet, deserted, and hung with a thin bluish haze. He had already fixed his sharp eye upon the house which he reasoned should be his objective point, when he noticed a woman approaching rapidly from the opposite direction. Always an interested observer of women, Wilson would have slackened his pace anywhere to follow this one with his impersonal, appreciative glance. She was a person of distinction he saw at once, and, moreover, very handsome. She was tall, carried her beautiful head proudly, and moved with ease and certainty. One immediately took for granted the costly privileges and fine spaces that must lie in the background from which such a figure could emerge with this rapid and elegant gait. Wilson noted her dress, too,—for, in his way, he had an eye for such things,—particularly her brown furs and her hat. He got a blurred impression of her fine color, the violets she wore, her white gloves, and, curiously enough, of her veil, as she turned up a flight of steps in front of him and disappeared.

Wilson was able to enjoy lovely things that passed him on the wing, as completely and deliberately as if they had been dug-up marvels, long anticipated, and definitely fixed at the end of a railway journey. For a few pleasurable seconds he quite forgot where he was going, and only after the door had closed behind her did he realize that the young woman had entered the house to which he had directed his trunk from the South Station that morning. He hesitated a moment before mounting the steps. "Can that," he murmured in amazement, "can that possibly have been Mrs. Alexander?"

When the servant admitted him, Mrs. Alexander was still standing in the hallway. She heard him give his name, and came forward, holding out her hand.

"Is it you indeed, Professor Wilson? I was

afraid that you might get here before I did. I was detained at a concert, and Bartley telephoned that he would be late. Thomas will show you your room. Had you rather have your tea brought to you there, or will you have it down here with me while we wait for Bartley?"

Wilson was pleased to find that he had been the cause of her rapid walk, and with her he was even more vastly pleased than before. He followed her through the drawing-room into the library, where the wide back windows looked out upon the garden and the sunset and a fine stretch of silver-colored river. A harp-shaped elm stood stripped against the pale-colored evening sky, with ragged last year's birds' nests in its forks, and through the bare branches the evening star quivered in the misty air. The long brown room breathed the peace of a rich and amply guarded quiet. Tea was brought in immediately and placed in front of the wood fire. Mrs. Alexander sat down in a high-backed chair and began to pour it, while Wilson sank into a low seat opposite her and took his cup with a great sense of ease and harmony and comfort.

"You have had a long journey, haven't you?" said Mrs. Alexander, after showing gracious concern about his tea. "And I am so sorry Bartley is late. He's apt to be tired when he's late. He flatters himself that it is a little on his account that you have come to this Congress of Psychologists."

"It is," Wilson assented, selecting his muffin carefully, "and I hope he won't be tired. But, on my own account, I'm glad to have a few moments alone with you, before Bartley comes. I was somehow afraid that my knowing him so well would not put me in the way of getting to know you."

"That's very nice of you." She nodded at him above her cup and smiled, but there was a little formal tightness in her tone which had not been there when she greeted him in the hall.

Wilson leaned forward. "Have I said something awkward? I live very far out of the world, you know. But I didn't mean that you would exactly fade dim, even if Bartley *were* here."

Mrs. Alexander laughed relentingly. "Oh, I'm not so vain! How terribly discerning you are." She looked straight at Wilson, and he felt that this quick, frank glance brought about an understanding between them.

He liked everything about her, he told himself, but he particularly liked her eyes; when she looked at one directly for a moment they were like a glimpse of fine windy sky that may bring all sorts of weather.

"Since you noticed something," Mrs. Alexander went on, "it must have been a flash of the distrust I have come to feel whenever I meet people who knew Bartley when he was a boy. It is always as if they were talking of some one I had never met. Really, Professor Wilson, it would seem that he grew up among the strangest people. They usually say that he has turned out very well, or remark that he always was a fine fellow. I never know what reply to make."

Wilson chuckled and leaned back in his chair, shaking his left foot gently. "I expect the fact is that we none of us knew him very well, Mrs. Alexander. Though I will say for myself that I was always confident he'd do something extraordinary."

Mrs. Alexander's shoulders gave a slight movement, suggestive of impatience. "Oh, I should think that might have been a safe prediction. Another cup, please?"

"Yes, thank you. But predicting, in the case of boys, is not so easy as you might imagine, Mrs. Alexander. Some get a bad hurt early and lose their courage; and some never get a fair wind. Bartley"— he dropped his chin on the back of his long hand and looked at her admiringly —"Bartley caught the wind early, and it has sung in his sails ever since."

Mrs. Alexander sat looking into the fire with intent preoccupation, and Wilson studied her half-averted face. He liked the suggestion of stormy possibilities in the proud curve of her lip and nostril. Without that, he reflected, she would be too cold.

"I should like to know what he was really like when he was a boy. I don't believe he remembers," she said suddenly. "Won't you smoke, Professor?"

Wilson lit a cigarette. "No, I don't suppose he does. He was never introspective. He was simply the most tremendous response to stimuli I have ever known. We didn't know exactly what to do with him."

A servant came in and noiselessly removed the tea-tray. Mrs. Alexander screened her face from the firelight, which was beginning to throw wavering bright spots on her dress and hair as the dusk deepened. "Of course," she said, "I now and again hear stories about things that happened when he was in college."

"But that isn't what you want." Wilson wrinkled his brows and looked at her with the smiling familiarity that had come about so quickly. "What you want is a picture of him, standing back there at the other end of twenty years. You want to look down through my memory."

She dropped her hands in her lap. "Yes, yes; that's exactly what I want."

At this moment they heard the front door shut with a jar, and Wilson laughed as Mrs. Alexander rose quickly. "There he is. Away with perspective! No past, no future for Bartley; just the fiery moment. The only moment that ever was or will be in the world!"

The door from the hall opened, a voice called "Winifred?" hurriedly, and a big man came through the drawing-room with a quick, heavy tread, bringing with him a smell of cigar smoke and chill out-of-doors air. When Alexander reached the library door, he switched on the lights and stood six feet and more in the archway, glowing with strength and cordiality and rugged, blond good looks. There were other bridge-builders in the world, certainly, but it was always Alexander's picture that the Sunday Supplement men wanted, because he looked as a tamer of rivers ought to look. Under his tumbled sandy hair his head seemed as hard and powerful as a catapult, and his shoulders looked strong enough in themselves to support a span of any one of his ten great bridges that cut the air above as many rivers.

After dinner Alexander took Wilson up to his study. It was a large room over the library, and looked out upon the black river and the row of white lights along the Cambridge Embankment. The room was not at all what one might expect of an engineer's study. Wilson felt at once the harmony of beautiful things that have lived long together without obtrusions of ugliness or change. It was none of Alexander's doing, of course; those warm consonances of color had been blending and mellowing before he was born. But the wonder was that he was not out of place there — that it all seemed to glow like the inevitable background for his vigor and vehemence. He sat before the fire, his shoulders deep in the cushions of his chair, his powerful head upright, his hair rumpled above his broad forehead. He sat heavily, a cigar in his large, smooth hand, a flush of after-dinner color in his face, which wind and sun and exposure to all sorts of weather had left fair and clear-skinned.

"You are off for England on Saturday, Bartley, Mrs. Alexander tells me."

"Yes, for a few weeks only. There's a meeting of British engineers, and I'm doing another bridge in Canada, you know."

"Oh, every one knows about that. And it was in Canada that you met your wife, wasn't it?"

"Yes, at Allway. She was visiting her great-aunt there. A most remarkable old lady. I was working with MacKeller then, an old Scotch engineer who had picked me up in London and taken me back to Quebec with him. He had the contract for the Allway Bridge, but before he began work on it he found out that he was going to die, and he advised the committee to turn the job over to me. Otherwise I'd never have got anything good so early. MacKeller was an old friend of Mrs. Pemberton, Winifred's aunt. He had mentioned me to her, so when I went to Allway she asked me to come to see her. She was a wonderful old lady."

"Like her niece?" Wilson queried.

Bartley laughed. "She had been very handsome, but not in Winifred's way. When I knew her she was little and fragile, very pink and white, with a splendid head and a face like fine old lace, somehow — but perhaps I always think of that because she wore a lace scarf on her hair. She had such a flavor of life about her. She had known Gordon and Livingstone and Beaconsfield when she was young — every one. She was the first woman of that sort I'd ever known. You know how it is in the West — old people are poked out of the way. Aunt Eleanor fascinated me as few young women have ever done. I used to go up from the works to have tea with her, and sit talking to her for hours. It was very stimulating, for she couldn't tolerate stupidity."

"That must have been when your luck began, Bartley," said Wilson, flicking his cigar ash with his long finger. "It's curious, watching boys," he went on reflectively. "I'm sure I did you justice on the side of ability. Yet I always used to feel that there was a weak spot where some day strain would tell. Even after you began to climb, I stood down in the crowd and watched you with — well, not with confidence. The more dazzling the front you presented, the higher your façade rose, the more I expected to see a big crack zigzagging from top to bottom," — he indicated its course in the air with his forefinger,— "then a crash and clouds of dust. It was curious. I had such a clear picture of it. And another curious thing, Bartley,"—Wilson spoke with deliberateness and settled deeper into his chair,—"is that I don't feel it any longer. I am sure of you."

Alexander laughed. "Nonsense! It's not I you feel sure of; it's Winifred. People often make that mistake."

"No, I'm serious, Alexander. You've changed. You have decided to leave some birds in the bushes. You used to want them all."

Alexander's chair creaked. "I still want a good many," he said rather gloomily. "After all, life doesn't offer a man much. You work like the devil and think you're getting on, and suddenly you discover that you've only been

getting yourself tied up. A million details swallow you. Your life keeps going for things you don't want, and all the while you are being built alive into a social structure you don't care a rap about. I sometimes wonder what sort of chap I'd have been if I hadn't been this sort; I want to go and live out his potentialities, too. I haven't forgotten that there are birds in the bushes." Bartley stopped and sat frowning into the fire, his shoulders thrust forward as if he were about to spring at something. Wilson watched him, wondering. His old pupil always stimulated him at first, and then vastly wearied him. The machinery was always pounding away in this man, and Wilson preferred companions of a more reflective habit of mind. He could not help feeling that there were unreasoning and unreasonable activities going on in Alexander all the while; that even after dinner, when most men achieve a decent impersonality, Bartley had merely closed the door of the engine-room and come up for an airing. The machinery itself was still pounding on.

Bartley's abstraction and Wilson's reflections were cut short by a rustle at the door, and almost before they could rise Mrs. Alexander was standing by the hearth. Alexander brought a chair for her, but she shook her head.

"No, dear, thank you. I only came in to see whether you and Professor Wilson were quite comfortable. I am going down to the music-room."

"Why not practise here? Wilson and I are growing very dull. We are tired of talk."

"Yes, I beg you, Mrs. Alexander," Wilson began, but he got no further.

"Why, certainly, if you won't find me too noisy. I am working on the Schumann 'Carnival,' and, though I don't practise a great many hours, I am very methodical," Mrs. Alexander explained, as she crossed to an upright piano that stood at the back of the room, near the windows. Wilson followed, and, having seen her seated, dropped into a chair behind her. She played brilliantly and with great musical feeling. Wilson could not imagine her permitting herself to do anything badly, but he was surprised at the cleanness of her execution. He wondered how a woman with so many duties had managed to keep herself up to a standard really professional. It must take a great deal of time, certainly, and Bartley must take a great deal of time. Wilson reflected that he had never before known a woman who had been able, for any considerable while, to support both a personal and an intellectual passion. Sitting behind her, he watched her with perplexed admiration, shading his eyes with his hand. In her dinner-dress she looked even younger than in street-clothes, and, for all her composure and self-sufficiency, she seemed to him strangely alert and vibrating, as if in her, too, there were something never altogether at rest. He felt that he knew pretty much what she demanded in people and what she demanded from life, and he wondered how she squared Bartley. After ten years she must know him; and however one took him, however much one admired him, one had to admit that he simply wouldn't square. He was a natural force, certainly, but beyond that, Wilson felt, he was not anything very really or for very long at a time.

Wilson glanced toward the fire, where Bartley's profile was still wreathed in smoke that curled up more and more slowly. His shoulders were sunk deep in the cushions and one hand hung large and passive over the arm of his chair. He had slipped on a purple velvet smoking-coat. His wife, Wilson surmised, had chosen it. She was clearly very proud of his good looks and his fine color. But, with the glow of an immediate interest gone out of it, the engineer's face looked tired, even a little haggard. The three lines in his forehead, directly above the nose, deepened as he sat thinking, and his powerful head drooped forward heavily. Although Alexander was only forty-three, Wilson thought that beneath his vigorous color he detected the dulling weariness of oncoming middle age.

The next afternoon, at the hour when the river was beginning to redden under the declining sun, Wilson again found himself facing Mrs. Alexander at the tea-table in the library.

"Well," he remarked, when he was bidden to give an account of himself, "there was a long morning with the psychologists, luncheon with Bartley at his club, more psychologists, and here I am. I've looked forward to this hour all day."

Mrs. Alexander smiled at him across the vapor from the kettle. "And do you remember where we stopped yesterday?"

"Perfectly. I was going to show you a picture. But I doubt whether I have color enough in me. Bartley makes me feel a faded monochrome. You can't get at the young Bartley except by means of color." Wilson paused and deliberated. Suddenly he broke out: "He wasn't a remarkable student, you know, though he was always strong in higher mathematics. His work in my own department was quite ordinary. It was as a powerfully equipped nature that I found him interesting. That is the most interesting thing a teacher can find. It has the fascination of a scientific discovery. We come across other pleasing and endearing qualities so much oftener than we find force."

"And, after all," said Mrs. Alexander, "that is the thing we all live upon. It is the thing that takes us forward." Wilson thought she spoke a little wistfully.

"Exactly," he assented warmly. "It builds the bridges into the future, over which the feet of every one of us will go."

"How interested I am to hear you put it in that way. The bridges into the future—I often say that to myself. Bartley's bridges always seem to me like that. Have you ever seen his first suspension bridge in Canada, the one he was doing when I first knew him? I hope you will see it sometime. We were married as soon as it was finished, and you will laugh when I tell you that it always has a rather bridal look to me. It is over the wildest river, with mists and clouds always battling about it, and it is as delicate as a cobweb hanging in the sky. It really was a bridge into the future. You have only to look at it to feel that it meant the beginning of a great career. But I have a photograph of it here." She drew a portfolio from behind a bookcase. "And there, you see, on the hill, is my aunt's house."

Wilson took up the photograph. "Bartley was telling me something about your aunt last night. She must have been a delightful person."

Winifred laughed. "The bridge, you see, was just at the foot of the hill, and the noise of the engines annoyed her very much at first. But after she met Bartley she pretended to like it, and said it was a good thing to be reminded that there were things going on in the world. She loved life, and Bartley brought a great deal of it in to her when he came to the house. Aunt Eleanor was very worldly in a frank, early-Victorian manner. She liked men of action and disliked young men who were careful of themselves and who, as she put it, were always trimming their wick as if they were afraid of their oil giving out. MacKeller, Bartley's first chief, was an old friend of my aunt, and he told her that Bartley was a wild, ill-governed youth, which really pleased her very much. I remember we were sitting alone in the dusk after Bartley had been there for the first time. I knew that Aunt Eleanor had found him much to her taste, but she hadn't said anything. Presently she came out, with a chuckle: 'MacKeller found him sowing wild oats in London, I believe. I hope he didn't stop him too soon. Life coquets with dashing fellows. The coming men are always like that. We must have him to dinner, my dear.' And we did. She grew to be much fonder of Bartley than she was of me. I had been studying in Vienna, and she thought that absurd. She was interested in the army and in politics, and she had a great contempt for music and art and philosophy. She used to declare that the Prince Consort had brought all that stuff over out of Germany. She always sniffed when Bartley asked me to play for him. She considered that a newfangled way of making a match of it."

When Alexander came in a few moments later, he found Wilson and his wife still confronting the photograph. "Oh, let us get that out of the way," he said, laughing. "Winifred, Thomas can bring my trunk down. I've decided to go over to New York to-morrow night and take a fast boat. I shall save two days."

CHAPTER II

On the night of his arrival in London, Bartley went immediately to the hotel on the Embankment at which he always stopped, and in the lobby he was accosted by an old acquaintance, Maurice Mainhall, who fell upon him with effusive cordiality and indicated a willingness to dine with him. Bartley never dined alone if he could help it, and Mainhall was a good gossip who always knew what had been going on in town; especially, he knew everything that was not printed in the newspapers. The nephew of one of the standard Victorian novelists, Mainhall bobbed about among the various literary cliques of London and its outlying suburbs, careful to lose touch with none of them. He had written a number of books himself, among them a "History of Dancing," a "History of Costume," a "Key to Shakespeare's Sonnets," a "Study of the Poetry of Ernest Dowson," etc. Although Mainhall's enthusiasm was often tiresome, and although he was often unable to distinguish between facts and the vivid figments of his imagination, his imperturbable good nature overcame even the people whom he bored most, so that they ended by becoming, in a reluctant manner, his friends. In appearance Mainhall was astonishingly like the conventional stage Englishman of American drama: tall, thin, stooped, with high, hitching shoulders and a small head glistening with closely brushed yellow hair. He spoke with an extreme Oxford accent, and, when he was talking well, his face sometimes wore the rapt expression of a very emotional man listening to music. Mainhall liked Alexander because he was an engineer. He had preconceived ideas about everything, and his idea about Americans was that they should be engineers or mechanics. He hated them when they presumed to be anything else.

While they sat at dinner Mainhall acquainted Bartley with the fortunes of his old friends in London, and as they left the table he proposed

that they should go to see Hugh MacConnell's new comedy, "Bog Lights."

"It's really quite the best thing MacConnell's done," he explained as they got into a hansom. "It's tremendously well put on, too. Florence Merrill and Cyril Henderson. But Hilda Burgoyne's the hit of the piece. Hugh's written a delightful part for her, and she's quite inexpressible. It's been on only two weeks, and I've been half a dozen times already. I happen to have MacConnell's box for to-night or there'd be no chance of our getting places. There's everything in seeing Hilda while she's fresh in a part. She's apt to grow a bit stale after a time. The ones who have any imagination do."

"Hilda Burgoyne!" Alexander exclaimed mildly. "Why, I haven't heard of her for — years."

Mainhall laughed. "Then you can't have heard much at all, my dear Alexander. It's only lately, since MacConnell and his set have got hold of her, that she's come up. Myself, I always knew she had it in her. If we had one real critic in London — but what can one expect? Do you know, Alexander,"— Mainhall looked with perplexity up into the top of the hansom and rubbed his pink cheek with his gloved finger,—"do you know, I sometimes think of taking to criticism seriously myself. In a way, it would be a sacrifice; but, dear me, we do need some one."

Just then they drove up to the Duke of York's, so Alexander did not commit himself upon this point, but followed Mainhall into the theater. When they entered the stage-box on the left the first act was well under way, the scene being the interior of a cabin in the south of Ireland. As they sat down, a burst of applause drew Alexander's attention to the stage. Miss Burgoyne and her donkey were thrusting their heads in at the half door. "After all," he reflected, "there's small probability of her recognizing me. She doubtless hasn't thought of me for years." He felt the enthusiasm of the house at once, and in a few moments he was caught up by the current of MacConnell's irresistible comedy. The audience had come forewarned, evidently, and whenever the ragged slip of a donkey-girl ran upon the stage there was a deep murmur of approbation, every one smiled and glowed, and Mainhall hitched his heavy chair a little nearer the brass railing.

"You see," he murmured in Alexander's ear, as the curtain fell on the first act, "one almost never sees a part like that done without smartness or mawkishness. Of course Hilda is Irish — the Burgoynes have been stage people for generations — and she has the Irish voice. It's delightful to hear it in a London theater. That laugh, now, when she doubles over at the hips — who ever heard it out of Galway? She saves her hand, too. She's at her best in the second act. She's really MacConnell's poetic motif, you see, and she makes the whole thing a fairy tale."

The second act opened before Philly Doyle's underground still, with Peggy and her battered donkey come in to smuggle a load of potheen across the bog, and to bring Philly word of what was doing in the world without, and of what was happening along the roadsides and ditches with the first gleam of fine weather. Alexander, annoyed by Mainhall's sighs and exclamations, watched her with keen, half-skeptical interest. As Mainhall had said, she was the second act; the plot and feeling alike depended upon her lightness of foot, her lightness of touch, upon the shrewdness and daft fancifulness that played alternately, and sometimes together, in her mirthful brown eyes. When she began to dance, by way of showing the gossoons what she had seen in the fairy-rings at night, the house broke into a prolonged uproar. After her dance she withdrew from the dialogue and retreated to the ditch wall back of Philly's burrow, where she sat singing "The Rising of the Moon" and making a wreath of primroses for her donkey.

When the act was over Alexander and Mainhall strolled out into the corridor. They met a good many acquaintances; Mainhall, indeed, knew almost every one, and he babbled on incontinently, screwing his small head about over his high collar. Presently he hailed a tall, bearded man, grim-browed and rather battered-looking, who had his opera-cloak on his arm and his hat in his hand, and who seemed to be on the point of leaving the theater.

"I say, MacConnell, let me introduce Mr. Bartley Alexander. It's going famously to-night, Mac. And what a house! You'll never do anything like this again, mark me. A man writes to the top of his bent only once."

The playwright gave Mainhall a curious look out of his deep-set faded eyes and made a wry face. "And have I done anything so fool as that, now?" he asked.

"That's what I was saying," — Mainhall lounged a little nearer and dropped into a tone even more conspicuously confidential. "And you'll never bring Hilda out like this again. Dear me, Mac, the girl couldn't possibly be better, you know."

MacConnell grunted. "She'll do well enough if she keeps her pace and doesn't go off on us in the middle of the season, as she's more than like to do." He nodded curtly and made for the door, dodging acquaintances as he went.

"Poor old Hugh," Mainhall murmured. "He's terribly hard hit. He's been wanting to marry Hilda these three years and more. She doesn't take up with anybody, you know. Irene Burgoyne, one of her family, told me in confidence that there was a romance somewhere back in the beginning. One of your countrymen, Alexander, by the way; an American student whom she met in Paris, I believe. I dare say it's quite true there's never been any one else." Mainhall vouched for her constancy with a loftiness that made Alexander smile, though a kind of rapid excitement was tingling through him. Blinking up at the lights, Mainhall added in his luxurious, worldly way: "She's an elegant little person, and quite capable of an extravagant bit of sentiment like that. Here comes Sir Harry Towne. He's another who's quite upset about her. Let me introduce you. Sir Harry Towne, Mr. Bartley Alexander, the American engineer."

Sir Harry Towne bowed gravely and mentioned having met Mr. Alexander and his charming wife in Tokyo. But Mainhall was averse to general topics of conversation.

"I say, Sir Harry, the little girl's going famously to-night, isn't she?"

Sir Harry wrinkled his brows judiciously. "Do you know, I thought the dance a bit conscious to-night, for the first time. The fact is, she's feeling rather seedy, poor child. Westmere and I were back after the first act, and we thought she seemed quite uncertain of herself. A little attack of nerves, possibly."

He bowed as the warning bell rang, and Mainhall whispered: "You know Lord Westmere, of course — the stooped man with the long gray mustache, talking to Lady Dowle. Lady Westmere is very fond of Hilda."

When they reached their box the house was darkened and the orchestra was playing "The Cloak of Old Gaul." In a moment Peggy was on the stage again, and Alexander applauded vigorously with the rest. He even leaned forward over the rail a little. For some reason he felt pleased and flattered by the enthusiasm of the audience. In the half-light he looked about at the stalls and boxes and smiled a little consciously, recalling with amusement Sir Harry's judicial frown. He was beginning to feel a keen interest in the slender, barefoot donkey-girl who slipped in and out of the play, singing, like some one winding through a hilly field. He leaned forward and beamed felicitations as warmly as Mainhall himself when, at the end of the play, she came again and again before the curtain, panting a little and flushed, her eyes dancing and her eager, nervous little mouth tremulous with excitement.

When Alexander returned to his hotel — he shook Mainhall at the door of the theater — he had some supper brought up to his room, and it was late before he went to bed. He had not thought of Hilda Burgoyne for years; indeed, he had almost forgotten her. He had last written to her from Canada, after he first met Winifred, telling her that everything was changed with him — that he had met a woman whom he would marry if he could; if he could not, then everything was changed for him all the more. Hilda had never replied to his letter. He felt guilty and unhappy about her for a time, but after Winifred promised to marry him he really forgot Hilda altogether. When he wrote her that everything was changed for him, he was telling the truth. After he met Winifred Pemberton he seemed to himself like a different man. One night when he and Winifred were sitting together on the bridge, he told her that things had happened while he was studying abroad that he was sorry for,— one thing in particular,— and he asked her whether she thought she ought to know about them. She considered a moment and then said: "No, I think not, though I am glad you ask me. You see, one can't be jealous about things in general; but about particular, definite, personal things," — here she had thrown her hands up to his shoulders with a quick, impulsive gesture,— "oh, about those I should be very jealous. I should torture myself — I couldn't help it." After that it was easy to forget, actually to forget. He wondered to-night, as he poured his wine, how many times he had thought of Hilda in the last ten years. He had been in London more or less, but he had never happened to hear of her. "All the same," he lifted his glass, "here's to you, little Hilda. You've made things come your way, and I never thought you'd do it.

"Of course," he reflected, "she always had that combination of something homely and sensible and something utterly wild and daft. But I never thought she'd do anything. She hadn't much ambition then, and she was too fond of trifles. She must care about the theater a great deal more than she used to. Perhaps she has me to thank for something, after all. Sometimes a little jolt like that does one good. She was a daft, generous little thing. I'm glad she's held her own since. After all, we were awfully young. It was youth and poverty and proximity, and everything was young and kindly. I shouldn't wonder if she could laugh with me about it now. I shouldn't wonder —— But they've probably spoiled her, so that she'd be tiresome if one met her." Bartley smiled and yawned and went to bed.

CHAPTER III

NEXT evening Alexander dined alone at a club, and at about nine o'clock he dropped in at the Duke of York's. The house was sold out and he stood through the second act. When he returned to his hotel he examined the new directory, and found Miss Burgoyne's address still given as off Bedford Square, though at a new number. He remembered that, in so far as she had been brought up at all, she had been brought up in Bloomsbury. Her father and mother played in the provinces most of the year, and she was left a great deal in the care of an old aunt who was crippled by rheumatism and who had had to leave the stage altogether. When he knew her, Hilda always managed to have a lodging of some sort about Bedford Square, because she clung tenaciously to such scraps and shreds of memories as were connected with it. The mummy room of the British Museum had been one of the chief delights of her childhood. That forbidding pile was the goal of her truant fancy, and she was sometimes taken there for a treat, as other children are taken to the theater. It was long since Alexander had thought of any of these things, but now they came back to him quite fresh, and had a significance they did not have when they were first told him in his restless twenties. So she was still in the old neighborhood, near Bedford Square. The new number probably meant increased prosperity. He hoped so. He would like to know that she was snugly settled. He looked at his watch. It was a quarter past ten; she would not be home for a good two hours yet, and he might as well walk over and have a look at the place. He remembered the shortest way.

It was a warm, smoky evening, and there was a grimy moon. He went through Covent Garden to Oxford Street, and as he turned into Museum Street he walked more slowly, smiling at his own nervousness as he approached the sullen gray mass at the end. He had not been inside the Museum, actually, since he and Hilda used to meet there; sometimes to set out for gay adventures at Twickenham or Richmond, sometimes to linger about the place for a while and to ponder by Lord Elgin's marbles upon the lastingness of some things, or, in the mummy room, upon the awful brevity of others. Since then Bartley had always thought of the British Museum as the ultimate repository of mortality, where all the dead things in the world were assembled to make one's hour of youth the more precious. One trembled lest before he got out it might somehow escape him, lest he might drop the glass from over-eagerness and see it shivered on the stone floor at his feet. How one hid his youth under his coat and hugged it! And how good it was to turn one's back upon all that vaulted cold and to take Hilda's arm and hurry out of the great door and down the steps through the sunlight and the pigeons — to know that the warm and vital thing within him was still there and had not been snatched away to flush Caesar's lean cheek or to feed the veins of some bearded Assyrian king. They in their day had carried the flaming liquor, but to-day was his! So the song used to run in his head those summer mornings a dozen years ago. Alexander walked by the place very quietly, as if he were afraid of waking some one.

He crossed Bedford Square and found the number he was looking for. The house, a comfortable, well-kept place enough, was dark except for the four front windows on the second floor, where a low, even light was burning behind the white muslin sash-curtains. Outside there were window-boxes, painted white and full of flowers. Bartley was making a third round of the Square when he heard the far-flung hoof-beats of a hansom-cab horse, driven rapidly. He looked at his watch, and was astonished to find that it was a few minutes after twelve. He turned and walked back along the iron railing as the cab came up to Hilda's number and stopped. The hansom must have been one that she employed regularly, for she did not stop to pay the driver. She stepped out quickly and lightly. He heard her cheerful "Good night, cabby," as she ran up the steps and opened the door with a latch-key. In a few moments the lights flared up brightly behind the white curtains, and as he walked away he heard a window raised. But he had gone too far to look up without turning round. He went back to his hotel feeling that he had had a good evening, and he slept well.

For the next few days Alexander was very busy. He took a desk in the office of a Scotch engineering firm on Henrietta Street, and was at work almost constantly. He avoided the clubs and usually dined alone at his hotel. One afternoon, after he had had his tea, he started for a walk down the Embankment toward Westminster, intending to end his stroll at Bedford Square and to ask whether Miss Burgoyne would let him take her to the theater. But he did not go so far. When he reached the Abbey, he turned back and crossed Westminster Bridge and sat down to watch the trails of smoke behind the Houses of Parliament catch fire with the sunset. The slender towers were washed by a rain of golden light and licked by little flickering flames; Somerset House and the bleached gray pinnacles about Whitehall were

floated in a luminous haze. The yellow light poured through the trees and the leaves seemed to burn with soft fires. There was a smell of acacias in the air everywhere, and the laburnums were dripping gold over the walls of the gardens. It was a sweet, lonely kind of summer evening. Remembering Hilda as she used to be, was more restful than seeing her as she might be now — and, after all, Alexander asked himself, what was it but his own young years that he was remembering?

He crossed back to Westminster, went up to the Temple, and sat down to smoke in the Middle Temple gardens, listening to the thin voice of the fountain and smelling the spice of the sycamores that came out heavily in the damp air of the evening. He thought, as he sat there, about a great many things: about his own youth and Hilda's; above all, he thought of how glorious it was, and how quickly it had passed; and, when it had passed, how little worth while anything was. None of the things he had gained in the least compensated. In the last six years his reputation had become, as the saying is, popular. Four years ago he had been called to Japan to deliver, at the Emperor's request, a course of lectures at the Imperial University, and had instituted reforms not only in the practice of bridge-building but in drainage and road-making throughout the islands. On his return he had undertaken the bridge at Moorlock, in Canada, the most important piece of bridge-building going on in the world — a test, indeed, of how far the latest practice in bridge structure could be carried. It was a spectacular undertaking by reason of its very size, and Bartley realized that, whatever else he might do, he would probably always be known as the engineer who designed the great Moorlock Bridge, the longest cantilever in existence. Yet it was to him the least satisfactory thing he had ever done. He was cramped in every way by a niggardly commission, and was using lighter structural material than he thought proper. He had vexations enough, too, with his work at home. He had several bridges under way in the United States, and they were always being held up by strikes and delays resulting from a general industrial unrest.

Though Alexander often told himself he had never put more into his work than he had done in the last few years, he had to admit that he had never got so little out of it. He was paying for success, too, in the demands made on his time by boards of civic enterprise and committees of public welfare. His wife's fortune and position had always made distracting complications for a man who followed his exacting profession, and he was expected to be interested in a great many worthy endeavors on her account as well as on his own. His existence was becoming a network of great and little details. He had expected that success would bring him freedom and power; but it had brought only power that was in itself another kind of restraint. He had always meant to keep his personal liberty at all costs, as old MacKeller, his first chief, had done, and not, like so many American engineers, to become a part of a professional movement, a cautious board member, a Nestor *de pontibus*. He happened to be engaged in work of public utility, but he was not willing to become what is called a public man. He found himself living exactly the kind of life he had determined to escape. What, he asked himself, did he want with these genial honors and substantial comforts? Hardships and difficulties he had carried lightly; overwork had not exhausted him; but this dead calm of middle life which confronted him — of that he was afraid. He was not ready for it. It was like being buried alive. In his youth he would not have thought such a thing possible. The one thing he had really wanted all his life was to be free; and there was still something unconquered in him, something besides the strong work-horse that his profession had made of him. He seemed to-night to have found again that unstultified survival; and, in the light of his experience, it was more precious than honors or achievement. In all those busy, successful years there was nothing so good as this hour of wild light-heartedness. This feeling was the only happiness that was real to him, and such hours were the only ones in which he could feel his own identity — feel the boy he had been in the rough days of the old West, feel the youth who had worked his way across the ocean on a cattle-ship and gone to study in Paris without a dollar in his pocket. The man who sat in his offices in Boston was only a powerful machine. Under the activities of that machine the person whom, at such moments as this, he felt to be himself, was fading and dying. He remembered how, when he was a little boy and his father called him in the morning, he used to leap from his bed into the full consciousness of himself. That consciousness was Life itself. Whatever took its place, action, reflection, the power of concentrated thought, were only functions of a mechanism useful to society; things that could be bought in the market. There was just one thing that had an absolute value for each individual, and it was just that original impulse, that internal heat, that feeling of one's self in one's own breast.

When Alexander walked back to his hotel,

the red and green lights were blinking along the docks on the farther shore, and the soft white stars were shining in the wide sky above the river.

The next night, and the next, Alexander repeated this same foolish performance. It was always Miss Burgoyne whom he started out to find, and he got no farther than the Temple gardens and the Embankment. It was a pleasant kind of loneliness. To a man who was so little given to reflection, whose dreams always took the form of definite ideas, reaching into the future, there was a seductive excitement in renewing old experiences in imagination. He started out upon these walks half guiltily, with a curious longing and expectancy which were wholly gratified by solitude. Solitude, but not solitariness; for he walked shoulder to shoulder with a shadowy companion — not little Hilda Burgoyne, by any means, but some one vastly dearer to him than she had ever been — his own young self, the youth who had waited for him upon the steps of the British Museum that night, and who, though he had tried to pass so quietly, had known him and come down and linked an arm in his.

It was not until long afterward that Alexander learned that for him this youth was the most dangerous of companions.

One Sunday evening, at Lady Walford's, Alexander did at last meet Hilda Burgoyne. Mainhall had told him that she would probably be there. He looked about for her rather nervously, and finally found her at the farther end of the large drawing-room, the center of a circle of men, young and old. She was apparently telling them a story. They were all laughing and bending toward her. When she saw Alexander, she rose quickly and put out her hand. The other men drew back a little to let him approach.

"Mr. Alexander! I am delighted. Have you been in London long?"

Bartley bowed, somewhat laboriously, over her hand. "Long enough to have seen you more than once. How fine it all is!"

She laughed as if she were pleased. "I'm glad you think so. I like it. Won't you join us here?"

"Miss Burgoyne was just telling us about a donkey-boy she had in Galway last summer," Sir Harry Towne explained as the circle closed up again. Lord Westmere stroked his long white mustache with his bloodless hand and looked at Alexander blankly. Hilda was a good story-teller. She was sitting on the edge of her chair, as if she had alighted there for a moment only. Her primrose satin gown seemed like a soft sheath for her slender, supple figure, and its delicate color suited her white Irish skin and brown hair. Whatever she wore, people felt the charm of her active, girlish body with its slender hips and quick, eager shoulders. Alexander heard but little of the story, but he watched her intently. She must certainly, he reflected, be thirty, and he was honestly delighted to see that the years had treated her so indulgently. If her face had changed at all, it was in a slight hardening of the mouth — still eager enough to be very disconcerting at times, he felt — and in an added air of self-possession and self-reliance. She carried her head, too, a little more resolutely.

When the story was finished, Miss Burgoyne turned pointedly to Alexander, and the other men drifted away.

"I thought I saw you in MacConnell's box with Mainhall one evening, but I supposed you had left town before this." She looked at him frankly and cordially, as if he were indeed merely an old friend whom she was glad to meet again.

"No, I've been mooning about here."

Hilda laughed gaily. "Mooning! I see you mooning! You must be the busiest man in the world. Time and success have done well by you, you know. You're handsomer than ever and you've gained a grand manner."

Alexander blushed and bowed. "Time and success have been good friends to both of us. Aren't you tremendously pleased with yourself?"

She laughed again and shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, so-so. But I want to hear about you. Several years ago I read such a lot in the papers about the wonderful things you did in Japan, and how the Emperor decorated you. What was it, Commander of the Order of the Rising Sun? That sounds like 'The Mikado.' And what about your new bridge — in Canada, isn't it, and it's to be the longest in the world and has some queer name I can't remember."

Bartley shook his head and smiled drolly. "Since when have you been interested in bridges? Or have you learned to be interested in everything? And is that a part of success?"

"Why, how absurd! As if I were not always interested!" Hilda exclaimed indignantly.

"Well, I think we won't talk about bridges here, at any rate." Bartley looked down at the toe of her yellow slipper which was tapping the rug impatiently under the hem of her gown. "But I wonder whether you'd think me impertinent if I asked you to let me come to see you sometime and tell you about them?"

"Why should I? Ever so many people come on Sunday afternoons."

"I know. Mainhall offered to take me. But

you must know that I've been in London several times within the last few years, and you might very well think that just now is a rather inopportune time ——"

She cut him short. "Nonsense. One of the pleasantest things about success is that it makes people want to look one up, if that's what you mean. I'm like every one else — more agreeable to meet when things are going well with me. Don't you suppose it gives me any pleasure to do something that people like?"

"Does it? Oh, how fine it all is, your coming on like this! But I didn't want you to think it was because of that I wanted to see you." He spoke very seriously and looked down at the floor.

Hilda studied him in wide-eyed astonishment for a moment, and then broke into a low, amused laugh. "My dear Mr. Alexander, you have strange delicacies. If you please, that is exactly why you wish to see me. We understand that, do we not?"

Bartley looked ruffled and turned the seal-ring on his little finger about awkwardly. Hilda leaned back in her chair, watching him indulgently out of her shrewd eyes. "Come, don't be angry, but don't try to pose for me, or to be anything but what you are. If you care to come, it's yourself I'll be glad to see, and you thinking well of yourself. Don't try to wear a cloak of humility; it doesn't become you. Stalk in as you are and don't make excuses. I'm not accustomed to inquiring into the motives of my guests. That would hardly be safe, even for Lady Walford in a great house like this."

"Sunday afternoon, then," said Alexander, as she rose to join her hostess. "How early may I come?"

"I'm at home after four, and I'll be glad to see you, Bartley." She gave him her hand and flushed and laughed. He bent over it a little stiffly. She went away on Lady Walford's arm, and as he stood watching her yellow train glide down the long floor he felt rather sullen and got the better of.

TO BE CONTINUED

A WANDERER

BY MRS. ERNEST RADFORD

I AM a bird that beats upon the air,
With tired wings that may not fold in death,
With eyes that may no longer pierce despair,
With broken flight that strives and faints for breath;
I fall within your gate —
Ah, take me in and hold me for a day
Beside your hearth, that I may feel its flame,
And when the fire has dropped and burned away,
I will fly forth again from whence I came;
You shall not know my fate.

I am a wanderer through the starless night,
With secrets of the morning in my breast,
I bear a deathless vision of the light
That flows at dawn about my waiting nest;
Enclose me with your hands —
The shining dews are hidden in mine eyes,
The sweetness of the woods is in my mouth,
And from your door I may no more arise,
So swiftly have I flown to find the South,
From out the icy lands.

Oh, hasten to your door! The night is long,
The coldness clings about me as a shroud;
Are all the prison bars of sleep so strong,
You come not forth to one who calls aloud?
Has Heaven no further care
For all the pain and passion of my doom —
The gathered anguish of a storm that flings
Its cry against the silence of your room? —
I am a wanderer with tired wings,
That beat upon the air.

JOHN REGINALD'S IDEAL

by Henry Sydnor Harrison

Author of "QUEED"

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

FIRM in the saddle of her favorite mount, Matrimony, John Reginald Brooks's aunt spurred hard to ride him down. He was, he learned, drifting rapidly into that most odious of all types of American manhood, the selfish, fattish, baldish young clubman. He was pointing straight for the class which is the acknowledged enemy of society and the home, to wit: the futile class of celibates. He was scheduled to go unwept to a lonely grave, belike in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, or some town of that sort. Down, down came the merciless lash. Slash, swish, swosh!

"Aunt," John Reginald at last edgewised in, "you do me cruel wrong. You always start from the premise that I'm opposed to the married state. Exactly the reverse is true. I'm crazy about marriage. I long to be it — have it — get it. I yearn for a little nest all my own, with a true, loyal helpmeet to share my ——"

"Then," cried his aunt, bringing her left hand down into her right with an indignant smack, like a suffragette orator knocking the pins from under Despot Man, "then *why don't you get one?* You're twenty-seven years old," she whipped on, without a quiver, "and what are you, I say? A mere social drifter! A dabbler! — a dilettante! It's high time, Reginald, that you were becoming serious about this matter. I am not only willing, but anxious, to help you. Now — I have found a most charming girl, who would suit you *admirably* in every way, a Miss Ruth Carmichael of Boston, now visiting the Turndens. It happens — most conveniently — that she is coming here at five this afternoon to take a cup of tea with me ——"

"By an odd coincidence," said John Reginald, looking nervously about for his hat, "I have made an engagement with Peter Nichols and some fellows — no, with mother and Grace — at exactly ——"

But with a gesture his aunt backed him into a chair again.

"I have planned it all out. When we hear her ring, you withdraw, leaving your hat and stick here, as though forgotten. You smoke a cigarette in your Uncle William's study. In ten minutes you return ——"

"Mother and Petey — no, Petey and Grace — I mean Grace and mother — would never, no, never, forgive me ——"

"She is beautiful," resumed Mrs. Orme inexorably, "accomplished, wonderfully cultivated, and still an enormous favorite in society. Her people are *crème de la crème*. I will not be vulgar and mention money, but she has a great deal of it ——"

"But, aunt," squirmed John Reginald, "you don't seem to catch, if I may say so. You don't seem to grasp how men feel about these things. We don't score up a wife like a game of cribbage. The fact is that you can't argue with Cupid. You're absolutely helpless till Fate sends you your own particular ideal, which every man carries and cherishes in his — his bosom. When I at last meet mine — well, it'll be Young Lochinvar all over again. Oh, when I see her, I'll *know* her, all right. She is as clear to me ——"

His aunt briefly told him to describe the minx.

"Yes'm," said John Reginald. "Lemme see. Well, she's tall and — dark ——"

"*What!*" she threatened him.

"Tall as J-Juno," said he, plucking heart, "and darker than the Plutonian shores. Her hair's like a crow's wing — night black, you know; her face beautiful, but somewhat cold; her manner sedate, even majestic. She's a taciturn woman, and proud; very formal and distant with men — acts as if she despised 'em. Society bores her. Somehow, I can't quite picture her trotting around in the afternoons drinking tea with — drinking tea. As to details,— for it's the little things that tell,— she spends nothing on clothes; never wears flowers, f'r instance, preferring to give the money to the poor; dislikes the opera; rides horseback like a lady demon. By the by, she isn't literary a little bit; Browning she hates."

His aunt sarcastically inquired if there was anything else.

"I can think of only one thing right now. She loathes cats and kittens — can't bear the sight of 'em. Funny how I know, isn't it? Do I make her clear, aunt? Ask me any questions. . . ."

But his aunt was strangely testy. She bade John Reginald to leave her, saying that she was heartily tired of his flightiness, and henceforward washed her hands of him. As for the pearl among girls, she would wed her to Charles, John Reginald's second cousin, for whom she would despatch a hurry call that very evening.

John Reginald went out, much relieved, for his aunt had a terrible way of getting exactly what she wanted. As he passed through the portières, the door-bell pealed, and, retreating, he went into the little study and smoked a cigarette with Uncle William, which was the slowest sport he knew. In ten minutes he came out again, the avuncular duty done, at last free to look about for his pleasures. But in the front hall a sudden thought overwhelmed him.

He had left his hat and stick behind in his aunt's drawing-room.

John Reginald stood in the hall and thought it over. He did not want to see his aunt again; her manner had rather miffed him. He did not want to be introduced to his aunt's guest, whose voice and laugh floated out to him at that very moment. But tush! What was there to be afraid of? He was his own man and master, and no friendly young person, object matrimony, should harass and discomfit him at his own aunt's. He turned and pushed open the portières.

"I beg your pardon, aunt; I believe I left my hat and stick in here. Ah!"

His aunt made no reply. Through the half-darkness he saw the two ladies seated at the farther end of the stately room. Just beyond them he saw his hat and stick, and started

"JOHN REGINALD WATCHED HER EXTRAORDINARILY AFFECTED WALK WITH INTENDED AS AN INSULTING

PAINFUL FASCINATION, FOR GRADUALLY IT DAWNED UPON HIM THAT IT WAS BURLESQUE UPON HIS OWN"

toward them in dignified silence. His aunt and her guest had suspended conversation upon his entrance, and silently watched his advance. John Reginald was aware of this without glancing at them, and he thought it was rather rude. He passed them silently with a small bow, silently recovered his things, silently turned his fixed gaze toward his goal, the door. Directly in his path a little handkerchief lay upon the floor, a bright white blotch in the darkness. He could have taken his oath that it had not been there ten seconds before. John Reginald picked it up and offered it with a stately bow to the still figure at whose feet it had lain. Silently she bowed and took it. They might have been a gathering of Trappists. He resumed his walk down the room, which had never been of such vast length before. Eyes seemed to bore like gimlets into his back, which consequently grew stiffer and stiffer every second. At last he reached the door, highly irritated over the whole business, and was just stepping safely through, when suddenly upon the still air fell a suppressed laugh, and a low voice murmured:

"What a singularly droll young man!"

He wheeled as though he had been stung, the color flaming into his pleasant young face; and instantly the whole kettle of fish was in the fire.

"Reginald," said his aunt hastily, but not without a touch of malice in her voice, "I think you have not yet met Miss Carmichael. My nephew, John Reginald Brooks."

So there they were introduced, after all, and first refusal of the pearl among girls forcibly plucked from Cousin Charles. John Reginald's bow was the smallest and coldest that politeness allows. However, Miss Carmichael did not appear utterly cast down by it.

"I am covered with confusion," she laughed, quite simply and merrily. "No one could dream that what I said in confidence to Mrs. Orme would be overheard."

"Since I unfortunately eavesdropped," said he, smiling dangerously from the threshold, "do tell me in what way I appear so droll to you."

She made a little gesture of deprecation. "Must I, Mrs. Orme?"

"Do, my dear."

So the unabashed young woman proceeded to sketch, briefly yet with remarkable vividness, the contrast between the ordinary habit of young men upon entering their aunts' drawing-rooms, with the stately silence, the majestic mien, and the Jove-like port of John Reginald.

"I do not recall," said he, disconcerted in spite of himself by the ladies' hearty amusement, "that you and my aunt were exactly conversational and cordial during my progress down the room ——"

"But, you see, we were so frightfully embarrassed," she expostulated, with an exaggerated shrug, "weren't we, Mrs. Orme? — for we were at that minute talking you over. As you came in, your aunt was telling me all about how she had begged you to st ——"

"Reginald," said his aunt somewhat sharply, "instead of standing there like a statue in the doorway, I do wish you would deign to make yourself of some use about the table."

Much exasperated, John Reginald deposited his hat and stick on a chair in the hall, where they could by no possibility get him into further trouble. Again he walked down the long room, this time trying his best to appear easy and natural. Semi-darkness enveloped the environs of the tea-table. He did not once glance at his aunt's guest, though he felt her gaze upon him. In somber silence he handed about cakes and things, while the two ladies talked and appeared to be having a very pleasant time.

"If I can be of no further use, aunt," he said presently, "I'm afraid I must hurry away. Miss Carmichael will excuse me, I am sure."

But directly in front of him, as he started decisively away, a muff lay upon the dusky floor, the biggest and whitest he had ever seen. To pretend not to see it would be preposterous; to leap over it, grotesque. John Reginald picked it up and extended it into the dim spaces before him.

"Yours, I think?"

However, no hand reached out for the pretty gimcrack, no grateful voice made acknowledgment of his courtesy. Slowly John Reginald hoisted his gaze. In time it came to rest upon a pair of very large, very blue, blue eyes; and these eyes were shining and smiling out of the twilight of the room full into the eyes of John Reginald. The eyes were far from being the workaday eyes of commerce; the smile was the merriest and sweetest he had so far seen upon a human face. He gazed and gazed, and to save his life he could not have stifled the answering smile that now broke over his own close-set lips.

"So you *can* do it, after all!" said she, and clapped her hands.

At just this juncture the outer door was heard to open. Voices drifted in from the hall; and the girl turned mournfully to Mrs. Orme.

"Ah," said she, "our charming little tête-à-tête is over, I'm afraid. I'm genuinely sorry, and now I must go. But, before I do, could I have one peep at your famous Millet?"

"Of course, my dear. My nephew will show it to you with the greatest pleasure. But first, Reginald, ring for more tea."

But Reginald's eyes were glued upon the girl, who had risen with a jerky bow, tea-cup stiffly in hand, and was walking in an extraordinarily affected and repellent manner down the room. Some vague reminiscence in that walk had instantly caught the young man's eye. Now he watched it with painful fascination, for gradually it dawned upon him that it was intended as an insulting burlesque upon his own.

More guests entered. John Reginald rang for tea, and went stalking off down the room, head very high in air. He was angrily undecided whether to give the girl the plain talking to she so evidently needed, or leave the house without addressing her again. It is proper to mention at this point that Miss Carmichael did not look terror-stricken at the sound of his Olympian approach. She stood dreamily in the very middle of the threshold, forgotten tea-cup in hand, gazing off with rapt ardor at the Millet. Plainly she was wholly lost to her surroundings. Art flooded and possessed her soul.

"JOHN REGINALD LOOKED, INDEED, BUT NOT AT THE CRUMB OF CAKE"

John Reginald came to a full stop in front of her, somewhat at a loss; presently he cleared his throat.

"Oh," said she, starting with negligent surprise. "Oh — how do you do?" And, taking one refreshing nibble out of her cake, she went on gazing ardently at Art.

The light of the fading afternoon filtered in

through the great windows, and for the first time in his life John Reginald looked fully at Ruth Stuart Carmichael. He saw a slight, fair, joyous girl, with a mass of very pretty, very blonde hair. There was both strength and sweetness in her face, and, he thought, great beauty of a type all its own. It occurred to him vaguely that her dress was marvelously and elaborately becoming. On the front of it hung a wild mountain of orchid and gardenia.

"I was never better," said he. "Except that you — you — well, you embarrass me, you know. Tell me, do I grow droller as you see more of me?"

She nodded up and down a number of times, absent eyes upon the famous picture. "It is splendid, isn't it? The old man's figure in the foreground ——"

"You laugh at my silence; you laugh at my talk; you mimic my walk ——"

"Droller than all, if I must tell you," said she, still not looking at him, "is your dreadful fear that your aunt will seize you and marry you t ——"

"No — no!" he cried. He felt the color streaming into his face again; his very ears tingled. "You misunderstand all that entirely. I must explain. Oh — bother that picture! Listen ——"

She laughed at his embarrassment, gaily and unaffectedly. "Believe me," she said, and her voice was made of silver bells, "I understand and sympathize. In my home in Boston I, too, have an aunt who is forever bothering me to marry some one. The young men urge; invariably she takes their side; but I — like you — I am Gibraltar ——"

"You do not like young men, perhaps?" asked John Reginald; and, though he did not know it, his voice was desolate.

"Me? I like them better than anything else. Of all pastimes that there are, I consider talking to young men far the most amusing. That is why I led you off down here, away from your aunt, to talk to you. I did it cleverly, did I not?"

John Reginald allowed that it was the cleverest thing he had yet seen in life. He stared at her without cessation, and the more he stared the more he wanted to stare.

"But when it comes to marrying them," she added, gesturing with her cake, "that is another matter. I will say for the young men of Boston that they are far nicer than the young men one is apt to meet in New York nowadays. The Boston young men study one's taste. In particular, they study my taste, and I think that is very amusing of them. They know that I like to wear flowers, and therefore they send me bunches and bunches, like these. They discover that the opera fills me with bliss, and presto! — in come the tickets in shoals ——"

"Yes — yes," said John Reginald, delighted.

"A reading fit comes upon me: I shut myself for days in my grandfather's library, seeing no one, reading — reading science, history, sociology, philosophy, what not; and when the fit passes and I emerge, behold, the Boston men have spent the time reading, too, in order to be ready to talk to me when I will see them again. I absently quote a line of Browning, perhaps, and on their way home they buy Browning's Complete Works, and sit up half the night learning him by heart. Do you see what I mean? Do you begin to catch a glimpse of the Boston men?"

"Great — great!" said John Reginald.

The girl bit a piece of cake, looking at him over the top of it, and he noticed the way she did it with delighted amazement. The esthetic possibilities of cake-eating had hitherto escaped him; now they opened before him in a long and glorious vista.

"New York men are different," said she. "There is you, for instance ——"

"I," he interrupted eagerly, "practically lived in Boston for four years, going to college near by. Fate has happened to clamp me to New York, since, but people have often remarked that I'm more like a Boston man ——"

"You do not pretend, by any chance, that you really like Browning?"

"I can learn — I can learn ——"

"Learn!" She looked off out of the windows with extreme wistfulness. "You see, that is a sort of test question with me. While I am very fond of the Boston men, you observe that I have never married any of them. I happen to be looking for a man who doesn't have to learn to like all these things. Ah, well, I must be going ——"

"No — no! Why, I've hardly begun; I must ask you — do you ride?"

She made a little face. "Never, never, never! Result: the motors of the young men of Boston are incessantly at my disposal."

John Reginald, gazing down at her, marveled that men he knew actually preferred the stately brunette type of woman. Dimly it recurred to him that he himself had once seen merit in that type, and he viewed the memory with remote contempt for himself, as at some now incredible folly of his boyhood.

"I never," said he, "saw a girl who looked really well on a horse. To my mind," said he earnestly, "it's a mannish, ungainly thing in a woman. Now, my motor ——"

"I must interrupt you," she apologized,

glancing at her little watch. "Why, it's half past five! I must go this very minute."

"You'll let me go with you, won't you? I happen to be walking your way."

She looked at him, horrified. "But — but your *engagement!* With your mother and the men at the club!"

John Reginald blushed to the roots of his hair, but his eye never faltered. "All my engagements are off now. Can't you see ——?"

"I'm driving," said she, preparing to leave him. "*So* pleasant to have seen you ——"

"To-night ——" he began.

"I'm dining out."

"To-morrow ——"

"I haven't a free minute."

"But — you know," he stammered, "this isn't fair. You must let me see you again."

"Must? No," she said; "I have been far too nice to you already. Twice in half an hour — or was it three times? — I have asked you, by the sign language, to stay and talk to me. It's been many a long day since I did as much for a Boston man."

"And — and — why did you do it for — m ——?"

"Because," she said, with a bright nod of farewell, "you looked from the start so singularly droll!"

But she turned back at once to ask, in the friendliest, most confidential way: "Do you think your aunt would mind if I were to smuggle out just this tiny little bit of cake?"

"Mind! She'd be so gratified! Won't you let me send a box of it to your house?"

She declined with a laugh. "I only want this little bit for my kitty, the dearest little Persian you ever saw, not *so* big! She's waiting for me in the car outside. . . ."

She went on down the room, gathered up her great muff, chatted a moment with Mrs. Orme and her guests, made her adieux, and swished back toward the door. John Reginald stood exactly where she had left him.

"Why," cried she, with stage surprise, "I thought you'd gone! I've the cake here in my muff! Look, look!"

John Reginald looked, indeed, but not at the crumb of cake she triumphantly extended.

"You surely can't mean," he said huskily, "that you — you won't let me see you again?"

"This world is a small place," she said, shaking her blonde head with mock solemnity. "Doubtless you'll see me some day, Mr. Brooks, as the years roll on."

"Don't — don't! You don't understand. Why — all these years I've been looking for somebody just like you ——"

She was gazing at him interestedly, and now a beautiful smile broke over her face, and the sunshine began to trickle back once more into John Reginald's November world.

"You look *exactly* like the Boston men!" cried she. "You mustn't do it any more, please. In a sense," she went on, "I deceived you just now, for, while the car is outside just as I said, I am going to walk home. But whether I see men again, or whether I don't see them, is a matter for me alone to decide, whichever seems to me most amusing. I have many, many engagements; know many, many droll men. If I ever want to see you again, I'll promise to let you know. Promise, for your part, that you will make no effort to see me until you get a message from me."

John Reginald promised with a heavy heart. "Use the telegraph, please. My addresses are ——"

But she laughed them aside, saying that she would communicate with him, if at all, in her own good time and way; and the next moment John Reginald stood alone by the portières.

He went down the room as in a dream, once more bade his aunt good-by, this time very gently and affectionately, retraced his steps, came with a sense of enormous loneliness out into the hall again. On the chair lay his hat and stick, where he had placed them half an hour before. Close beside them, where he could not possibly overlook it, lay an enormous white muff.

The hall swam before John Reginald's dazzled eyes in sunshine and sudden glory. Ecstasy burst bonds and dizzied his brain. Ineffable music swelled and throbbed through his heart. But his physical head John Reginald immediately stuck through the portières, for he was a man of action and there was no time to lose.

"Aunt!" he called loudly. "Aunt! Kindly say nothing to Charles about that matter we were speaking of until I can talk with you further!"

His aunt promptly said certainly not; and friends of John Reginald, passing along the Avenue at about that time, were surprised to see him come bounding down her front steps, three at a time, wearing a great white muff upon his left arm.

The gentleman from Alabama at the age of fourteen months

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

A NEW LEADER FROM THE NEW SOUTH

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE RECALL IN SEATTLE," ETC.

IN the recent legislative proceedings at Washington the American people have witnessed a virtually unprecedented spectacle. A Democratic majority in the lower branch of Congress has become, for the first time in a generation, an effective, harmonious, smoothly working legislative machine. Instead of spending all its time in internal dissensions, this Democratic majority has devoted itself intelligently and conscientiously to the consideration of pressing national problems. It has abolished certain rules of legislative procedure which had prevailed for more than a century, and given Congress a new representative and deliberative character. And, as a result of its legislative program, the Lower House, probably for the first time since the Civil War, has ceased to be the unassailable headquarters of special privilege.

The dominating force in this new Congress, and the man chiefly responsible for its changed character, is a round-faced, tall, broad-chested,

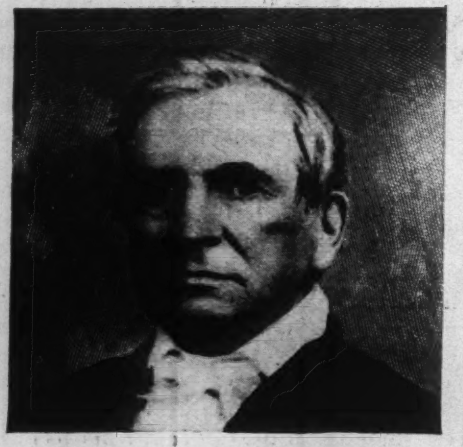
boyish figure from Alabama — a gentleman who, a year ago, was scarcely known outside of legislative circles in Washington. If you should meet Oscar Underwood in the lobby of a metropolitan hotel, you would take him rather for a prosperous Wall Street broker than for what he really is — a Southern Democrat who, by virtue of his eighteen years' hard work in Congress, has risen to the leadership of his party. There is little about Chairman Underwood that suggests the old-fashioned Southern statesman. He does not clothe himself in the traditional habiliments of public life in the South — the long-skirted black coat, the soft slouch hat, the white expanse of shirt bosom, and the black string necktie. Instead, he wears a carefully pressed "business suit" of the latest fashion; and the general atmosphere, from the closely matted and parted brown hair, the smooth-shaven face, the keen hazel eyes, to the neatly shod feet, is one of orderliness and modernity.

Even when Mr. Underwood speaks, there are few suggestions of the South. Only the faintest traces of the Southern accent remain; and he never indulges in the high-flown speechifying for which Southern leaders were once distinguished. Mr. Underwood's remarks are as concise, as directly to the point, as well brushed as his clothes; he never gets excited, never pitches his voice in a high key; instead of florid figures and "oratory," he simply gives the House facts, statistics, schedules, arguments, legislative and economic history. In his office, at the headquarters of the Ways and Means Committee, Mr. Underwood is likewise the easy, compact, direct, and approachable business man. There are no accumulations of papers and no dust upon his mahogany; every book, every document, every chair is in its appropriate place. Mr. Underwood, during his working hours, is never hurried, never disengaged; he always has plenty of time to discuss public matters, but he does it concisely, methodically, without telling stories or indulging in small talk. Outside of office hours his favorite game is chess; his only dissipations are an occasional hand at golf, or perhaps a furtive visit to a horse race. It is in his home town of Birmingham that he most easily unbends. There he is not the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and party leader in the House; he is simply "Oscar." There is probably not a motorman, a banker, a farmer, or a mechanic who knows him by any other name.

Underwood's Unionist Ancestry

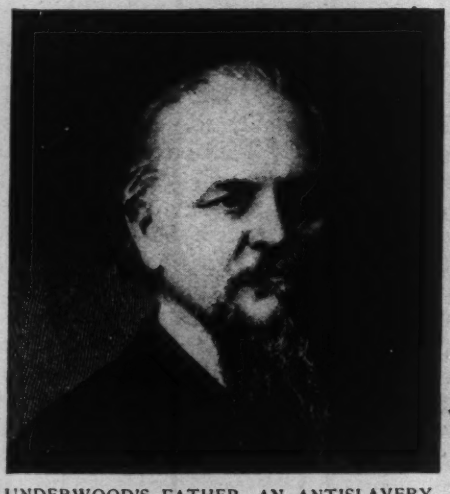
This well-caparisoned statesman is thus a representative of the new South — not exclusively the South of cotton-fields, but the South of smoke-stacks, of blast-furnaces, and of seething coke-ovens. It was, indeed, by the narrowest margin that Underwood became a Southerner at all. He barely escaped being a Northerner, a Republican, and a protectionist. All his ancestral tendencies inclined in this direction. His grandfather and his father were Kentuckians, but Kentuckians of decided Unionist leanings. His grandfather, Joseph Rogers Underwood,— a cousin of that George Rogers Clark who blazed the way for the early nineteenth-century migrations of Virginians into Kentucky,— was an old-line Whig, a colleague of Henry Clay in the United States Senate, and naturally a protectionist. His public career — besides being a United States senator, he also served as Judge of the Court of Appeals in Kentucky — was ruined when he voluntarily gave all his slaves their freedom, an act of conscience that brought him not only the contempt of the ruling classes but virtual impoverishment. All during the war Underwood's grandfather was a leader of the Unionist forces in Kentucky, and he was constantly consulted by Lincoln on questions of policy in the border States. Underwood's father, Eugene Underwood, a prominent Kentucky lawyer and one of the promoters of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, was also a Northern sympathizer. In the fall of 1865 he moved his family, of which the present chairman of the Ways and Means Committee was the youngest member, to the frontier State of Minnesota.

This change probably explains the fact that now Mr. Underwood speaks with very slight traces of the Southern accent. When the family left Kentucky, in 1865, he was only three years old, and he did not set foot on Southern soil again until he had reached his thirteenth year. Few men have had so ideal a boyhood as Mr. Underwood. Minnesota was then an uncultivated waste; no railroads penetrated the region, and the family traveled up the frozen Mississippi into St. Paul on sledges. St. Paul was then a scrambling village — merely a military outpost. All through Mr. Underwood's boyhood its streets were filled with Indians; General Custer had his home there, only a block away from the Underwood house; for a considerable period the next-door neighbor was General Hancock, fresh from his laurels in the Civil War; and one of the leading citizens was Buffalo Bill. Underwood, from all accounts, was a normal boy, and thoroughly enjoyed this atmosphere. There was plenty of game to be shot, plenty of Western horses to be tamed; and in these occupations, rather than in the precocious pursuit of learning, Oscar Under-



UNDERWOOD'S GRANDFATHER, A UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM KENTUCKY

CHAIRMAN UNDERWOOD'S MOTHER



UNDERWOOD'S FATHER, AN ANTISLAVERY AND UNIONIST SOUTHERNER

wood passed an ideally happy and invigorating childhood.

Underwood's Early Interest in Politics

Underwood had no early struggles; his father was a prosperous lawyer, and educated all of his children at private schools. In 1875 the family returned to Louisville, and Oscar received his preparatory training at Rugby School, at that time a favorite rendezvous for the children of well-to-do Southern families. Though rather more interested in the football team than in the curriculum, he proved an excellent student, finishing his course among the first two or three in his class. The next step in the education of the upper social classes in those days was the University of Virginia. It was a fine, quiet, conservative institution, representative of the best traditions of the South. It bred many of the present leaders of the Democratic party: Woodrow Wilson left a year or two before Underwood entered, and one of his classmates there was Senator Joseph W. Bailey of Texas. By the time that Underwood arrived at Charlottesville his tastes and character had taken definite shape; far from suffering any early privations, he maintained, while an undergraduate, a thoroughbred riding-horse and a negro valet, thus indicating that careful attention to his personal appearance and that love of the kingly sport which have distinguished him through life.

And now likewise he manifested his first interest in public affairs. With the exception of football, debating was the most popular undergraduate sport in the South. Underwood made such progress in this line that he achieved the leading forensic honor in Charlottesville — the presidency of the Jeffersonian Society. Though he confined his studies to the law course, he did a large amount of reading along political lines, and in general history and economics. If Mr. Underwood had absorbed any of the old Whig ideas of his father and grandfather, the University of Virginia was an excellent place to get rid of them, and he certainly left college with no illusions on the tariff question. His associates remember him as a quiet, dignified, determined kind of person, always even-tempered, always amiable, with a mind and person entirely destitute of cobwebs — a serious student and a companionable fellow. This Southern training, however, had not entirely beguiled Underwood away from the North. All through his course he planned to settle in Minnesota, and, in fact, immediately after graduating, he did practise law for two months in St. Paul.

Hardly had he fairly started, however, when there came the pull of the South; but it was not the old South that beckoned to Underwood — it was the new. The city in which he made his headquarters had little in common with the old agricultural Confederacy. In the days of the Civil War, Birmingham consisted merely of a blacksmith shop at a fork in the roads. Jones Valley, in which there now stands a modern municipality of 132,000 people, was then wild woodland. On either side rose the two gaunt ridges that contained the source of Birmingham's future wealth. One of these, Red Mountain, was already known to be richly packed with iron ore; according to estimates frequently made, it contains more available iron than any other known district in the world. On the other side of the valley are enormous beds of bituminous coal, and within gunshot there are inexhaustible deposits of limestone. These three things — ore, coal, and limestone — are the indispensable elements required in the production of pig-iron. In no other place in the United States, and in only one place in England, are these three products found lying alongside of each other, apparently placed by nature ready to the hand of civilization.

The average citizen, surveying this unique situation, would assume that northern Alabama was clearly indicated as one of the world's great iron and steel headquarters, but it was not until several years after the Civil War that its real development began. One of the earliest pioneers was Stimpson H. Woodward, who, several years before the Civil War, rode over from West Virginia on horseback — then the only possible means of transportation into the Birmingham section. Woodward bought a large tract of iron land on one side of Jones Valley and a large tract of coal land on the other; midway between the two his son, J. H.

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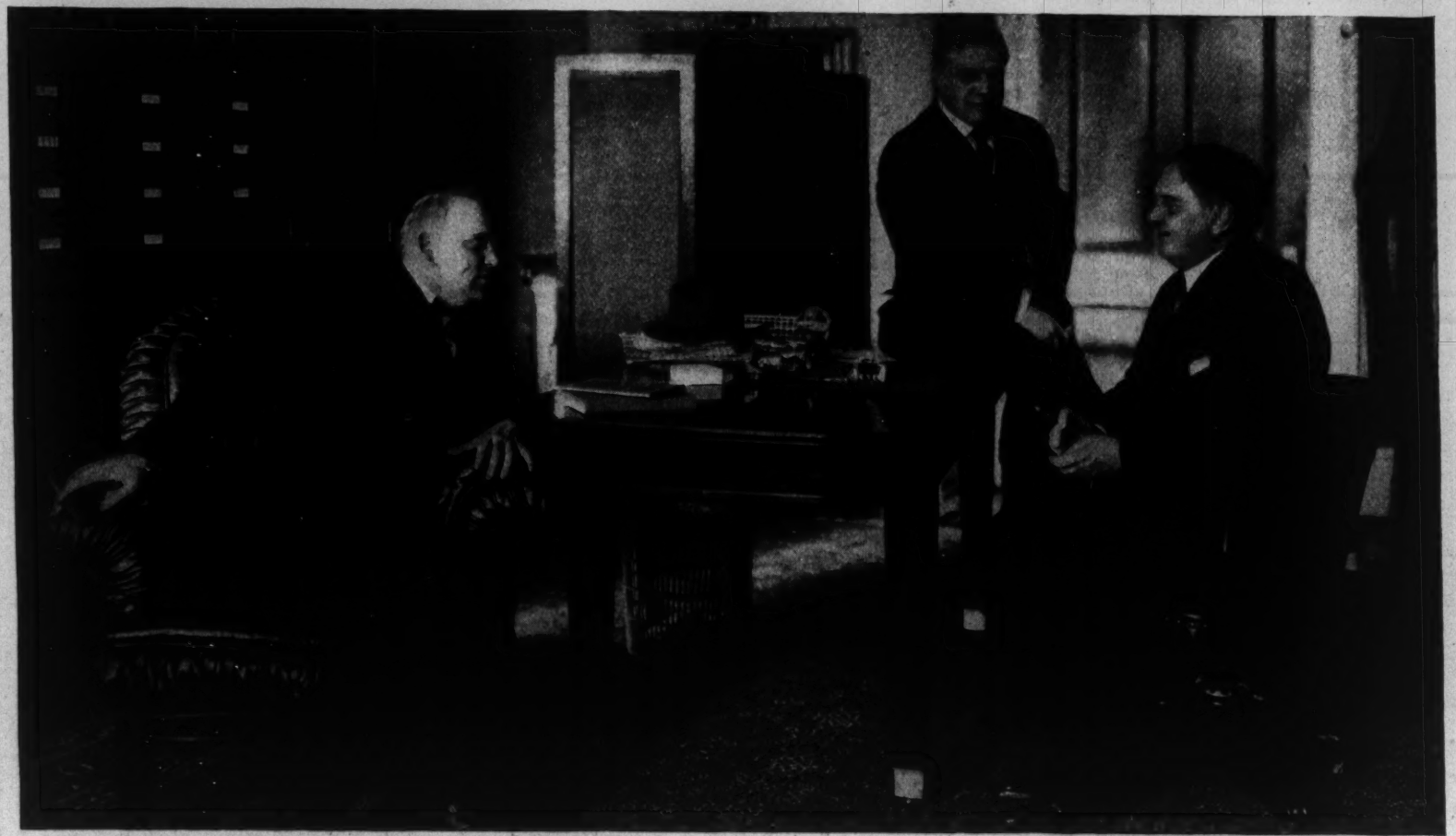
WITH UNDERWOOD IN CONTROL, THE DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY IS NO LONGER A "LUNATIC ASYLUM"



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UNDERWOOD IN CONFERENCE WITH A. O. STANLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE STEEL INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE. THE THIRD MAN IS REPRESENTATIVE PALMER, OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

Woodward, afterward erected a blast-furnace. From his furnace J. H. Woodward built a railway of his own in both directions, one spur leading to his coal mines, the other to his iron beds, and thus became the first American iron-master who owned not only his natural materials but his means of transportation. Woodward soon demonstrated that he could manufacture pig-iron cheaper than any other furnace man in the world, not excluding those of England and Germany; he prospered amazingly, and became a millionaire.

Woodward's daughter Bertha is now the wife of Congressman Oscar W. Underwood. This was not the influence, however, which first attracted young Underwood to this section. One of those who followed Woodward's example was the present Congressman's brother, William Thompson Underwood, who in 1883 organized the Mary Pratt furnaces. William T. Underwood believed that Birmingham was an excellent place for an ambitious young lawyer to make a start, and he enticed his brother Oscar away from St. Paul by offering him sufficient law business to make a beginning.

"The Pittsburgh of the South"

Birmingham, in 1884, when Chairman Underwood moved down, was a somewhat incongruous community — a strange mixture of the North and South and West. It had a population of only five thousand people; there were no street cars, no gas or water mains; at times the thoroughfares were almost impassable for the mud; the unkempt residential sections, the shacks, the saloons, and the somewhat turbulent population gave the place much of the character of a Western mining town. The general atmosphere was one of "boom"; it was the "Pittsburgh of the South," destined far to outstrip its Northern competitor; its very name suggested the part its founders expected it to play in the world. Here was a mass of iron and coal and blazing furnaces, enveloped continuously in a cloud of black smoke — the whole placed abruptly in the heart of the greatest cotton-growing section of the South. The social and political atmosphere was similarly incongruous. Negroes and Southern whites naturally formed the basis of the population, and they had all the political and economic prejudices and all the racial antagonisms of the old-time Southerners.

Protectionist Sentiment in Birmingham

Nearly all the most influential people, however, had come from the North. The Woodwards, though Virginians, were Unionists and Republicans, and nearly all of the largest manufacturers had the same political leanings. The district early established close affiliations with Wall Street. A year or two before Underwood settled in Alabama, the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company abandoned its old headquarters in the Cumberland Valley and moved to the new deposits near Birmingham. This corporation figured in the Stock Exchange almost as actively then as it has in recent years. A curious political survival in Jefferson County also connected this part of Alabama closely with the North. Even in war days this section of the State had a considerable Unionist sentiment; it then contained, and still contains, a thin stratum of Southern ante-bellum Whigs who had never accepted the Democratic party, and who, though not openly taking sides with the Republicans, were more or less sympathetic with their ideas.

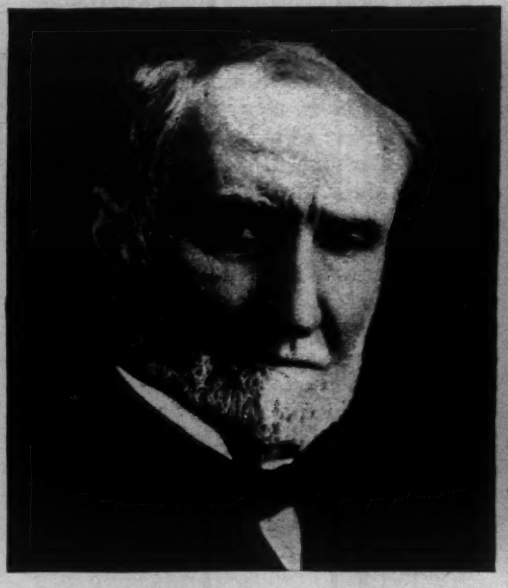
In other words, industrial and political conditions had already tended to a growth of that protectionist sentiment against which Mr. Underwood has always had to fight his way. Any one glancing at Birmingham, just as any one glancing at Pittsburgh, would naturally conclude that here we should find a citadel of protection; the smoke-stacks and furnaces could naturally have no other meaning. It would seem to be the last place in which a man who had low-tariff ideas, and who at the same time nourished ambitions to figure in political life, would choose to settle.

And, even in those early days, Oscar Underwood had decided upon a public career. It was in his blood, and it was also in the Southern atmosphere. And he had not lived in Birmingham for many years before he had achieved such prominence that he was fairly entitled to aspire to political honors. He acquired a good law practice of a general kind; he even became the counsel for one or two corporations, notably the local street railway company. But all this time he had his eye upon Congress. To gratify this ambition, however, was not an easy matter. The Birmingham seat was already filled by a Democrat of the old school named Turpin, and Alabama is conservative in retaining its public men in office. It illustrated this conservatism in remarkable fashion a few years ago when the State held a primary to select candidates for the United States senatorships. The question voted upon at this time was not the actual selection of senators,— the positions were then well filled by John T. Morgan and Edmund W. Pettus,— but the people were asked to decide who should be elected United States senator, or senators, if the existing incumbents *should die*. And in

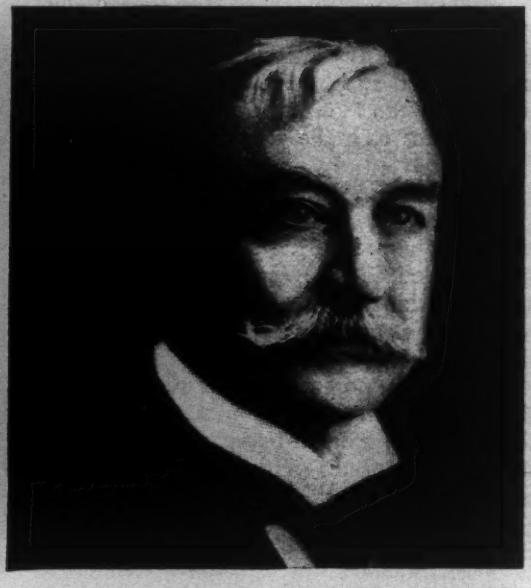
A RECENT PICTURE OF W. J. BRYAN, WHO TRIED TO BREAK UP UNDERWOOD'S PROGRAM

more than twenty-one, and he was already "Oscar" to a considerable part of the population. His intimates and admirers entertained little doubt as to his success. Whenever Underwood has wanted anything he has always gone directly after it, without the slightest questioning in his own mind concerning the outcome. "That's right, Oscar," his mother answered, when he told her that he intended to go to Congress that year. "If you want to go, go on and do it." The possibility that "Oscar" might fail in anything he had determined to do did not for a moment occur to her.

And Mr. Underwood went about the thing with characteristic thoroughness. His friends promised him the entire delegation from Birmingham, which meant that if he only succeeded



JOSEPH G. CANNON



JOHN DALZELL

THE REPUBLICANS WHOM UNDERWOOD

1894, when Underwood decided to enter Congress, his district was similarly conservative; the fact that Turpin was already congressman was a sufficient reason why he should be re-elected. It was an indication of Underwood's quiet audacity that he should have considered the possibility of capturing Turpin's seat. "Too bad Oscar's trying to get to Congress," remarked his future father-in-law, J. H. Woodward; "he's a nice boy and I don't like to see him beaten, as he's sure to be." Underwood was then thirty-two, though he looked hardly

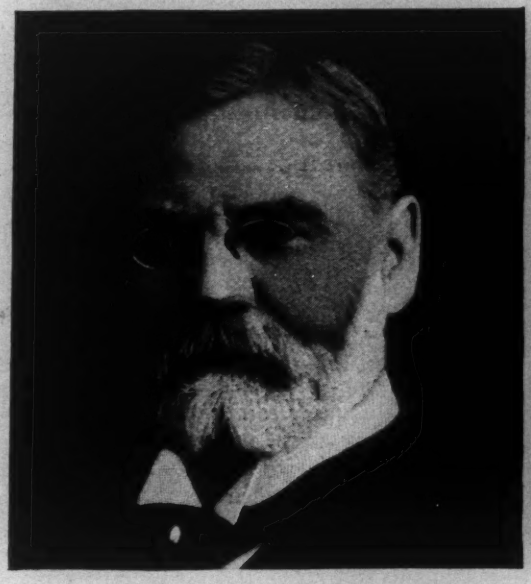
in capturing another county he would control the convention. And Underwood went personally into the adjoining district. He drove all over it in a buggy, visited all the small towns, talked with the people on the street, in the grocery-stores, and in the cotton-fields. He even went into the less accessible hills, stopped at the farmers' houses, ate at their tables and slept in their beds. And, at the end, he justified his mother's confidence; his congressional district reversed an ancient precedent, neglected to renominate its congressman,

and chose this active and youthful Kentuckian instead.

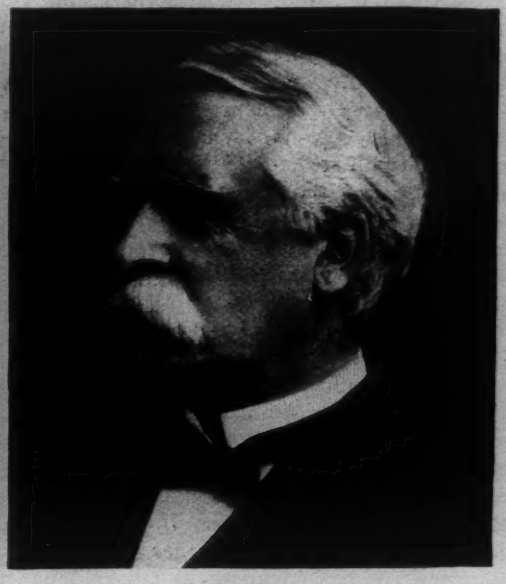
Underwood's First Antagonist an Aldrich

Ordinarily a Democratic nomination in any Alabama district inevitably implied an election; but that was a bad year for Democrats everywhere. The Democratic majority at Washington had recently passed the Wilson Bill; times were bad and the calamity howler was abroad. Underwood's whole public life has been a long protest against the high-tariff idea, and he made his first congressional campaign, precisely as he made his last, upon the issue of a "tariff for revenue only." There was protectionist sentiment enough in Birmingham to raise

SPEAKER CLARK. THE SPEAKER IN CONGRESS IS NOW MERELY THE PRESIDING OFFICER



JAMES R. MANN
HAS BEEN FIGHTING FOR YEARS



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SERENO E. PAYNE

considerable hostility to Underwood's election. Besides the heterogeneous collection of Republicans and Whig survivals, already described, there was a fair assortment of "Randall Democrats" who believed that the Birmingham district could not develop without a considerable amount of protection. These elements now joined hands on a candidate against this youthful tariff reformer.

As Underwood's whole public career has been a battle against Aldrichism, it was not inappropriate that his Republican opponent in this first campaign should have been a man named Aldrich. Again, inasmuch as Mr. Underwood has found his chief political antagonists in the iron interests, it seems almost fateful that this Aldrich, his first opponent, should have been the general manager of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. Truman H. Aldrich was a rich man, one of the great pioneers in the Alabama iron industry, a native of New York State, and some kind of a kinsman to his Rhode Island namesake. The congressional battle was fierce and close; the returns, however,

gave the victory to Underwood, and he took his seat.

Disillusionment in Congress

When he reached Washington, in the winter of 1895, the forces against which he has consistently contended were thoroughly intrenched. The Democratic party had gone to pieces in the elections; there were only thirteen Democrats in the House who came from districts north of the Ohio, and a majority of these were Tammany men. All the familiar Democratic leaders of the Congress of 1893–94 — Champ Clark, "Silver Dick" Bland, and "Watch-Dog" Holman — had gone down in the general party shipwreck. On the Republican side the House was exceptionally strong, with men like Reed,— "the greatest intellect I have ever known in public life," Mr. Underwood describes him,— Dingley, Grosvenor, Payne, Hepburn, and Boutelle. These forces were then running Congress with a high hand. Underwood came to Washington full of youthful energy and enthusiasm, with certain conceptions of what a congressional career should be. He had definite illusions of the Lower House as a representative and deliberative chamber, where any man who had the talents and convictions could take part in framing the laws of 80,000,000 free people. He soon discovered that this fine ideal existed only in his own mind, and that an ingenious mechanism had been contrived for the express purpose of smothering the individual.

The proper course of any member, especially a young man, was simply to keep still, obey instructions, and follow the tide. If he innocently arose in his chair to make a motion, he would either be entirely ignored, or be curtly informed that he was out of order and invited to sit down. If he attempted to call up a particular bill for discussion, he would discover that he could not do so without first obtaining "unanimous consent." If he succeeded in introducing a bill of his own, he would be somewhat humiliated by seeing it transferred, without the slightest attempt at discussion, to one of some forty or fifty House committees — a tomb from which it was seldom resurrected. Underwood soon found, indeed, that the House itself was not in reality Congress at all; that there were forty or fifty little legislatures, or committees, which transacted, usually in secret, the really important business. The most that the member of the opposing party could do was to sit as a minority member of one of these committees, which meant that he had little or nothing to do in legislation. He could not even exercise the inalienable right of a member of the opposition, and oppose; for the House of Representatives itself, as a debating and discussing chamber, was the shallowest myth.

Congress "Not a Deliberative Assembly"

Underwood was an enthusiastic patriot, with a real desire to serve his country, and his disillusionment as to the character of the House was a discouraging blow. At this time the situation was especially disheartening. Cannonism was already securely intrenched; then, however, it was known as Reedism or "Czarism." Thomas B. Reed, who was reëlected Speaker, and who was thanking God that Congress was not a deliberative body, originated many of the parliamentary practices which have since fallen into such disrepute. And Reed exercised these prerogatives with masterful and inexorable authority. It was he who did so much to centralize absolute power in the Speaker. One great attribute of the Speaker's power — the appointment of all congressional committees — dates, it is true, from the Muhlenberg congress of 1791.

Mr. Reed's great legislative invention was his modification of the Committee on Rules. He reduced its membership from eleven to five, with the Speaker himself as chairman, and centered in it the virtual control over legislative proceedings. When Underwood came to Washington, this Committee on Rules was omnipotent. It decided, in secret session, what bills were to come up for discussion, how long they were to be discussed, and who was to do the talking. At any moment this committee could promulgate a special rule to fit a particular case. Underwood soon obtained a practical illustration of its workings. The most important legislation before the Fifty-fourth Congress was the first Dingley Bill. The Rules Committee made a rule which practically provided that the House should accept or reject this legislation as it stood, without amendment. This same rule limited debate on this, the most important legislation proposed in the session, to a single day.

Republican Majority Unseats Underwood

Greatly as Underwood admired Speaker Reed, his soul revolted from this kind of thing, and he determined, if he should ever acquire any influence in Congress, to do his utmost to abolish the system. However, it presently looked as if his congressional career would be early nipped. He made one speech on the floor, and this, consistently enough, was in advocacy of a revenue tariff; but the dominant

Republicans, almost as soon as Underwood had taken his seat, assailed his title. Birmingham's great iron-master, Truman H. Aldrich, came to Washington and asserted that Underwood had been fraudulently elected. That claim was as music to the Republican majority. Partizan feeling ran high, especially on the negro question, as the echoes of the Force Bill agitation had not died away; and it was a great Republican ambition in those days to elect one of their own people from a Southern State. The contested election of Aldrich *vs.* Underwood, therefore, occupied a large share of Washington's attention during the winter of 1895 and 1896. There were then no grandfather clauses or poll-tax amendments, and Aldrich declared that negro votes, which had been cast in his favor, had not been counted.

Three days before his term expired the Republican majority unseated Underwood. He has always found some consolation in the fact that many leading Republicans refused to vote against him, and that William H. Moody, now a member of the United States Supreme Court, voted in his favor. In a speech which Underwood made defending his title, the young congressman became rather more florid and excited than is his custom to-day. "I say to you," he remarked, as a parting shot, "that bold was the man who stole the sacred fire from heaven and hid it in a hollow reed, but not less bold is he who steals the elective franchise from the people of Alabama and hides it in a hollow decision of this House. You have put this bitter cup to the lips of the people of Alabama, but I warn you to pause lest some day even-handed Justice shall place the poisoned chalice to your own lips." That was pretty rhetorical "stuff" for Underwood, the man of figures and facts and schedules; he has never done anything like it since. However, he concluded his defense with a characteristic Underwoodism: "I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind attention."

Thus, at the beginning of his career, Underwood found himself thrown out of Congress by a triumphant Republican majority, to make room for a representative of the heavily protected interests, the general manager of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. This proceeding, however, did not ruffle his ambition in the least. He went quietly and doggedly back to Alabama and began the preparation of that "poisoned chalice" for Republican lips. That he did this effectively is evident from the fact that he has been reëlected to Congress, without a single intermission, eight times in succession. And for sixteen years Underwood has made good the threat with which he ended his first session in 1896. He has been an active member of the opposition, though in a quiet and inconspicuous way. His name is well sprinkled over the *Congressional Record*, and the index shows that he has introduced as many measures and spoken as many times as almost any other Democrat. Practically no question has come up in which Congress has not had his views.

The Making of an Expert Legislator

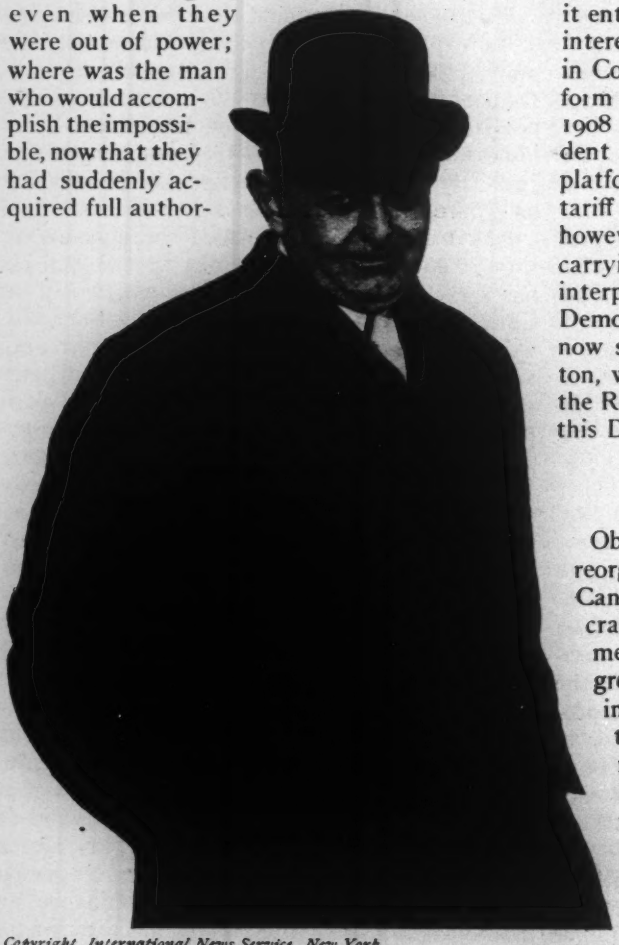
His congressional career strikingly illustrates the training of an expert legislator and party leader. There is nothing in it that is scintillating or sensational; it presents merely the gradual rise in power of a man whose main assets are a clear and sound but not a brilliant mind, an honest devotion to his public duties, and a conscientious industry. His rise, indeed, somewhat suggests the way in which an English statesman gradually develops in the House of Commons from obscurity to party leadership: by hard work in the routine business of the House, by tested capacity as a debater, and by a visual demonstration, before his colleagues, of his capacity to lead. That Underwood impressed his associates, both Republican and Democratic, is evident from his committee appointments, which, from the first, have been important ones. Speaker Reed put him on the Judiciary Committee, and Speaker Henderson on Appropriations and Ways and Means.

Any man who has mastered the business of these committees, the greatest in the House, has served a fairly complete apprenticeship in Congress. And Underwood went about his work deliberately. He studied all books and all public documents that threw the least light upon the subjects under discussion; he was punctilious in attending committee meetings, and was seldom absent, on important days, from his seat in the House. He has always made the tariff his specialty. On this he has become a kind of Democratic McKinley. "Underwood is the only man in either branch of Congress," Senator Joseph W. Bailey once remarked, "who can be shut up in a hermetically sealed room and emerge with a complete tariff bill." In questions of House organization, likewise, Underwood has gained much inside information. When the "whip" system was established in 1900, he became the first Democratic "whip" — the man whose business it is to see that his party colleagues are on hand at important divisions and generally to enforce party discipline. In 1902 Speaker Henderson recognized Underwood's party prominence by making him one of the two Democratic members of the Committee on Rules, and what Underwood saw of the inner workings of this

committee strengthened his conviction that its powers should be materially curtailed. When James D. Richardson was chosen the leader of the Democratic minority in 1903, Underwood became his first lieutenant; under John Sharp Williams, Underwood was somewhat obscured, but under Champ Clark he served again as the second man in his party.

The Democratic "Lunatic Asylum"

All during these years, however, the leadership of the Democratic minority did not greatly enhance a congressman's reputation. Its divisions, its crankiness, its insusceptibility to discipline, provided considerable material for the cartoonist, but inspired little public respect. When, therefore, as a result of the elections of 1910, this wrangling minority suddenly became the majority, there was general consternation as to what would happen. Neither John Sharp Williams nor Champ Clark had been able to hold the Democrats together, even when they were out of power; where was the man who would accomplish the impossible, now that they had suddenly acquired full authority? When the session opened last spring, the question on everybody's lips in Washington was, "What will the lunatic asylum do?"



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IN BIRMINGHAM EVERYBODY CALLS THE MAJORITY LEADER "OSCAR"

Congress had not long been in session before the country learned that the Democratic majority, deranged though its intellectuals might be, had certain definite and fairly sane ideas. In particular, it showed a disposition to accept at its face value the results of the election which had placed it in power. Mr. Underwood and his associates believed that the people had repudiated the Republicans and elected the Democrats for two distinct purposes: one the reformation of House procedure, and the other the revision of the tariff. In Washington political corruption had not attained the publicly exhibited vulgarity that has so disgraced our State governments; it existed in the system rather than in individuals. Essentially the evil consisted in the fact that the Republican majority had not been representative of party sentiment. A little oligarchy had controlled the organization for many years, and had made it entirely subservient to certain large property interests. In other words, political corruption in Congress had manifested itself chiefly in the form of an absurdly high protective tariff. In 1908 the people had elected a Republican President and a Republican House on the direct platform promise that they would revise this tariff "downward." Once seated in power, however, the administration refrained from carrying out this promise. According to the interpretation placed upon the election by the Democratic leaders, the exasperated voters had now sent a Democratic majority to Washington, with virtual instructions to do that which the Republicans had refused to do. How would this Democratic majority now go about it?

Revival of the Party Caucus

Obviously the first essential change was the reorganization of the House. The forms of Cannonism must be destroyed. The Democratic majority itself, and not half a dozen men, must control the operations of Congress. In looking about for some centralizing force which would be representative of the whole body of Democrats in Washington, instead of a few self-constituted bosses, the leaders decided to revive the party caucus, which, under eighteen years of Republican supremacy, had almost ceased to exist. Under the new organization all members of the party now met for the free discussion of all party matters. Nor were these meetings purely formal. From its first assem-

THE NEW COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS. THE CHAIRMAN IS NOW THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE LOWER HOUSE

bling in January, the Democratic caucus has been a really deliberative body, in which the humblest member has had the freest opportunity of expressing his views. These meetings have not always been harmonious, but the differences have usually been caused by real differences in opinion, and not by any lack of party discipline. Nor has the party caucus, as revived by the Democratic leaders, become merely another form of party tyranny. Even after the majority has decided upon a particular party policy, that policy has not been pitilessly enforced upon all its members. Any man who has said that this policy ran counter to his own conscience, or contravened the expressed wishes of his constituents, has been permitted to "bolt" without sacrificing his party standing.

This new Democratic caucus, as a preliminary step, now changed the whole procedure in the Lower House. Inevitably it deprived the Speakership of nearly all its former prerogatives. Under the new conditions the Speaker ceased to be the party leader and became merely the presiding officer. As the man who appointed the Committee on Rules and acted as its chairman, the Speaker formerly had nearly absolute control over legislation. The Democratic caucus now provided that the Speaker should not appoint the Committee on Rules, that he should not be a member of it, and that, in fact, this committee, as it had existed under eighteen years of Republican domination, should be abolished. The membership of the new Rules Committee was increased from five to eleven men, and it was practically deprived of its former control over legislation. The caucus likewise took away from the Speaker his power to appoint all other committees. Instead, the caucus itself appointed one, the great Committee on Ways and Means, and provided that the Committee on Ways and Means should select the others. Thus, in effect, the Democratic caucus transferred the party leadership from the Speaker to the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Instead of a secret leadership exercised behind closed doors by the man on the rostrum, the leadership became open, exercised by the actual party spokesman on the floor. The party caucus, however, never lost control of this new leader, for at any time it could depose him and put a more capable person in his place.

The Speaker No Longer Party Leader

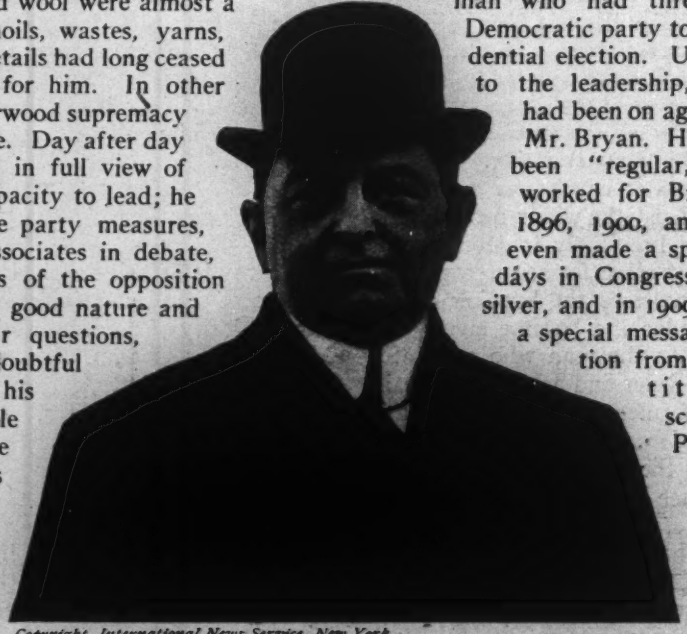
As a result of this revolution, Oscar Underwood now found himself the head of the Democratic majority of the Lower House. Under the old conditions Champ Clark would have been the head of the party, for he was immediately elected to the Speakership. As far as his personal ambitions were concerned, however, his elevation at this particular time was a misfortune, for it deprived him of most of the authority which he had exercised for many years among the Democrats in Congress. The session had not progressed far before the change in Congressional conditions became apparent.

Under the old system the Speaker's room

had always been the favorite party rendezvous. Here the members flocked, begging chairmanships and favored committee appointments. The Speaker was the party dictator; he had all his party associates at his feet; here he made or destroyed every man's opportunity. While "handing out" these appointments the Speaker laid the basis of his power in the succeeding session; he appointed only such men to particular committees as would do his will, and he had every opportunity to exact promises and to make all kinds of deals. Under the new Democratic organization, however, the Speaker's room was deserted. The headquarters of the Ways and Means Committee was now the natural place of congregation. As chairman of this committee Underwood was the most influential person in making assignments. His position did not give him absolute power, for the Ways and Means Committee decided everything by majority vote; it gave him just as much power as he had the force of character to command.

Underwood as a Masterful Debater

And it soon appeared that Underwood had the ability to assert great personal authority. As always, he was quiet, suave, and tactful, as accessible to the rawest "freshman" as to the most experienced legislator. What gave Mr. Underwood his real control, however, was his demonstrated capacity on the floor. He knew his subject. Such intricate schedules as cotton, steel, and wool were almost a second nature; noils, wastes, yarns, tops, and other details had long ceased to have terrors for him. In other words, the Underwood supremacy was a natural one. Day after day he demonstrated in full view of the House his capacity to lead; he could explain the party measures, direct his own associates in debate, meet the attacks of the opposition with the utmost good nature and firmness, answer questions, and clear up doubtful points. Under his control the whole character of the Lower House was changed. There was actual discussion and debate, and the minority was not ignored.



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UNDERWOOD IS NOT ONLY FLOOR LEADER, BUT THE BEST-DRESSED MAN IN CONGRESS

The Minority Not Suppressed

Mr. Underwood let the Republicans talk and propose amendments to their hearts' content. The new order was especially illustrated in the procedure that marked the passage of the leading Democratic measure — the wool bill. This was debated in committee on the whole for nearly three weeks. This latitude was in marked contrast to the proceeding in Congress when the Payne Bill was under consideration, a measure that occupied the attention of the House for only two weeks. And the wool bill covered only a single schedule, whereas the Payne Bill included fourteen. Moreover, the Cannon organization had virtually forced the House to accept the Payne Bill as it stood, without amendment. Mr. Underwood, however, permitted the Republican minority to offer amendments without limit, and Mann, one of the Republican leaders, actually proposed one hundred amendments to this Democratic measure.

Bryan's Attempt to Grasp the Leadership

In this way, Mr. Underwood disappointed the "lunatic asylum" theory of the new majority. But he did not accomplish this legislative miracle without considerable opposition within his own ranks. Attempts were made to split the Democratic majority in two and make it fulfil all the dire prophecies of the opposition. The leader in these attacks was the man who had three times led the Democratic party to defeat in a presidential election. Up to his promotion to the leadership, Mr. Underwood had been on agreeable terms with Mr. Bryan. His party record had been "regular," and he had worked for Bryan's election in 1896, 1900, and 1908. He had even made a speech, in his early days in Congress, in favor of free silver, and in 1909 he had received a special message of congratulation from Bryan for his attitude on certain schedules of the Payne Bill.

Bryan, however, clearly looked upon the Democratic victory in 1910 as a personal triumph. Though he had contributed

little to the strength of the party in that election, he clearly regarded himself as the party leader — as the man who should have the leading voice in framing the party program. When the new session of Congress opened, he appeared in Washington prepared to assume his new authority. The day the House organized, he ostentatiously appeared on the floor, taking the main applause away from Speaker Clark and Chairman Underwood. Indeed, it was generally remarked about Washington that Mr. Bryan was the leading member of the new House.

Underwood did not look favorably upon Mr. Bryan's activity. His face was pointed toward the future and not the past. He believed that Bryan and Bryanism were outworn; that the revivified Democratic party could preserve public confidence only by freeing itself from its old associations; that, with Bryan in control, the old story of incompetence, division, and destruction would be repeated. As a new leader, Underwood's first duty was to rid the party of this perpetually demoralizing influence. He therefore blocked Mr. Bryan's attempt to annex the victorious Democratic majority, and at once a struggle took place between Bryan and Underwood for the leadership of the party.

Mr. Bryan found his first issue on the subject of raw wool. In drawing up the new wool bill, Mr. Underwood cut the existing duty of forty per cent *ad valorem* in half. In doing this he acted consistently with the party platform which had declared for a "tariff for revenue only." In revising the tariff the party was forced into the necessity of materially reducing duties, and at the same time of providing enough revenue to support the government. With the exception of sugar, raw wool is the largest revenue producer on the list. Mr. Underwood, therefore, did not see his way clear to removing the duty entirely, but cut it fifty per cent. Bryan at once pounced on this as a "betrayal." He called together his friends in the Ways and Means Committee and exhorted them to insist upon free raw wool. When the Democratic majority, after discussing the question in great detail, finally gave their practically unanimous support to their new leader, Bryan began denouncing Underwood in the *Commoner* as a "protectionist," a "hypocrite," a "masquerader," and a man who was seeking to "Aldrichize" his party.

Finally, Bryan directly attacked Underwood's honesty. On the basis of a press despatch in an obscure Oklahoma newspaper, he declared that Underwood was using his official position to prevent a revision of the iron and steel schedule. Bryan found Underwood's motive in the fact that he himself owned stock in a Birmingham iron furnace. This failure to act on the steel schedule, said Bryan, "reveals the real Underwood." The tariff on wool was the "camel's nose; the animal is now trying to enter the tent."

Underwood rose in Congress and quickly and pointedly answered this charge. The occasion was an extraordinary one. Bryan's attack upon the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee had received the widest publicity, and a large crowd had gathered in the House of Representatives to witness the outcome of the struggle between these two men. As soon as Mr. Underwood arose, however, it became quite evident that he had his associates with him. He was greeted with generous applause, which went on continuously during his remarks. He assailed his problem in his usual quiet but effective way. Following his custom, he depended, for his arguments, not upon vituperation, but upon certain deadly facts. And this was a case in which the facts seemed to be clearly upon his side. He freely admitted, as he had many times before, that he was a small owner of stock in an Alabama iron furnace. He showed, however, that this enterprise had absolutely no connection with the United States Steel Corporation, but was, in fact, its largest competitor. It had been his personal wish, continued Mr. Underwood, because of his small financial interest in the steel business, to revise the steel schedule first. He had made this proposition to his colleagues on the Ways and Means Committee, but they had voted him down. The majority believed that the greatest iniquity in the Payne Tariff Bill, and the section whose revision would bring immediate benefit to the largest number of people, was the wool schedule. They, therefore, thought that Congress should revise the wool duties immediately, and take up the consideration of the steel situation afterward.

In his article in the *Commoner* Mr. Bryan had made a fatal mistake in declaring that Representative Kitchin, a member of the Ways and Means Committee, had opposed Mr. Underwood and had attempted to persuade him to take up the revision of the steel duties first. Mr. Underwood, from his position on the floor, now quietly asked Mr. Kitchin to stand up and say if this were true. Mr. Kitchin, a close political follower and admirer of Mr. Bryan, got up and declared that Mr. Bryan had been misinformed, and that Chairman Underwood's statement was an accurate relation of the facts. After Mr. Underwood had put all these circumstances in their proper connection, he did not hesitate to characterize Mr. Bryan's attack in unmistakable terms. "Mr. Speaker," he said,

"the statements contained in the *Commoner* article are absolutely false." The remarkable fact was not that the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee should brand the former leader of the party on the floor of Congress as a falsifier, but that not a single member of the House should come to Mr. Bryan's defense. On the contrary, Mr. Underwood's denunciation was received by all his colleagues with most extraordinary demonstrations of approval. They not only applauded his remarks, but at the conclusion they all filed past him and shook his hand. The episode, therefore, marked another step in the snuffing out of Bryan as a dominant factor in the party. Underwood suddenly sprang into new fame as the man who finally, after sixteen disorganized years, was doing most to free the party of Bryanism.

Great as this triumph was, the new Democratic leader received it with his usual composure. At the conclusion of the informal reception, he again arose quietly by his desk. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I move that the House resolve itself into a committee of the whole on the state of the Union for the further consideration of House Bill No. 12,812 to reduce the duties on the manufactures of cotton." And immediately Congress got down to its sober business once more.

Underwood and Pig-Iron

Underwood's other difficulties have been with the protected interests in his own district. As already described, the people of Birmingham, and especially its rich manufacturers, have decided protectionist inclinations. Ever since Underwood has been in Congress these forces have sought to influence his official action. They tried to do it two years ago, when the Payne Bill was under consideration. This Republican measure reduced the duty on pig-iron from four dollars to two dollars and fifty cents a ton. Instantly the Birmingham iron-masters voiced their protest. The Chamber of Commerce held an indignation meeting, and sent a telegram to Underwood asking him to oppose this reduction. "I have never been in favor of a protection tariff for protection's sake," Underwood at once replied. "I have always believed in a tariff for revenue only. I think four dollars a ton on pig-iron is prohibitive and it ought to be reduced." And he made a speech in Congress in favor of the reduction.

These same capitalists appealed to J. H. Woodward, Underwood's father-in-law. Couldn't he make the impetuous fellow do his duty by Birmingham?

"Oh, I guess Oscar knows what he's about," said Mr. Woodward. "Anyway, he'd only tell me that I was a protectionist and he was a revenue man. There's no use trying to influence Oscar, when he thinks he's right."

Certain hotheads, however, threatened Underwood with political annihilation. There was even wild talk of paying the poll-taxes of Republican negroes so that they would legally qualify to vote. In the end, however, so strong is Underwood in his district that the Republicans last fall did not even nominate a candidate against him.

Why Birmingham is Backward in the Manufacture of Steel

There are those in Birmingham who declare that that reduction has seriously injured the pig-iron business. They will point to the accumulating piles of unused pig-iron in their storage-yards, and say that the furnaces of England and Germany are now superseding theirs in the American market. "If Underwood keeps on," said one lugubrious manufacturer to the writer, "all the new office buildings in Birmingham will soon be full of bats." Underwood answers criticisms of this kind in his usual way: he simply refers to government statistics, showing that very little pig-iron has been imported in the last two years, and that therefore the drop in duty can not explain the falling off in pig-iron production. As a matter of fact, Underwood believes that a low tariff on both pig-iron and steel would enormously stimulate the industries of his district. It is such steel schedules as those retained in the Payne law, according to his ideas, that prevent Birmingham from coming into its own. Nature has clearly marked out the northern part of Alabama as one of the greatest American manufacturing centers. It has certain marked advantages over the other great steel centers in the United States — Pittsburgh and Chicago. Manufacturers in these latter places, unlike those in Birmingham, have to assemble their materials, or at least considerable portions of them, from a distance, and consequently have to add freight rates and other expenses to the cost of production. With its raw materials ready at hand, Birmingham has nourished great ambitions of expansion. Up to the present time it has manufactured little except pig-iron, the raw material, thus occupying almost the same position in the steel industry that the sheep ranges of the West occupy in the manufacture of textiles.

Why should Birmingham have to content itself with sending its pig-iron to Chicago, Pittsburgh, or other Northern districts, there to be made into steel rails, bridges, structural

shapes, or other finished products? It certainly has a considerable market at its doors in the South and the Southwest. Take, as illustrations, wire fencing and cotton-ties — the latter being the thin steel bands which are used for baling cotton. The South and Southwest use enormous quantities of these products, but they are made, for the greater part, in Northern mills. The South is in the absurd position of producing its pig-iron, sending it North, and then buying it back in the shape of steel wire and other manufactured articles — paying two freight rates in the process. Birmingham could easily do the whole thing and sell its products in its own market at much lower prices than now prevail.

Herein, according to Mr. Underwood, we have a striking illustration of the artificial conditions which arise under an absurdly high protective tariff. The Payne tariff protects the steel manufacturers not only in the cost of production but in their profits. So long as that law exists, they are assured of enormous earnings. Big profits are not a natural incentive to economy in a corporation, any more than is a big income to the average individual. It is only when one has a smaller margin that one begins to look about to see where he can save. In other words, so long as the government assures the steel manufacturers large earnings, they are not likely to disturb existing conditions and attempt to manufacture where they can do it more economically. If the present protection were cut off, or materially reduced, conditions would inevitably change. The manufacturers would have to depend for their profits not so much upon a prohibitive tariff as upon cutting down the cost of production; in other words, they would manufacture in places where they could do it most cheaply. Under these circumstances the Birmingham district, with its great facilities for the low-cost production of pig-iron and with its large adjacent market, would automatically become a thriving steel center.

The manufacturers, bankers, and capitalists of Birmingham do not unanimously accept this point of view; they prefer to hold to the profits assured by the present arrangement than trust to any new tariff experiments. In his proposed revision of the tariff, however, Mr. Underwood attempted to carry out his idea. As a beginning, he placed wire fencing and cotton-ties on the free list. He could hardly have hit the steel manufacturers in a more sensitive spot. The United States Steel Corporation, through its ownership of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, is the largest manufacturing interest in Birmingham. At the very moment when Underwood was proposing to remove the tariff from wire fencing, the Steel Corporation was building a large plant near Birmingham for the manufacture of this particular product. To the capitalists in his district Underwood's act seemed to be a direct slap at this new enterprise. The cry went up that Underwood was destroying a new industry in his own section. Now, at last, the opposition said, the steel corporation is awakening to the manufacturing possibilities of Birmingham, and here is Birmingham's own representative using his newly acquired legislative powers, not to encourage this industry, but to annihilate it.

Hardly had Underwood introduced this new schedule when the Steel Corporation stopped work upon its Birmingham wire-mill. At the same time, the newspapers asserted that the Northern manufacturers had done this as a protest against Underwood's bill. The Steel Corporation now protests that this is untrue, and that it had decided to abandon work upon its new wire plant simply because of generally unfavorable market conditions. However, its action at the time placed Underwood before his constituents as a man who had destroyed a new industry in his home town and deprived three thousand men of employment. That is, the opposition argued, if the protection on wire fencing were withdrawn, Birmingham, in spite of its natural advantages and its home market, would not be able to compete against England and Germany.

For a time there was considerable excitement. Public opinion was "accelerated" against Underwood. Telegrams and letters were deposited on his desk in huge piles — all appeals from people in his district to stay his hand and not to destroy this new wire-mill.

This proceeding, of course, practically amounted to a demand that Chairman Underwood should keep his hands off the steel schedule — that he should transform himself into a Democratic Dalzell. If Underwood had given way under this pressure, his whole party would have been dissipated and destroyed. However, he did not show the slightest sign of yielding. "This is not the first time," he said on the floor of Congress, "that the Steel Trust has sought to deter me from my course in Congress with reference to tariff legislation. This effort will be as ineffectual as the others have been. The Free List Bill reported by the Ways and Means Committee will be passed without so much as the crossing of one *t* or the dotting of an *i*." Mr. Underwood also produced statistics which proved the absurdity of the claim that Germany and England could successfully compete with Birmingham in the manufacture of steel

wire. As a result of his strong stand the episode ended happily. The Steel Corporation ordered work resumed upon the Birmingham mill, and at the same time issued a statement that the closing down had had no connection with Underwood's tariff policy.

The President's veto, of course, destroyed the Free List Bill, as well as all the other features of the Democratic platform. The special session, however, was not without far-reaching results. Its chief accomplishments were a reorganized Congress and a resurrected Democratic majority under a new leadership. It also emphasized the new part which the Southern States are now playing in national affairs. With a Southerner as Chief Justice, a Southerner as majority leader in Congress, and Southerners as prominent candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination,— Clark, Underwood, and Wilson,— the nation is certainly more united than at any time since the Civil War. No man rejoices more over this changed situation than Underwood. He is even more interested in the solidarity of the forty-eight States than in the union of the Democratic party. His unique personal history as the son of distinguished Southerners with Unionist and anti-slavery opinions, and his present position and associations, make him an invaluable link between the North and the South.

CORRYMEELA

BY MOIRA O'NEILL

OVER here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

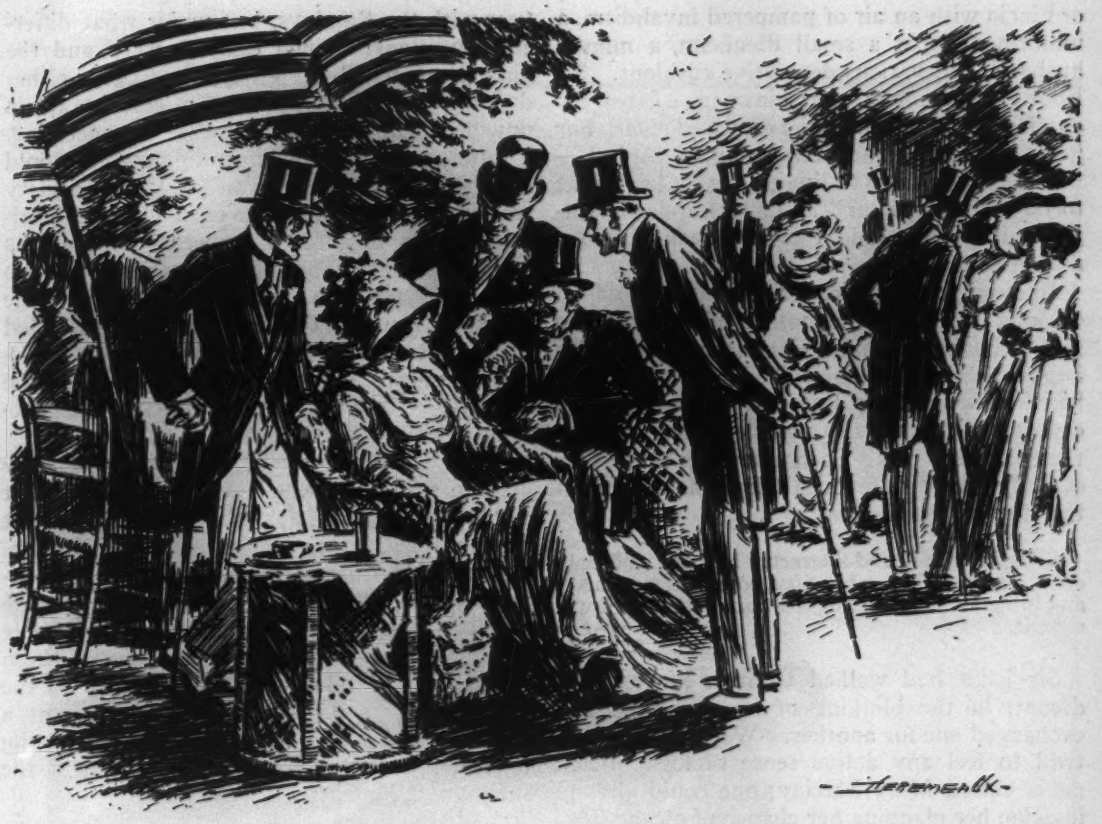
There' a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There' not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said; the girl she thought me wild.
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D' ye mind me now, the song at night is mortial hard to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When oncet I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town!
For a *sbaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.



THE INCUBUS

by May Bateman

Illustrations by Irma Dérèmeaux

THE Incubus — in the plural number — were lying side by side upon blue satin cushions in a handsome reception-room of No. 60 Via Venti Settembre, Rome, when first I met them twins upon whom the blessing of the Anglican Church had just been bestowed in a generous shower of water, which was bitterly resented by the elder girl and meekly acquiesced in by the younger. It became Maria Dolores' customary attitude through early life to submit sedately to the rule of those about her; one could imagine her asking the Grand Inquisitor himself, with sweet complaisance, in which direction she should go, were he insinuating her toward the rack. Agnes Veronica, on the contrary, would first have tried to wheedle him into forgetfulness of his mission, and then would have dissolved into the exquisite tears which so often achieved her purpose, yet neither reddened her eyelids nor swelled her dainty nose.

At that time one believed the family to be fairly well-to-do. The mother was an attractive fair-haired person, who drove daily in the Corso

or Pincio with an air of pampered invalidism, a uniformed nurse, a small Blenheim, a minute husband, and various decorative cushions. Sir Eliot Barclay was our kinsman. After his death the truth as to affairs disclosed itself. For years the family had been living on capital,— "What else is there to live on, if you have next to no actual income?" as Lady Barclay plaintively inquired,— and this had dwindled to a negligible quantity.

In every family there is one household which extends, as it were, a mother wing to all the rest, a haven for sinners and the temporarily impoverished, a free hotel whose hospitality may be relied upon at any season, a species of family defense which is usually capable of withstanding the enemy's attack. Such a house is ours. One of Lady Barclay's feverish telegrams arrived on the day of the disaster:

> Come at once ill and distracted husband suddenly dead left penniless cable fifty pounds immediately and bring more take tonight's train without fail will meet it.

Sir Eliot had walked through life as in a dream; in the blinking of an eyelid he had exchanged one for another. We could not pretend to feel any active sense of loss. Black never suited Mina Barclay; one could already imagine her planning her chance of escape from a country where the laws of mourning were inexorable. She had no real claim upon one yet. The thought of the twins, now nearly eighteen years old, was moving. What chance had they had of free existence, living their lives out between a feather-head and a fossil? And Rome is ever a bait to lure the hearts of her lovers.

The family council was brief. Lady Barclay's orders were obeyed, and I hastened to the rescue of the almost unknown twins.

II

Even when you are traveling straight through to Rome, without convenient stoppages, with your eyes wooed by a million April ardors all the way, there is time for conjecture, for remembrance. Of late I had made fewer visits to Rome; the thought of Barclay's *plantées en bloc* tended somehow to provincialize one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world. They entertained and were entertained, but — was their reception in "the best circles" altogether cordial? I thought of my winter with Lady Vera Massey, five years before — the diplomatic parties, the meets, the gay dinners, where almost every second guest was a "personage." I went to some of the same houses the next year with the Barclays, but under what different conditions! When Lady Barclay and the girls approached a group, it would either dwindle insensibly or take a certain air of unwilling courtesy which was disconcerting.

Surely no hint of the impending tragedy could have reached that inner world of Roman society which always evinces the most childlike curiosity in its neighbor's concerns? Mina was eminently presentable, the school girls were too young to clash with candidates in the marriage market. And yet, thinking it all over, I recalled with a new misgiving the little pause which almost always succeeded any mention of the Barclays — the cold "Oh, are they connections of yours?"

What was the mystery? Had there been any definite scandal, Rome would have ferreted it out in a day; yet a faint breath wreathed about the family, wafting a species of social contagion. Looks and gestures came back to me — the almost hostile whisper of the crowd when, at the charity bazaar which I attended when passing through Rome on my way to some southern visits, Lady Barclay sent the twins up to the dais where the Queen presided, to present a purse of gold which they had collected among the strangers in the hotels for the benefit of the sufferers at Messina.

A kind act, yet ——

But early morning had come by now, and the station platform was in view, where two pathetic forms, with the clear pallor of gardenias, and dressed in expensive mourning, awaited me. Agnes possessed herself of my immediate belongings, my dressing-bag, handbag, and papers, while Dolores took the heavier carton. The two dropped behind tactfully as I spoke to the porter. When I opened my purse to pay him, my face fell.

"What is it, dearest?" Agnes asked in a voice which trickled like the waters of a mountain lake, and Dolores gave a sudden start.

"Oh, nothing much," I said. "I made a mistake, that's all. I thought there were five *venti-lire* pieces in this compartment of my purse, but there are only four."

If I had accused the girls of theft, they could not have been more startled.

"But then, in Italy, whom can you trust?" pleaded Agnes significantly. "What a bad beginning to a visit, when you have come so far to help us! When did you open your bag last, dearest? Shall we go back and hunt in the railway carriage?"

"The train has gone," said Dolores bluntly. "One has to be very careful with money here, Cousin Margaret. Mother has lost it over and over again, even at home."

"'IT'S MINE—NOT HERS! I PUT IT THERE!'"

"Thank you; this is not my first visit to Italy," I answered rather tartly, and then reproached myself, for I saw the child shrink and her lips tighten with an odd look of self-repression I was often to meet later. Agnes gave her a playful slap — they were on the best of terms, these two — and slipped her little black-gloved hand affectionately in mine.

III

Within the month Mina Barclay had sailed alone for Canada, on a self-suggested visit to an old school friend — with tears and protestations that made us feel as if we were cruel relations who had bereaved a sorrowing widow of her only joy, whereas she had saddled us with the burden of providing free board, lodging, and clothing for two extravagant and useless individuals who must otherwise have starved, as they were quite incapable of earning a daily wage. Stranger inmates than the Barclays had never entered our doors. They brought with them an assortment of French novels which a young Oxonian would probably have concealed if expecting female relatives to tea. Until checked, they talked quite openly at the table of the ways and habits of certain notoriously indiscreet or lax members of foreign society; one became ice or fire alternately in their company, when there were visitors present. The girls resembled each other in face and form, but Agnes had more "temperament." The fire and fervor of the southern sky under which she had drawn her first breath often possessed her; she could be indescribably winning at times. Dolores was reticent; her eyes seemed sometimes heavy with languor or some brooding pain.

Both acquitted themselves admirably in company,— you could say nothing against their manners, when once they had been taught what subjects to avoid in conversation,— but their morals were hopeless. Right and wrong were interchangeable terms with them; they did not know the rudiments of honor. Truth meant nothing to them, nor had they any idea of the value of money or the rights of property. They ordered what they wanted at the first shop in which they saw it, using the name of some influential friend whom they had met at our house as a reference. Their manner and bearing inspired a confidence which was too speedily disarmed in Bond Street and Regent Street. Agnes was the ringleader of every escapade; but when she was confronted, it was always she who broke down, and Dolores, white as ashes, who would plead for her.

"How could we know it was wrong? We've never had a chance till now. If only *you* had been our mother! When we wanted anything in Rome or Paris, we ordered it. The bills came in and sometimes they were paid. But there were always scenes first,— awful scenes,— and once mother went out to a man with her face like death, and her hair hanging down her back, and the poisoned dagger father brought her from West Africa in her hand!"

And this lurid recital was made in an eminently respectable and quiet household in Thurloe Square, under the shadow of Old Brompton Church and the Oratory!

To live with the Barclay girls was to live in the pages of a penny novelette. Agnes' moods were variable. Occasionally, at the breakfast-table, you would find youth and innocence incarnate — a drooping girl with rather ill-done hair, pathetic eyes, and wistful mouth. This meant that she had not only done wrong, but had been discovered in the act by some friend of yours, who had threatened to write to you by the early morning post. If the letter arrived — well, what could be better than her pose? If, on the other hand, the friend had repented of her harshness before night, Agnes could dress her hair and make a fresh toilet and reappear as the smart débutante at luncheon.

Agnes' sense of proportion, where the distribution of her favors was concerned, was eminently businesslike. She was bewitching to the possessors of motors, opera-boxes, house-boats, and country places, whatever their sex. Heirs to properties were treated to innumerable phases — her mother had taught her that the unexpected has a never-failing charm for men. Alternately, she would be the artless maiden, the seductive danseuse, a mysterious sylph who would flit about the moonlit square like a Mélisande, a devotee who went piously to church with a prayer-book,— in which, however, she could never find her place,— or an embryo woman of the world whose eyes had, alas! been opened by Continental education. Detrimentals, themselves of no account, were yet useful for the purposes of mild flirtation if an undeclared lover were present. The man with prospects, the coming man, even the artist, if he were sufficiently successful, had each his grade. With instinctive ingenuity, Agnes sorted them out on first acquaintance, and made allies of most of them, and slaves of those whom she wished to press into her service.

We read the meaning of Rome's attitude now. Yet, what could we do? No other relation would take the Barclays off our hands, even for visits; they were too expensive luxuries, and when they were out of our sight we could never tell what mischief was being set afloat. Small things they failed us in, and large; and we were

helpless. Threats, arguments, and prayers alike were unavailing. And yet, the lingering hope in one's heart — the hope which a poet queen has called "life's last and most piteous illusion" — still flamed anew at little trivial sights.

For sometimes at night you would find Agnes in her bedroom drowned in a sleep as peaceful as a little child's, wearied out with her many cajolings and schemes; Dolores, ever more wakeful, watching over her with a strange, intent look, more like a mother's than a sister's.

IV

Lady Betty Mayhew appeared to be the only friend of the Barclays who still clung to the girls, but she sent them material help. Time upon time there would arrive from well-known houses really handsome presents for them, with a penciled scrawl — gowns, coats, hats, fallals, fripperies, the hundred and one pretty adjuncts which mean so much to the feminine mind, and gave us "cousins" almost as much pleasure as the Barclays. The gifts were all the more acceptable because the entire care of the two girls inevitably strained even elastic resources, and, each in turn, we permanent inmates had had to increase our contributions to the common fund. Lady Barclay's promised remittances toward her daughters' support had, needless to say, not arrived. To meet the difficulty, we cut off, one by one, various little items that we had hitherto looked upon as necessities — Mary's limousine, the hired house for Ascot, the half-yearly trips to Paris for clothes, and so forth.

I was feeling rather sore at heart, I remember, on the evening when I first met Lady Betty. It was at a diplomatic party where the guests were exceptionally smart, and my old gown had been "faked" by a "small dressmaker" and was not altogether satisfactory. There had been a serious deficit in the week's account,— we had already discharged two servants under suspicion of pilfering,— and the price of the dress I should have bought had gone to swell the funds. I thanked Lady Betty rather effusively, for me, for her kindness, and would have said more, but her puzzled look restrained me.

"Dear Miss Lascelles, I can't imagine what you're talking about," she said. "There's some mistake. I've never met Lady Barclay or her daughters." Her glance wandered. "That's a pretty girl coming toward us with Graeme Eliot — a newcomer, surely? So unsophisticated and simple — the type he would admire. I come so seldom now to London. I wonder if you can tell me who she is?"

"That is my cousin, Agnes Barclay," I said, and went to meet her.

I can see Agnes now on our return home — a slender, stricken figure, prone at the foot of her bed, clasping the post with one piteous hand, and with her fair head pressed close to the coverlet in absolute abandon. Dolores was beside her, as Dolores always was; but the tears that flowed were real tears this time, for the coverlet was wet. Oh, yes, it was true! She had seen Lady Betty at the charity bazaar; she never knew her, but had used her name deliberately because it sounded *vraisemblable*, and otherwise we should have sent back the goods. She had written the cards and little notes herself. Yes, the two girls had worn all the dresses, — I remembered that Dolores had had only one,— and now the bills were coming in, awful bills, which terrified her; at one shop alone she owed a hundred and fifty pounds. She had waylaid the postman time after time to prevent us from seeing of what her correspondence mainly consisted. She didn't know what would happen; they were threatening her with actions now. She supposed she could not expect us to pay for them? But some day she would marry somebody with money, she was sure, and he would pay it all back, if we would only advance it to her now; and meantime she could borrow from Lord Elsmere or Felix Rosenbaum, if I preferred ——

The squalor, the sheer hopelessness, of the outlook made one sick with anguish.

Once more I tried to be strictly just. After all, the parents who bore Agnes and neglected their every duty and obligation — these were responsible for the stricken child's actions, and would surely be held accountable at God's bar of justice. A year's training can not blot out memories of eighteen years of guile and scheming. This, the worst scene, ended, as others had, in protestations and forgiveness. But I went away thoughtfully and more sadly even than usual. There were further sacrifices to consider, and new plans of regeneration.

V

Like most explorers, Graeme Eliot is a man of few words. He is of slight build, yet you notice him when he enters a room; he breathes an air of sincerity, of serenity, which purifies artificial surroundings. A man of extreme views, he does not despise the conventions, but merely disregards them. No plea would stop him from doing what he thought to be right. Truth is his idol, a lie the unforgivable sin.

"Eliot has the luck of the devil," Jim Lister grumbled, at his tea-party next day. Agnes had dried her eyes by now, and looked simple and pensive in a lilac cotton frock.

"All the Eliots are well off, but the old Duchess of Lyng, Graeme's aunt, took a special fancy to him, and has given him another five thousand a year into the bargain. Martin Calvert has taken him up, too — the pearl millionaire who gave Farquharson of Glume his start. Eliot was staying with him at Taorna on his way home, and Calvert gave him one or two strings of pearls and some loose ones that are worth the proverbial king's ransom. All women love jewels; you should make him show them to you, Miss Barclay."

But Agnes, hampered by the character of the cotton frock, shrank from the suggestion.

"I know him so slightly. And Dolores is much more interested in those things, aren't you, darling?"

"Anybody would be interested in pearls," Jim protested, stolidly eating bread-and-butter. "There's an element of romance in them, too — the kind of thing girls like. Eliot's a good all-round chap, Miss Agnes, worth your cultivation. Keen as mustard over his work, though. I believe he would forswear London forever sooner than give up one of his expeditions in a dusky continent which will probably see him murdered or mutilated before it's done with him. Take my tip and get a view of those pearls as soon as possible, or you'll find he's given them to the Church Army, or Ragged School Union, or something."

"We'll speak to him about them," Agnes smiled. But, as I had reason to find afterward, she never did.

Graeme Eliot fell in love with Agnes, as he did everything else, with consummate confidence and determination. So far as we were concerned, it was, of course, a solution of the problem; yet we watched the trend of events with dread and misgiving. What would come of it if he ever found out all she had done? What would happen if she failed him as she had failed us? But there was the reverse of the medal. Marriage with such a man might be the making even of Agnes Barclay, and as his wife her temptations would be lessened. She could indulge her extravagance as much as she chose; and since the last experience, which had entailed such constant reminders in the shape of lawyers' letters, etc., she had seemed almost pathetically anxious to economize, and to correct the smallest tendency to prevaricate, even in trifles.

But, strange to say, with happiness within her grasp, with an atmosphere of comparative peace about her which had not existed since first she entered the house,— in spite of her repeated assurances that now at last we knew all there was to know, that there was now no other discovery of which she went in fear,—she drooped and languished visibly. A postman's knock, the sudden opening of a door, would make her pale. Yet, taxed with it, she would but meet one with a childlike air of amazement, the look of one who, infinitely wronged, is patient even under gross suspicion.

"Nothing's the matter, dearest. Nothing's worrying me. Oh, I don't wonder you think there is, considering all I've done. But you couldn't think I would keep anything back from you *now*, after all your goodness?"

VI

With mingled feelings we read Graeme Eliot's note to Mary the night he was coming to dine. It was unmistakable. He asked Mary to make an opportunity of speaking to him alone that evening, because there was something urgent about which he must ask her advice. Our little Incubus was to be taken away; it was her chance of salvation.

Our minds leaped beyond the marriage ceremony. (She would accept him, of course; the little swan-neck was screwed on very tightly, the childlike gaze was often calculating.) There were suspicions that would be set at rest forever when once she had left us — intangible fears one scarcely likes to put in words. Every household has its breakages, its occasional disappearance of small *articles de vertu*, but we had lost so much within the last year.

"Better say nothing to the child about Mr. Eliot, in case we are wrong," Mary urged; and, as she was the one widowed member in a household of spinsters, we looked upon her word as law.

I think that it was at the end of dinner that the subject of the pearls was mentioned first. Jim asked rather rudely if Eliot proposed to stay the night, as he seemed to have left a considerable quantity of luggage in the hall; and Graeme, with a carelessness that made one tremble for the future, explained that they were merely the pearls, which he had "brought along because they interested so many people." Mary, who guessed their value, was aghast at the thought that a parcel containing several thousand pounds' worth of goods had been left in the open hall, and, sending out for it then and there, insisted that Eliot should open it at once and compare it with his list.

"Nice little lot, isn't it?" Jim Lister demanded, with a pleasant smile, looking covetously at the display.

"They're perfectly exquisite," said Mary, drawing a deep breath. She had had opportunities of appraising these things when acting as

"AND NOW THE BILLS WERE COMING IN, AWFUL BILLS, WHICH TERRIFIED HER"

lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria soon after Lord Lane's death. "This necklace is the best of all; it matches almost exactly both in shape and color. If you don't mind, I should like to compare it with my own, which is rather exceptionally good, although so small in comparison with these." She turned to the parlor-maid. "We'll have our coffee and liqueurs in here, Markham. If you'll excuse me, Lady Lister, I'll go and fetch the case myself. Since I unfortunately had to part with my maid, no one is ever allowed to go to that door of my wardrobe."

For no explicable reason, a sense of fear seemed to fall on our party as my sister left. Perhaps impending evil, like death, wears a shroud, and the light hem, passing, is blown against you and freezes every limb. Graeme was leaning forward, smiling happily, intent upon his thoughts, holding up against the light the necklace that Mary had admired. The candle-shade in front of me was too low for safety; I set it right. The table decorations were lovely that night; we had left them to Agnes to arrange. The silver bowls were full of deep-scented Marshal Niel roses, opening now a little widely with the heat,— I can smell their perfume now,— and there were Parma and Russian violets in the finger-bowls, and loose rose-petals, with occasional violets, strewn here and there upon the cloth. Trying to shake off the horrible spell that held me, I turned to smile at Agnes; but her expression of silent horror froze me.

Mary came in with her face ashen, her head erect, but her hand visibly shaking.

"My necklace is not there," she said. "It has been stolen!"

VII

After the first horrified tension had given way, a babel of voices interrupted one another, suggesting plans. All agreed to act instantly, to call in the police. I heard the tart note of Mary's replies, saw the alert way in which Eliot, of all people, was jotting down notes. This was the man of action, the ex-District Commissioner, whom it was next door to impossible to deceive, and he was already asking questions which confined the issue to an ever-diminishing circle.

Two of the group were silent — Agnes and Dolores. Some one had telephoned to the police station. Still as death, rigid as if some grip of iron held her in its embrace, the elder girl sat; even in the dim candle-light I could see that her lips were parched as if with fever. They were concentrating, those merciless questions. . . . A greater tension, a terrible embarrassment, had fallen upon us all. I saw Jim stir a little restlessly under the inquisition. "Hang it all, Eliot wasn't a member of the family yet." But the ex-Commissioner went on. We had had the servants called in one by one, and upon the faces of my sisters I began surely to see — or was it only my own imagination? — the knowledge of my doubt reflected. And the virginal figure before me, in its white satin frock, grew ever more and more rigid as the slow moments ticked out their merciless retribution, the terrible moments which, here or hereafter, demand the reckoning for every sin.

There was a slight scuffle at the door, the swish of a skirt, a swift and undignified entrance. Mary Garner, the latest addition to the household, the one upon whom suspicion was most likely to fall, came in panting, and made straight for Agnes.

And now at last the marble awoke to life. The tortured eyes looked up, dead things in a mask grown suddenly gray and old, and in view of us all the light of humanity was stamped out from what had been the happy face of a child an hour before, transforming it to that of a hunted animal.

"I found this pawn-ticket in your room, Miss," the woman said in high-pitched explanation. "It's dated a fortnight ago, and it's for a pearl necklace. I thought it would interest the company!"

"Good God!" said Graeme Eliot below his breath, and fell back.

Then a cry rang out from the other end of the table. No one had looked at Dolores until then. Straight and slender, her eyes blazing, but with the rose at her breast stirring convulsively, she sprang forward.

"It's mine — not hers! *I* put it there! *I* took your pearl necklace, Cousin Mary — I pawned it! Agnes begged me not to — Agnes has always begged me not. I've done all the other things, too. I made her come with me and get those clothes; I suggested borrowing money from your friends — everything! You have all thought it was Agnes, because she was brave and I was a coward, and she bore it for me. But you must know the truth! It is I — it is I — it is I, I tell you! It has never been Agnes, never once!"

"Be quiet, can't you? You're killing her!" cried Eliot, almost savagely. Jim Lister had hurried the triumphant housemaid from the room at the first words. And at the table, with a gasp of relief, Agnes, like any heroine of romance, slipped quite naturally and peacefully in a dead faint into the ready arms of her lover.

It was a scandal, of course, but the main tragedy had been averted — for Agnes. To the end of his days I think Graeme Eliot will look upon his wife's sister as a thief and a liar. For that, very naturally, is the way he takes her, and under his undoubted kindness there always lurks suspicion and distrust.

Agnes' conduct as a matron is exemplary. She is perhaps a trifle too exclusive, but that, as her mother-in-law says, "is a fault on the right side, and one can not be too careful nowadays." She asks Dolores to the house when she and Graeme are alone, or when she wants somebody to amuse the baby, though I never think that the younger girl enjoys the privilege as she is expected to do.

Take it from any point of view, it was a swift retribution — a necessary lesson which was driven home with a sharp thrust. Dolores' story, repeated later in detail, was plausible throughout. Confronted with both sisters privately at our house,— I was responsible for that step,— the man who had received the necklace was uncertain as to which sister he had seen. Agnes from the first accepted the vindication — wore, indeed, the martyr's crown with which Eliot invested her pending the marriage, which he hastened by every possible means in his power, in order, I think, that she should escape further contamination from her sister.

And it is Dolores, naturally silent, though speaking once to such effect, who has become the more changed of the two. For, if she grew older that night, she also grew more vital; she seemed to have found herself, as it were, in that white flash wherein she had to choose. To choose between what? Silence or sacrifice? A noble lie or the tardy truth — who can tell? One wonders — one will wonder till the end. Or — some do. I myself — I know.

THE ACHIEVEMENT

Another of Miss Gregory's Adventures

by Perceval Gibbon

Illustrations by William Hatherell

THE milestone stood in the grass at the side of a Kentish road which ran across the saddle of an upland, and commanded over its low hedges a misty prospect of pasture and hop-fields, with a summer evening darkening over them. One side of the milestone stated that it was eight miles to somewhere; the other added that it was eleven miles to somewhere else. Miss Gregory, who had never heard of either place, sat on the top of the milestone and explored an empty pocket.

It should have contained her purse, a silver pencil-case, and a handkerchief; these had been its contents when she paid for the meal she had eaten at a little inn, where gypsy wagons were drawn up by the roadside, and the sly, sleek men and women were drinking within. They had evaded her attempts to enter into talk with them by begging of her; it was an old woman colored like a meerschaum pipe who had done the begging, while the others stood about. They had been picturesque and striking, these nomads to whom all countries were foreign, with their bright neck-cloths and their faces like Egyptian paintings. While she stood in their midst, under the old woman's horrid fluency, one of them must have picked her pocket and let her go adrift, to lose her way in a mesh of by-roads and discover herself penniless.

She looked abroad at the darkling landscape, and was aware that she was footsore and weary of the road. But the chief of her apprehensions she put into words.

"Howard will laugh!" she said.

She had in mind her brother, Major-General Sir Howard Gregory, who dwelt at home in ease, while she, to heal a restless mood, set forth on foot to observe the county of Kent. He was ten years older than she, white-mustached, red-faced, primly groomed and debonair. Her travels were, for him, a rather juvenile extravagance, and he had been present at her setting out in the afternoon to prophesy her return in a wheelbarrow. There were times when Miss Gregory, whose palate was spoiled by the strong meat of her wanderings, found him a little insipid. Her journeyings were ended, her book written, her purpose fulfilled; and there was nothing in her brother and his decorous home to fill their place in her life. Long lonely walks by foot-paths and hedge-gaps and by-roads were the medicine she administered to her discontent, always in the hope that a turn in the way would bring her face to face with something brisk and poignant. So far, this was the most stirring thing that had befallen her — to be left stranded at nightfall on the top of a milestone, fifteen miles or so from home.

She looked back and forth thoughtfully. The night was empty of help. Only, far down the road, there were visible a couple of figures that came toward her slowly — a man and a woman who seemed to walk arm in arm. Even in the distance and the dwindling light they made an effect of humility and poverty; in their gait, their attitude, was the quality that marks tramps and paupers and all those who inhabit the earth on sufferance. Miss Gregory, watching their approach, noted that the woman appeared to be lame; she was walking with diffi-

culty, and leaned heavily upon her companion. The vast inhospitality of the night loomed about them; the barren road offered them no destination; they moved painfully in a hostile solitude. Their mere loneliness made them tragic.

They were nearly abreast of the milestone before the man, looking over his companion's head, was aware of Miss Gregory sitting upright and motionless by the hedge. He halted at once.

"Lady," he said, with hoarse suddenness, "can ye tell us where we'll get a bit o' shelter for the night?"

"I can't," answered Miss Gregory. "I've lost my way; I don't know this neighborhood at all."

The woman hung on the man's arm with her head drooped; she looked as if she would fall on her face if he withdrew it. When he stopped, she remained as she was without lifting her face.

"For Gord's sake!" said the man, and paused. "I ain't begging," he went on, with a kind of passion. "I don't want to ask yer for nothin'. Only — only, ain't there *nowhere* where a pore woman can have a roof over her?"

He was a tall fellow, big and bearded; his thin, fierce face was white in the gloom. It is a rich race that can afford to waste such flesh and blood.

"I'm afraid I have no money with me," said Miss Gregory, watching him.

"Money!" cried the tramp, and swore in a whisper. "It ain't money I asked for. A barn, a cow-house — anything with a roof! We're not tramps, lady — not reg'lar tramps, we ain't. She was brought up respectable. I'm a smith by trade, lady, and I ain't had a job for five months. If you can 'elp us, I'll work — I'll work at anything. Only gimme a chance — you'll see 'ow I'll work! Lady! Lady! for Gord's sake — if yer can ——"

His tones had the ring of desperation, and while he spoke he stood carefully erect, still holding the woman who drooped at his side.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Miss Gregory.

The white face of the tramp regarded her with a fixity that accused her. For a space of moments he did not reply.

"Can't yer see for yerself?" he said then.

"Eh?" exclaimed Miss Gregory.

The tramp bent over the woman and spoke to her softly.

"Look up at the lady, dearie," he urged. "Let 'er see you. She won't leave you 'ere when she sees. Just look up a moment, dearie — there's a good girl."

His hoarse and angry voice had tender tones in it. The woman sighed heavily, and then, as if with a racking effort, raised herself upright and looked at Miss Gregory. When she spoke, it was in a voice thin and exalted, like that of one who speaks through a delirium.

"You're a woman!" she cried to Miss Gregory, swaying as she stood. "You're a woman too!"

The man caught her and held her to him, and busied himself in composing her. Miss Gregory rose from her seat. She settled her skirt about her with a little shake, and moved her shoulders in the jacket she wore. It was her way of clearing for action. She had seen what ailed the woman.

"Listen to me," she said, and at the sound of her voice the man looked up in an agony of hope. "Listen to me! I've been out for a long walk; I'm about fifteen miles from my own home, and I've had my pocket picked. But if you can find the way to any farm or house near here, your wife shall have shelter. Do you understand?"

"Gord bless yer!" said the tramp.

"D'you know of any place?" demanded Miss Gregory.

"Yes," said the tramp. "There's Gruden's farm over along 'ere. We could get 'er there, but ——"

"But what?"

"Well, mum," said the tramp, "Gruden, he don't allow no tramps on his farm. A terrible old man, Gruden is — 'ard as flints. 'E sets 'is dogs on people that beg."

"Does he?" said Miss Gregory. "We'll teach him better, then. We'll go to Gruden's."

"If you say so, mum!"

"I'll take her other arm," said Miss Gregory. "Yes, like this. Don't be afraid to lean on me. I've helped heavier people than you. Now, slowly — that's capital!"

There was none to observe that progress by painful steps between the level hedges, when Miss Gregory bent her not inconsiderable strength to aid the homeless woman. The night deepened around them, absorbing the land into its shadow and leaving only the far-seen lights of houses in the valley below. The three of them moved in an earnest companionship, but there was little talk. The woman had no breath for speech, and the man was content to be respectfully silent, now that this wayside lady had stepped down to take charge of him and his. To be dependent was to be secure; his safety lay in submission.

Miss Gregory, with her left arm under the woman's right, gave little thought to how she would deal with the hard-hearted Gruden. The

moment could be trusted to prompt the expedient. While she walked, she was tasting with an undiminished relish the old flavor that had spiced her travels in the byways of the world — the flavor of emergency, the sense of war with circumstances. Penniless, far from her home and local prestige, with no credentials but her bold pink face and her manner of one accustomed to be deferred to, she felt herself equal to making her effect. Tame, respectful England had contrived to make an arena for her, after all.

The hedge stopped and gave place to a low whitewashed stone wall, beyond which dark farm buildings were visible, with a house to one side of them which still showed a lighted window. But it was an upstairs window. In that land of early hours, the thrifty Gruden was no doubt going to bed. In the yard, a dog moved at the sound of their footsteps; they heard the rattle of his chain.

"Is this the place?" inquired Miss Grgeory.

"Yes'm," said the man, "this is the place. But Gruden — 'e's not like ord'nary people. I s'pose, now — you don't know 'im yourself, mum?"

"I shall know him in a couple of minutes," said Miss Gregory cheerfully. "Hold your wife up while I find the latch of this gate!"

The chained dog broke into furious barking as they crossed the yard, and from within the house another dog answered it. A hand raised the edge of the blind at the single lighted window.

The tramp cleared his throat nervously as Miss Gregory found the knocker on the door and beat a firm summons upon it, which was answered by a renewed fury on the part of the dogs.

"Don't look up," she ordered, aware that they were being reconnoitered under the blind, "and if a dog rushes out when the door is opened, kick it."

"Yes'm," replied the tramp.

"And cheer up; your wife shall be indoors in a few minutes," she added.

"Yes'm," he said. "If it was only the barn, it 'u'd do, mum."

"Perhaps it will be the barn," said Miss Gregory. "They're very slow in answering the door here."

She reached for the knocker again, and the dark yard echoed her insistence. The tramp was uneasy; the silence of the place made their intrusion portentous; but he uttered no comment. The woman was silent throughout, upheld by his arm; the beating of the knocker and the clamor of the dogs failed to stir her.

The window rattled as it was pushed up, and a man's head appeared in the opening black, against the light within.

"What's all this 'ere?" it demanded, in the Kentish drawl.

Miss Gregory stepped back to where the light from the window might fall upon her and let her be seen by the householder.

"Are you Gruden?" she inquired clearly.

She would have been better equipped for the contest which had now begun if she could have seen him distinctly. He showed merely as a mass, vaguely shaggy, in the window.

Her sharp question made him pause before replying.

"Well," he said, with the faintest accent of doubt, "well, an' supposin' I am?"

"Come down, then," said Miss Gregory; "I can't shout up to a window like this. Hurry up, please!"

The big head seemed to stare motionless. Miss Gregory moved with deliberate steps from the circle of light, and took a seat on the bench beside the farm-house door. It was the first critical point in the struggle. If the man at the window should now grunt profanely and refuse, she was as good as defeated. If, on the other hand, he yielded and came down to the door, he might go on obeying through mere habit.

The window above her closed, and Miss Gregory signaled the tramp to bring his wife to a seat beside her.

"Keep quiet now," she whispered. "Don't speak at all unless I tell you to."

The dogs yapped and raved, and in some shed near at hand a stabled horse stamped on a cobbled floor. The night had grown very dark, and, for the three still people who waited on the bench, the house at their backs was gravid with fate. A rustle of wind in the hedges came and died away again; and then there was the noise of footsteps on a stone floor within, and a hand rattled on the bolts of the door. The light of a lantern spilled out upon the ground as it opened. Miss Gregory rose.

Gruden held the lantern high and peered past it at his visitor. He showed now as a thick, elderly man with a flannel night-shirt tucked into a pair of trousers, and a wildly tumbled gray beard. Small, angry eyes stared from a malicious monkey face; he looked tyrannical and mischievous.

"An' now," he said, "let's hear what's doin' — wakin' people this time o' night."

"I'm Miss Gregory," said that lady briskly. "You must have heard of my brother, Sir Howard Gregory, at Addington."

Her excuse was that the woman needed aid swiftly, and there was no time to spare for manoeuvering.

"Sir Howard, is it? And what about *him?*" demanded Gruden.

"Nothing about him," said Miss Gregory. "I have a woman here, very ill, who must have a bed, or somewhere to lie down, at any rate — at once, till a doctor can be fetched. As this house was the nearest, I brought her here."

"Ill, is she?" said Gruden, with noticeable mildness.

He came out from the doorway and brought the light of the lantern to bear on the woman, where she sat with her head leaning on her husband's shoulder. He bit his thin lips in as he inspected them in all their miserable poverty and loneliness. The tramp turned slavish eyes up to him, those hopeless but still imploring eyes with which lost men endeavor to placate their masters.

"H'm!" snorted Gruden, and turned again to Miss Gregory.

"It's from Addington you come, eh? Fifteen mile! Then your carriage'll be waiting for you somewheres?"

"I came out for a walk," explained Miss Gregory. "I walked rather farther than I meant to, and lost my way. I found these people on the road, and there's no time to be lost. Let us get the woman to bed, and the man can go for a doctor."

While she spoke he was searching her with fierce, contemptuous eyes which made her uneasily aware that the dust of the roads was thick on her clothes.

"What doctor?" he asked abruptly.

"Who lives nearest?" she demanded in return.

"Don't ye know that?" said Gruden. "An' who'll pay him when he comes? Sir Howard, I s'pose? Or p'r'aps you've money in yer pocket yourself?"

Miss Gregory felt herself reddening in the lantern-light. It was plain that she had failed to impress Gruden; he was merely playing with her, and believing her not at all. It would have been fine to produce a purse forthwith and flatten him with a show of unlimited gold for the mere satisfaction of seeing him grovel. But she gathered herself for a last effort.

"Look here," she said strongly; "you can spare yourself the trouble of trying to be impertinent. If you can't see that you're not dealing with a tramp, you are a fool. If you drive that woman away, you'll be doing murder, and, I promise you, shall be held responsible for it. Understand that! As for paying, I'll attend to that."

The man had a wry and miserly strength of his own; he smiled.

"No money?" he queried softly. "Dashed if I didn't think so. You an' your Sir Howard! It wasn't Sir Howard that set a light to my rick last month, was it? Now I'll tell you what to do!"

He made a sharp step toward her, and flung out a hand that pointed to the gate.

"You take your sick woman out o' here before I turn a dog on the lot o' you," he ordered in a sudden roar. "You tramps is gettin' too smart by miles. Out o' this with the lot of you, an' sharp about it! Are you goin' now?"

"It's murder!" cried Miss Gregory. "If you won't give her a bed, she can lie in your barn. She sha'n't go out to the road!"

"Eh?" shouted Gruden. "She sha'n't, you say? Us'll see if she sha'n't in a moment."

He dived at the door of the house and vanished within.

"He's gone to fetch a dog," said Miss Gregory. "Here — lift your wife up and give her to me. I'll take her to the barn there, and you come behind us and keep the dog off."

The tramp obeyed wordlessly. Miss Gregory and her burden were half way across the yard when the lantern issued again from the house.

"At 'em, lad!" cried Gruden in happy tones. "Where be the rick-burners? Find 'em, boy — find 'em, ye beast! Ah, there they be!"

His swinging lantern had discovered them. The dog had bounced straight to the gate, but now came after them. Miss Gregory had the woman's arm across her broad shoulders, and did not turn her head. The tramp, who served as rear guard, must be trusted to do his part. As it happened, he did it well. The dog, a big half-bred retriever, came racing up, and the man, stepping forward, met it with a smashing kick that bowled it along the ground to the feet of its master.

"You swine!" yelled Gruden, dancing. "I'll see ye jailed for this!"

"Let the other dog loose," said the tramp, "and I'll do the same to him, and then to you!"

"Come on!" ordered Miss Gregory.

"Yes'm," replied the tramp, and obeyed.

"Get the barn door open," directed Miss Gregory. "Leave Gruden alone unless he interferes; but, if he does, knock him down."

"Yes'm," said the tramp, while Gruden, hovering, cursed them feverishly.

"You think I'll let you stop in my barn?" he roared, as they entered its vast, sweet-scented darkness. "You think I'll 'ave pikies [tramps] an' rick-burners makin' free with me? I'll show you thieves!"

"Show us a light," suggested Miss Gregory, "unless you'd prefer to have us striking matches among all this hay?"

He choked at that; his curses and threats

"SHE WAS STRANDED AT NIGHTFALL ON THE TOP OF A MILESTONE, FIFTEEN MILES FROM HOME"

strangled in his throat. But the threat stirred him, and he carried his lantern to the door of the barn, and stood, chewing his lip and working his heavy eyebrows like a frantic ape, while they laid the woman to rest on a pile of fragrant hay. She sank upon it with a slow sigh of surrender to her utter weakness, and closed her eyes.

"Now you must go for a doctor," said Miss Gregory to the tramp. "Do you know where to find one?"

"Yes'm," answered the tall tramp. "There's one three miles from 'ere. But — what about 'im?"

He indicated the malevolent figure of Gruden in the great door.

"Well, what about him?" demanded Miss Gregory.

"'E daren't touch you while I'm 'ere," explained the tramp. "'E knows I'm fit to murder 'im any minute. But when I'm gone ——"

"Oh, that will be *quite* all right," said Miss Gregory cheerfully. "Mr. Gruden won't lay a finger on us, I'm sure."

Gruden gulped the feelings he had no language to express.

"Because," continued Miss Gregory, "I've got some unpleasant surprises for him, if he tries to. And, by the way, you might reach me down that scythe before you go."

"Yes'm," said the tramp, and did so.

"Thanks," said Miss Gregory. "And have you any matches? I'll take those too, then. Now I shall be quite all right. What you have to do is to go to the doctor as fast as you can and bring him back here. Tell him about your wife, and mention my name — Miss Gregory! And — yes! — mention Mr. Gruden's name, too."

"You dare!" roared Gruden.

"Don't forget," said Miss Gregory. "Now, off you go!"

Gruden stood aside to give the tall man passage. They heard his running feet ring upon the stones of the yard, and the slam of the gate; and then the two women were alone in the great barn that stood about them like an empty and echoing church. At the door, Gruden seemed to wait with his lantern till the tramp should be out of hearing.

"Now," he said with slow satisfaction, when all sounds of his departure had ceased.

"Yes," said Miss Gregory; "but don't forget this!"

It was the scythe, which she picked up and held like a mower. Many times she had watched the scythes at work under the beeches in her brother's park.

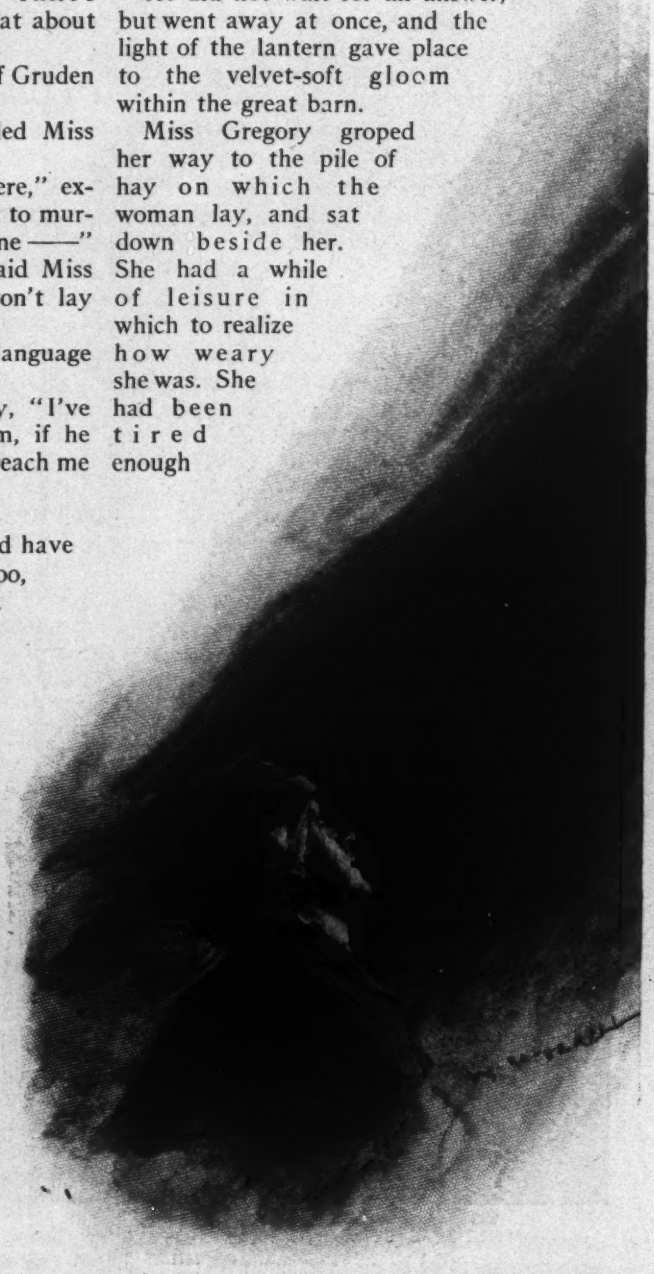
"You can swing it, can ye?" said Gruden.

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Gregory; "if you come any nearer, I'll show you."

"Yah!" snarled Gruden wrathfully. "And you'd call yourself a lady, would ye? But I'll have my chaps here in a minute, and we'll see what good the scythe'll do ye then."

He did not wait for an answer, but went away at once, and the light of the lantern gave place to the velvet-soft gloom within the great barn.

Miss Gregory groped her way to the pile of hay on which the woman lay, and sat down beside her. She had a while of leisure in which to realize how weary she was. She had been tired enough



"MISS GREGORY STEPPED INTO THE LIGHT. 'ARE YOU GRUDEN?' SHE INQUIRED"

when she sat down on the mile-stone; and since then she had expended much of physical strength and nervous energy. She would have been glad to stretch herself at the woman's side and rest utterly, but she knew Gruden would not suffer her to lie long. She sat upright in the hay, listening to the breathing of the woman at her side and thinking in snatches how strangely she had stepped from the dull decency and security of her life at Addington Hall. England is a wonderful land; its complacent bosom harbors all the varieties of men, and life and death jostle each other among them. One has merely to step aside from one's ordered path to find new worlds.

It was the raucous voice of Gruden returning across the yard that brought her to her feet again.

"A rough-lookin' old 'oman she is, too," he was telling some one, "an' if you haves to fetch her a clout with a bat, fetch 'er a good 'un. Ain't going to 'ave my rickses burned twice for want of a bit o' cloutin', I ain't! In here they be, a brace of 'em."

The barn door was swung back, and Gruden, with his lantern, was again visible. At his back, a pair of sleepy laborers peered with round, stagnant eyes at the apparition of Miss Gregory, her scythe in her hands, standing ready to shear the feet from the first comer.

"That's 'er," said Gruden.

The elder of his two companions pursed his lips doubtfully. He was a lean and hardy ancient, with a hay-band of whiskers under his chin, and an aspect of wry, dry wisdom about his weather-rough, sun-bitten face.

"She ain't no tramp," he said slowly.

"Quite right," said Miss Gregory; "you're not such a fool as your master. He wants you to run the risk of getting your legs cut off with this scythe now, and of going to jail to-morrow."

"Don't harken to her," growled Gruden. "She can talk the hind leg off a dog. You, Bill, you get a bat and twizzle that there scythe outen her hands."

Bill was the other laborer, a young and heavy peasant with large, vacant features.

"Ay," he said, and went on his errand.

"She ain't no tramp," repeated the elder man, chewing his lips meditatively. "Better mind what you're a-doin' of!"

"I'll mind she don't burn no ricks," retorted Gruden fiercely. "Ah, here's Bill! Now, Bill, show us what ye can do."

Bill brushed the hair out of his eyes and stepped to the threshold of the barn, with a stout six-foot pole in his hand. He was a burly animal, with all an animal's singleness of purpose in his stare. He made ready for an advance. Miss Gregory swung the scythe back.

"Look out!" she cried warningly.

Bill grunted and shuffled forward a couple of steps. He hoped either to hit the heft of the scythe and knock it out of her grasp or mow her down with a vicious swing at her ankles.

"Stand back!" ordered Miss Gregory urgently. "I'm not going to swing it — I'm going to throw it!"

"Eh?" cried Bill.

"Yes," said Miss Gregory fiercely, and made

a feint of hurling it. Bill jumped back, and the elder laborer and Gruden with his lantern, who had crowded at his back to see the show, retired in like haste.

"The cunning vixen!" cried Gruden. "Go at her ag'in, Bill. Whop her over the head. Are we goin' to be beat by the likes of her? Keep your eye on the scy' and go in quick!"

Bill was an obedient beast. His not to make reply; at the word, he hoisted his pole once more and slouched to the attack.

The mere weirdness of the affair was the aspect of it which was most clearly visible to Miss Gregory. The lantern made heavy shadows about her. The prostrate woman, but for her harsh breathing, might have been a corpse; the three half-clad men were at once comical and terrible; and beyond the little area of ground which they were converting into a battle-field she could see the mass of the house, with its upper window yet lighted, the white wall bordering the road, and the trees. The scene dwarfed the drama and made it ridiculous.

Bill was yet in the doorway when she let the scythe drop. He halted, uncomprehending. To the so-called mind of Bill the incomprehensible was always uncanny.

"Well," demanded Gruden, "'ave you 'ad enough of it?"

Miss Gregory had taken something from her pocket, and was fumbling it between her hands.

"I'm not coming out, if that's what you mean," she answered briskly. "Look what I've got here! These are matches, a bunch of them; and this is the box. If Bill, there, comes another step, I'll strike them all and throw them into the hay. Do you understand?"

"Don't you dare!" shouted Gruden. "Hit her, Bill. No, don't hit her! Come back, you fool! Gosh, I'll pay her for this!"

Miss Gregory smiled. It was plain that Mr. Gruden had a very real fear of fire — probably he had economized on insurance. The barn was of wood and full of combustibles; she could not have hit upon a better weapon with which to subdue him.

"You certainly will," she agreed now; "you'll pay very heavily, Gruden. I don't know yet who your landlord is, but I soon shall know, and I hardly think he'll care to have brutes of your stamp on his land. You've been saved against your will from doing murder, but you'll have to be punished."

"*She* ain't no tramp," rumbled the old man, with conviction, from the background.

"Even the tramps on the roads know your reputation," pursued Miss Gregory. "I don't wonder your ricks were burned. You earned it by meanness and cruelty; and after to-night you shall be paid in full. You've driven helpless people from your doors for years. Well, if I can arrange it, you shall be driven out, too."

"You —!" Gruden swore.

Miss Gregory lifted a contemptuous hand. "You can go now," she said. "I've had enough of you. The doctor will be here presently, and we sha'n't want you. Take yourself away."

Even the obtuse and loyal Bill was not unimpressed by her air of quiet authority; his goggle eyes traveled from her to his master and back again in torpid astonishment.

Farther up the yard she heard them in angry talk. The accents of wisdom were distinguishable.

"*She* ain't no tramp," floated back to her, as she sat down again on the hay.

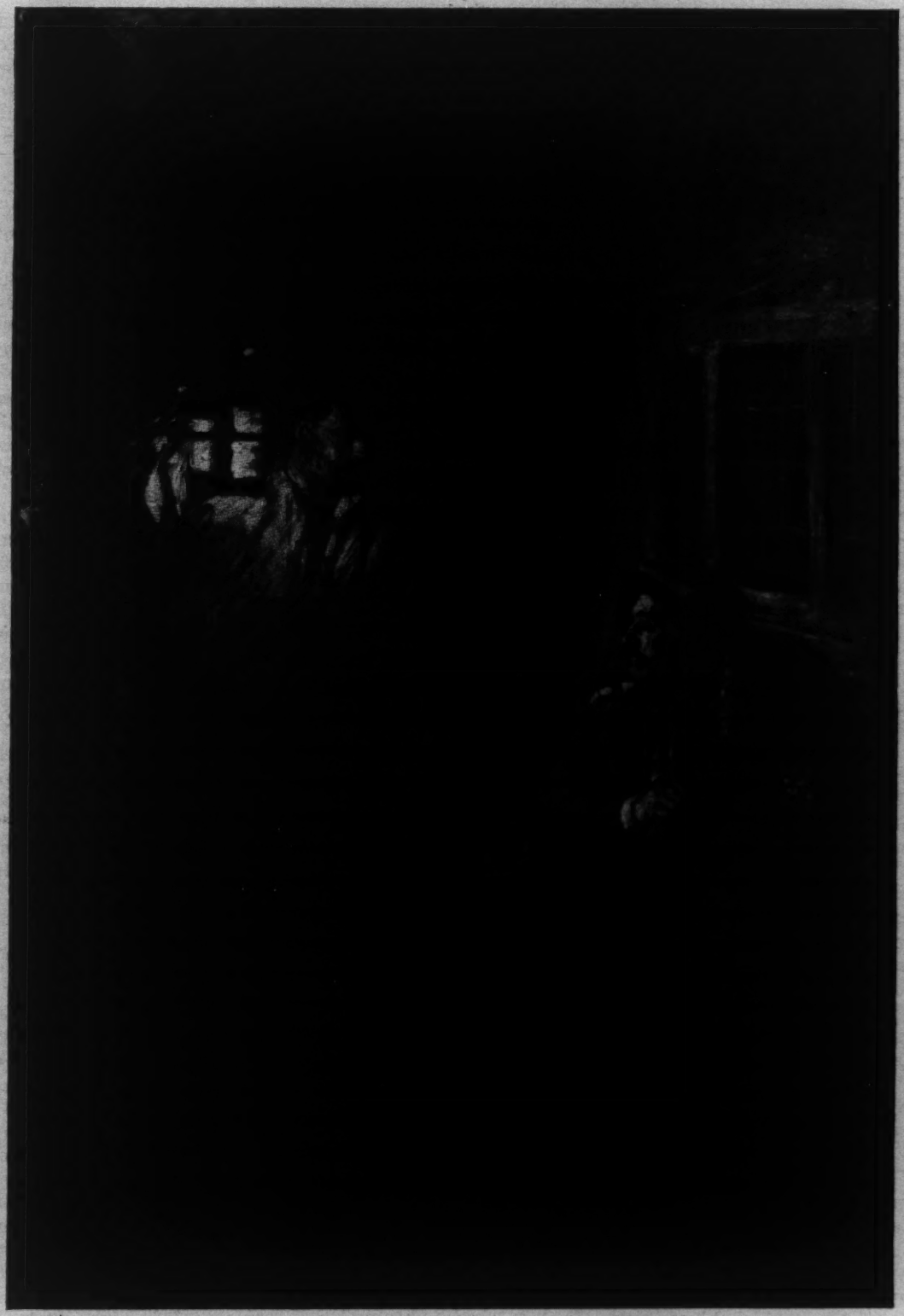
The woman who slept beside her woke later and cried a little, and had to be comforted and hushed. Miss Gregory's soothing hand was seized by her and held tightly, and she was silent again, but with uneven breath and twitchings of her limbs. It seemed a long time since the man had been despatched for the doctor — so long that any crisis of the woman's trouble might be imminent, with only Miss Gregory at hand to aid her. Miss Gregory, sitting in the dark, with the woman's hand clasped in hers, experienced a sudden sense of pettiness. After all, what were her adventures but little barren violences compared with that which this woman was about to undergo? She had lived her large and masterful life in a world of trifles; it was the tramp's wife who dared the greater peril for the truer profit.

It was these matters which occupied her in an unusual humility, when the doctor arrived in a dog-cart and came striding across the yard with the carriage-lamps in his hands, and the tall tramp carrying his bag at his side. He was a middle-aged, businesslike man, with the directness proper to men who work on the inside of facts.

"Then it *is* Miss Gregory?" he said, as if he had found the tramp's assertion incredible. "I've had the pleasure of seeing you before, Miss Gregory. You've had an exciting night, I hear. And now, let's have a look at the patient!"

The tramp, who had gone straight to his wife, made way for him, and he bent to his business.

Miss Gregory remembers what followed as an interminable succession of hours while she sat between waking and sleeping in the doctor's dog-cart, while the tramp walked to and fro in the road. The doctor was a man of power; he laid the farm waste between anger and urgency. In two minutes he had called Gruden apt, coarse names that crumpled that economist like



"GRUDEN BROUGHT THE LIGHT OF THE LANTERN TO BEAR ON THE WOMAN WHERE SHE SAT WITH HER HEAD ON HER HUSBAND'S SHOULDER"

waste paper; he then roused the wife of the staunch Bill and pressed her into service; he invaded the farm-house, and commandeered milk for Miss Gregory and whiskey for the tramp. Then he shut himself into the barn, the confidant and minister of the powers of life and death; and the place without him was empty and forlorn.

The tramp paused at the side of the dog-cart in which Miss Gregory sat, and looked up at her uncertainly.

"It ought to be all right, with 'im in charge," he said miserably.

"All right?" said Miss Gregory. "Of course it'll be all right. Everything will be all right."

He sighed. "'Er an' me," he said, "we've walked a good many miles o' road together. It's been 'ard on 'er. 'Er mother was a cook in a gentleman's family — very respectable. This ain't what she's been used to."

"But it's all right now," urged Miss Gregory. "There's work for you over at Addington."

"Thank you, mum," said the man joylessly. "It's what I'm looking for. But — but — if anything 'appens — to 'er ——"

He broke away sharply and went again to his tormented walking to and fro, the prey of griefs and terrors which no promises could disarm.

"'IT'S MY BOOK,' SHE SAID. 'MY BOOK!'"

Then came the dawn, and light spreading upon the earth to make it ready for a new stage of human life. On the heels of the sun came the doctor, coatless and shivering at the chill. He gave Miss Gregory a smile, but it was to the husband he spoke first.

"There's a man in there with your wife," he said. "Go in and see him."

The tramp did not understand. "Who is he?" he asked dully.

"Oh — a new friend of hers," replied the doctor. "In you go!"

The man stared at him, white-faced and trembling. The doctor put a hand on his shoulder and thrust him toward the gate. He went doubtfully for half a dozen steps, and then the meaning of it dawned on him.

"Is she quite all right?" asked Miss Gregory.

"Quite," said the doctor, "thanks to you, Miss Gregory. 'Joy cometh in the morning,' you know. Give them five minutes together, and then, if you like, you can see the new arrival."

"Thanks," said Miss Gregory. "Meanwhile, can we make any arrangement about looking after all three of them till the mother is well? I must go through with it, you know."

"I'll attend to everything," said the doctor.

"Leave it to me, Miss Gregory. And, when we're finished here, I'll give myself the pleasure of driving you home."

Mrs. Bill had so little in common with her husband that she greeted Miss Gregory with curtseys on her visit to the barn, where the tramp knelt beside his wife. The woman had been made comfortable, and smiled faintly up from under a coverlet upon her bed of hay. She was not pale; she was a little flushed, as if with a struggle in which she had been triumphant. She did not speak, but, as Miss Gregory bent over her, she moved slightly, so as to show the fruit of miracles which lay in the crotch of her arm. A round, devoted head, with down upon it like delicate shadow, lay upon her bosom; a crumpled new-minted face slept profoundly; a tiny shoulder, heart-breaking in its littleness, was humped against the world and the future. The tramp-woman smiled again, with a tenderness in which there was mingled the arrogance, the confidence, the exultation of motherhood.

Miss Gregory inspected the arrangement with an expression of critical interest. But she said nothing. There was nothing she could say — nothing which a novice is entitled to say to an initiate.

The drive home was a long one. She was tired, and conversation languished. For most of the way she sat back in her seat, gazing before her very thoughtfully, as if her mind were baffled with new doubts.

It was breakfast-time when they came along the winding drive to the door of Addington Hall, which the postman was just leaving.

"A parcel for you, Miss," he said, touching his official hat convulsively, and Miss Gregory paused in the hall to examine it. The doctor, who was staying to breakfast, heard an exclamation, and turned to see her tearing it open. She looked up at him across it.

He was, by virtue of his trade, a connoisseur in strong emotions, and he looked at Miss Gregory with quick interest. To himself he said: "Gad, she's looking like that mother in the barn at Gruden's!" Aloud he asked: "Anything the matter?"

"The matter!" said Miss Gregory. "No. But ——"

She tore away more of the wrapping-paper, and produced from its coverings a stout and handsome volume, bound in red and lettered in gold.

"It's — it's my book," she said. "My book!"

THE OLD BROOCH

(*From the Spanish*)

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

LITTLE jet bear at her throat of snow,
What are you thinking? As I would think
If I were trembling on that dear brink?
Or are you dizzy, as I would be there?
What do you wonder? What do you know?
Are you too happy to know or wonder —
Her chin above you, her bosom under?
Tell me, what is your pillow dreaming?
Catch you ever a tear to drink?
Ever a sigh or a flutter, seeming
Maybe a memory stirred for *me* there?

FLANAGAN'S

by Frederick R. Bechdolt

RED POWERS was crowding his way toward the door of the smoking-car, his long fingers in the pocket of the fat farmer in front of him. Reform had been Red's one idea for two years past, but the instinct which guided the hand to the wallet was as old as he, perhaps older.

Two years in prison had given him plenty of time for introspection. In that period he had made up his mind that he was meant to obey the law. It had also given him long, dreary hours in which to think of others than himself. Of these there were two: his dead wife and their baby. Like Red, the woman had been a thief; he had loved her none the less for that. But with the baby it was different. She was the only live being for whom he cherished any affection; and in those long, sleepless nights with which prison terms are replete, her face was constantly before him. All these things had brought the resolution. He had left the warden's office, that morning, a different man than had entered.

Different, too, in other ways than determination to reform. Prison had worked changes which he did not know. He feared it, who had never feared before. Riding homeward in the train, engrossed in plans for a life of hard work in the city which he had once regarded as his plunder-ground,— the city where the baby was living with the mother's parents,— he shrank within himself at memories of what he had left. At length he pressed his face to the cold window-pane and saw the city's lights loom up in an incandescent blur, then resolve themselves into pin-points of radiance. He was nearly home, where he had tasted deep of life, where he would live anew.

A farmer in the seat ahead of him rose, got his grips together, and blocked the aisle. Red stood behind him as the train slowed for its final stop; and suddenly, with a jerk, his thoughts came back from the future to the present — to the present and the things about; to the farmer and to something in the farmer's hand. The man was standing there among his grips, fumbling at a long leather wallet, opening it. Several yellow-backed bills revealed themselves. Red's eyes grew small and bright; they centered on the pocket-book; they hung upon the bills. In the moment that followed — when the farmer had just restored the wallet to his breast pocket — some one behind shoved Red. At once the thing happened as it always had in days gone by: he lurched against the farmer, the fingers sank to their goal, and it was done.

Not until the wallet lay stuffed beneath his own waist-band, and he was standing on the platform in the cold air of a December evening, did Red fully realize what had happened. The city's multitudinous noises roared about him and the cold air fanned his brow. He cursed himself earnestly and thoroughly; for he knew that plain-clothes men were watching the crowd for such as he. He had planned to tell them what he intended doing. Now it was different; things had changed mightily. He was hurrying toward the gate, his eyes flitting from side to side, his ears strained, walking almost on his toes,

STOOL-PIGEON

Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker

when he saw, just ahead, two enormous shoulders.

He knew the back as well as he had known the face; it was Flanagan's. As an alley policeman the man had been famous for a thick head and brutal methods. Now he was in plain clothes. Red's teeth came sharply together as he realized that this was the enemy whom he must dodge. He edged at once toward the farther side of the double line of passengers, and he saw the back begin to turn. He bent forward, coughing violently; he held his hand over the lower part of his face — a trick that had shielded his well-known features from many a detective in days gone by. He was almost past the officer when a big hand fell on his shoulder, twisting him half around. A man close by cried out at the apparent brutality of the thing. Red shook with a paroxysm of coughs.

"What's the matter, young feller?" Flanagan grinned sourly as he tore the hand from the white face. "Got a terrible cold, ain't ye? Come over here; I want to talk wit' ye."

Red's thin frame shrank until the great hand seemed to crumple up the back and shoulders. "I got a nasty cough," he said.

"Yes, I know. Ye brought that back from the pen. What made ye come here fer? Ye know ye're due fer a pinch as soon as ye land."

Behind a laden baggage-truck, out of view of the crowd, Flanagan halted. Red's eyes roved for an instant to the red face with its fiery, bristling mustache; they dropped at once. "What 're yo' pinchin' *me* for? I ain't doing anything." He had never cringed in other years as he did now; his voice was almost a whine.

"What am I pinchin' ye fer? Why, to t'row ye in jail; that's why. Ye're a thief an' an ex-con. What's on ye, annyhow?" Flanagan laughed grimly as he prepared to make the search.

It was now or never with Red. "I'm just out," he pleaded. "O' course you know it; so does every one. You don't think I'd be fool enough to turn a trick here, do you? I got folks here: my kid, I come to see *her*. Let me be; I'll get out first thing in the morning. Sure I will!"

Flanagan made no answer; he was engrossed in holding his prisoner and searching his pockets at the same time. He had gone through them all, and he was slipping his hand down the trousers legs, when he felt the bulge of the wallet beneath the waist-band. His breath came with a gasp of pure delight as he hauled forth the evidence of guilt.

"Oh, no! Ye'd never turn a trick comin' here!" he cried. "I guess ye fergot them things while ye was in the mill. Ye will lie to me!" And the big, hairy hand menaced the averted face.

What shreds of nerve Red's prison term had left him vanished now with the prospect of return to its gray stone walls. Flanagan heard Red sobbing. "Cut that out," he growled. "That stall don't go wit' me."

"I'm not stalling," cried Red. "God knows, I can't go back to jail. I got to see my people. I *can't* go back! I ain't seen my kid yet. Ain't there any way on God's earth to square this?"

Red was begging from sheer desperation, and Flanagan, looking down into that upturned face, white, set with despair, saw suddenly a chance for which he had long been waiting. For Flanagan was in straits. His place in the front office was in jeopardy; political pull was strong against him; burglaries had been coming thick and fast in the district where he worked. He had to catch that thief or go back to the hated "harness," and all his efforts had been futile. He belonged to that class of officers who do not get their own evidence, but use informants, certain members of the under-world, pariahs among their kind — in the parlance of the stews, "stool-pigeons." From such shifty-eyed aides he had been able to get no help; the new thief worked alone, and was unknown to criminals at large. But here — in his hands — was a man who had climbed high, who must know many, could know whom he pleased. It was an opportunity. Flanagan looked at Red, a look which the latter did not understand.

"I got ye dead to rights." He paused to let the words sink in; he bent his eyes into the evasive eyes before him. "Dead to rights," he repeated slowly. "Ye ain't got a livin' show to slip out o' this, Mr. Powers. I c'n put ye back in stir inside of a week." He gripped the shoulder until his fingers sank in. "Do ye want to go?" he demanded. "Well, if ye don't, just listen now to me." He told what he wanted; it did not take him long; he used plain words. Listening, Red felt his blood running colder. He stiffened.

Then his eyes met Flanagan's squarely as he cried hotly: "A stool-pigeon! I'll never be a stool-pigeon!"

"Ye won't? All right. Come on, now, to the station. Ye c'n tell them where ye got that leather — an' how."

The light died from Red's eyes, and the eyes shifted to the ground as the prison-curse gripped him again. "I can't —" he was beginning.

"Come on," said Flanagan. "The box is at the corner." He took the first step, and Red sobbed for him to stop.

Five minutes later they parted, with the definite understanding that they meet again the next afternoon. "An' don't try to lose me," said Flanagan; "for if ye make one bad move I'll get ye an' I'll send ye back." Leaving the depot, Red's head whirled with a dozen plans to escape from the city the next day. His lips curled down at the corners as he thought of that appointment.

He was hurrying toward a goal whither his mind had flitted many times in the past two years. As he walked along the crowded streets — the streets that he had trodden in the arrogance of wanton success before — his mind gradually centered itself upon that objective point. And he began to smile more kindly to himself.

At length he came to streets where lights were few and sidewalks narrow. Small cottages lined these thoroughfares on either side. Red hurried on until, among these little dwellings, he came to one which showed neatness beyond its neighbors. He halted and surveyed it. The blinds were drawn; beneath one he saw a narrow streak of light. Stealing to this window, he peeped in; the room was without occupant; its few plain articles of furniture stood just as he had last seen them; over a chair hung several diminutive garments. The baby had been put to bed.

Red went to the front door and knocked. A low tread made the floor boards creak; the door opened; he faced his father-in-law. No greeting showed in the old eyes; the lips were tight as when one faces an ordeal.

"We've been lookin' for ye," he said, in reply to Red's salutation. "We were afraid ye'd be comin' back here." He looked keenly into the wan face; it had never been a prepossessing face at best; now it looked worse than it had in former years. "Ye can't come in," he went on slowly, without inflection. "I may as well tell ye now. Ye come here fresh from the prison, and ye want to touch that baby!"

For a moment Red failed to find the words he wanted. Mary's parents had never known her real vocation; he hesitated lest he let slip something that would reveal it. The hesitation fanned his rage. Finally he broke into curses. "We'll see about the kid," he cried. "She's mine; I'm goin' to have her."

The last words went against the closed door; the click of the turned key punctuated them. Red stared in silence before him; then his head sank and he went slowly away. It seemed to him that the hand of every man was against him. That self-pity which criminals feel more strongly than other men fed the growing bitterness. He vowed that he would stay in town in spite of Flanagan and the whole police force; that he would get the child in spite of all of them. His lips grew ugly as the thought of his previous intentions recurred to him. Reform! He asked himself what use it was to waste his time in trying.

As he drifted back into the crowded street, instinct combined with loneliness to guide his feet. The longing for companionship, for faces he had known and familiar voices, led him to thoroughfares where lamps burn late. He made his way straight to a well-known saloon, a resort of thieves and go-betweens.

"STEALING TO THE WINDOW, HE PEEPED IN"

The place was ablaze with light, and the noise of a hundred voices filled the room as Red slunk in. He looked at the long line before the bar,— the line of gamblers, heelers, and parasites, the well-groomed, bepolished crowd whom he had often called to drink with him,— and he felt strangely out of place. There was not one who looked up at his approach. He waited silently to catch the bartender's eye. The white-aproned servitor, busy in half a dozen places at once, saw him standing there, then beckoned him to the office by the door.

"Cohen wants to see you," the bartender said tersely, in that undertone which is habitual to the wise. "He's at the old joint. You'd better find him right now, an' not be seen round here."

Cohen, in stocking-feet and shirt-sleeves, answered Red's knock. He was known as "Slant-Eyed" Cohen, and his black hair was patched with gray, as if age had begun to break out suddenly, like a disease. By all odds the cleverest fence in the city, he was reputed among the wise to maintain his opium-joint and dispose of stolen goods by occasionally betraying a petty criminal or enemy to the police. Trustworthy or not, however, he was the only man who had sent any word of greeting to Red, who now shook hands with him behind the barred door and sniffed eagerly at the opium smoke.

The room was heavy with the fumes; they wound in lazy spirals from a broad couch, spread and made a thick blue fog. Through the haze Red saw two half-dressed men, busy at their pipes. His eyes flashed swift inquiry to Cohen's.

"Stiffs," the latter whispered; "leave them be." He motioned his visitor to a chair beside a table in the far corner of the room, and took a seat opposite him. "They'll be off directly," he said quietly.

Red nodded. The old familiar smell,— a smell he had loved,— the Jew's face bent across the table toward his, the warmth, the heavy-barred door — these things recalled memories of a hectic life; he lived with them again. For the moment he was his former self, silent, keen, alert. He listened while Cohen told him current news of the under-world. Occasionally he answered a question as to some of the more famous denizens of the penitentiary. He began to feel his fingers itch. Accompanying the low tones of his host, he heard the smoke drone and rattle in the bamboo stems; it thickened about him, and he breathed it deep. He was forgetting the evening's event; the visit to the cottage came to him only occasionally, like the stabbing of a sleeping wound. At length the smoking ended; the men departed; and Cohen, talking in his habitual undertone, began to find freer words.

"You're broke." He put it as an assertion rather than a query. Red flushed, realizing how patent was the fact to this inquisitor. He who had been his own master, working alone in other days, felt resentment as the Fence went on: "O' course you want to make a piece of Christmas money." The anger passed then as Cohen, apparently apropos of nothing, diverted his talk again to current happenings — the history of the new burglar whom Flanagan and the others were seeking. Red's curiosity was mingled with a certain spirit of emulation as he listened. The man had no friends to betray him; he got rich plunder; he was bold and swift. Cohen seemed to know many details — told them circumstantially. Reasoning, as crooks do, with flashlike quickness, Red made four from two and two before most men would have got their premises: Cohen knew this burglar, and wanted him, too, to know the crook. Then, as suddenly, — recalling Flanagan's leniency at the depot,— this was the thief whom the officer wanted him to betray.

"What a team you two would make!" the Fence was saying. Red smiled, a hard, thin smile, as he reflected on these anxieties of different men toward using him. After all, better Cohen than Flanagan, he reflected. "A swift team," Cohen said again. "This guy has no head; he needs a wise one like you with him." The flattery, obvious as it was, eased the smart which Red felt from his last encounter with respectability.

"I'd like to meet him," he volunteered.

Cohen smiled meaningly. "He might come here," said he; then fell at once to talking about police politics. He was in the midst of a dissertation on the general hardness of the times when a knock sounded. He rose with a peculiar glance at Red — a widening of the eyes, then lowered lids. Enlightened by this, Red waited quietly for his return, and he knew that the bullet-headed guest who followed was the burglar.

Bull Collins was his name. The introduction and a few generalities over, Cohen jerked his thumb toward Red. "This is the party I told you of," he said. Red frowned — that must have been while he still lay in prison. After all, he had to take what he could get just now. He listened as Cohen plunged into business.

"These little grocery stores," said the Fence, "are makin' heavy plants these nights. I got the lay of one on First just off Yesler." He went on to describe the place: the details of the building; the habits of the policeman; the spot where the proprietor hid the cash before

locking up. Collins hearkened, his round gray eyes shifting so that a hard light played upon them, his thick jaw set. Red watched him with a certain aversion. "You c'n stall outside, Red," said Cohen. "Give Bull a leg over the transom. An easy trick an' a big chunk o' Christmas money."

"Cut three ways." Red's voice carried something of his rebellion.

"Cut three ways," said Cohen decisively. "Who got the lay but me?"

Bull Collins said nothing. His hard eyes were studying Red.

Little more was said between them. When Collins had left, Cohen turned to Red. "You c'n sleep over there," he said, pointing to a couch in the corner; he began busying himself with one of the opium layouts.

As Red was lying down, the Fence brought the little tray on its stand over to him, lighted the peanut-oil lamp, and fitted a pipe-bowl on a bamboo stem. Nothing was said. Red was reaching out to take the pipe, when he saw Cohen's face. The mouth was curling down at the corners; the face looked satisfied. Red's hand halted, barely perceptibly. Cohen looked away, still holding the pipe. The hand resumed its movement; Red took the pipe. He dipped a needle into the can of opium and cooked a pellet.

"'WHAT'S THE MATTER? LOST YOUR NERVE?'"

Red was sick in mind and body when he awoke the next afternoon. That heavy depression which comes before breakfast weighed him down; he loathed the odor of stale opium fumes with which the walls reeked. The night before he had been battered from experience to experience with dizzying swiftness; he had hardly realized the changes as they had come. Now, as he drew on his clothes, he looked at things from cold perspective, and he pondered. While he was thinking, Cohen slipped into the room and handed him a coin.

"Go out an' buy some breakfast," said the Fence, "an' don't show yourself around here till you an' Collins has turned that trick. This place 'll be full till late."

Red glanced at the coin; it was a half dollar. Conquering a brief impulse to throw it into Cohen's face, he gripped it tight and hurried out. So this was it: Cohen's tool; and half a dollar. In his day, he would have scorned to give less than that to a crippled beggar. It all came back to him — the plans laid without consultation with him, the cool assumption that he would obey. He swore that he would never climb those rickety lodging-house stairs again. And as for Flanagan, let Flanagan find him if he could. He would leave town that night, and get his start; when he came back he would be beyond reach of any of them.

The streets were crowded with bundle-laden shoppers; store windows were already beginning to flare with early illuminations. Red was attracted by one brighter than those about. He stared into it, and he saw that it was all bedecked with tinsel and hung with holly wreaths. A tree laden with presents reminded him that this was the day before Christmas. He stood for some time regarding it, fingering the half dollar in his pocket. His eyes lingered on one of the presents, a big doll. His lips relaxed a little, and his face lightened as he smiled. Turning over the half dollar for the last time, he entered the store.

Floor-walkers watched him narrowly as he made his way to a counter that was heaped with dolls. They were divided off in bins, and every bin was surmounted by a placard,

telling the price. He came to one whose sign read:

THIS LOT 50 CENTS EACH.

He selected a doll with sawdust-stuffed body and china head. He paid over the coin which Cohen had given him, and hurried away. It was freezing hard. The damp cold crept through his thin clothing and took hold of his limbs. His stomach was empty; his face was pinched and blue. But he was not thinking of these physical discomforts.

The old man opened the cottage door to Red's knock; then started to close it in his visitor's face. But the visitor had foreseen such a procedure, and was too quick with his foot. He was able to proffer the gift, which he had unwrapped for this emergency. Proffering it, he saw through the aperture a little figure whose hair was the same color as his own; his eyes stayed fastened upon her as he spoke: "You c'n put this in her stocking an' tell her that papa told Santa Claus to bring it."

But the old man shook his head. "I'll do nothin' of the kind," he said. "Ye've got to show yerself a different man before ye have aught to do with her. I'll give ye that chanct — an' that only because the ould woman's stood fer ut. Ye c'n thank her fer that; an' if it's in ye, ye'll take ut. Go out an' make an honest livin'; an' when ye c'n show us that ye're doin' that, then ye can come back. But, mind ye, don't come near the place till then."

Red slipped back his foot and watched the door close. As he went away he forgot self-pity in the ray of hope that the words had brought, and in the memory of that glimpse of the baby. He walked slowly, planning; he went many blocks. Once more his mind was busy with the future, living in it. He did not see the things about him. A heavy hand on his shoulder brought him back to himself. He looked up into the face of Flanagan.

"Come on," said the big officer; "I guess ye want to explain where ye got that leather. Ye're gettin' a trifle careless about yer app'intments, *Mister* Powers."

Red looked oddly at Flanagan — and surely. He saw his way clear now. He beckoned the plain-clothes man off to a side street. "I couldn't come," he said; "I was up against the wrong kind of people."

Flanagan was drawn on by something in the tone. "I suppose," he sneered, "ye're mighty wise, now that ye've been in town twenty-four hours. What d'ye know, annyhow? Mebbe ye c'n spill something that'll make it wort' while standin' bechune you an' the chief."

"I do," Red said boldly.

Flanagan laughed. "That's what they all say," he retorted.

"Look here," said Red. "All I want is to stay in town an' mind my own business. I tell you, I'm goin' to turn square. I got people here, an' I got to be decent now. Give me a chance, an' I'll put you wise to a man you all want to get."

"Who is it ye're talkin' about?" Flanagan was far from feeling the indifference which he strove to put into his voice.

Red bent close to him, speaking in an undertone. "That prowler that's tearing downtown wide open," he said. "I c'n give him to you to-night. An,' what's more, I c'n turn him up dead to rights."

"Look here, young feller; don't think ye c'n hand me a steer an' then make good on ut." Flanagan's growl carried grim menace, but he could not hide the exultation as he went on. "If you give me that crook, I'll let ye alone, an' see that others do ut, as long as ye behave."

"I'll give him to you, all right. I tell you, I'm through with crooked graft. I'm lookin' to make my own way now; an' any of that old gang would give me the worst of it if they got the chance." Red spoke savagely, looking Flanagan in the eye. "You go to Siegel's grocery on First off Yesler to-night before he closes, an' stay there. I told you I was up against some wise people. Well, this prowler's to make the transom about two in the morning. And I'm to stall on the outside. All you got to do is wait there for him, an' take him. I'll get away while you are doin' it." He hesitated a moment, then went on vindictively: "You shadow Slant-Eyed Cohen then. He's fencin' for the other guy."

Flanagan's face was apoplectic now. So impressed was he that, when Red turned to leave, he called him back and slipped a quarter into his hand. "Go an' buy yerself a drink," he said. "Ye look cold."

Ten minutes later Red was seated on a high stool in a cheap restaurant, devastating a plate of beans. When he had impaled the last bean on his fork, he hunted out a tobacco-stand and bought chop cut and brown papers. Then he made his way to a saloon and took possession of a warm corner near the stove, to enjoy that unequaled luxury that comes from tobacco smoke and a full stomach.

When Bull Collins went to meet Red on the stroke of two the next morning, it was with feelings that might be called tumultuous. Experience had taught him that it was wise to do things a little differently than he agreed; and

"RED TOOK THE PIPE. HE DIPPED A NEEDLE INTO THE CAN OF OPIUM AND COOKED A PELLET"

he had gone early to watch Siegel's grocery. Hidden in the entrance of a building across the street, his round gray eyes hardened suddenly as he saw two big plain-clothes men enter the place — Flanagan and his partner. He waited until the proprietor had closed the store, and he saw that the pair did not emerge. Whiling away the time between the closing and his rendezvous with Red, he planned with much deliberation. Thieves love poetic justice; and Collins was no exception to the rule.

He greeted Red quietly, and as they walked to the scene of the prospective crime he kept his hand close to his revolver butt. The two of them watched the block. When the blue-coated policeman was well on his way to the corner, they slunk into the grocery entrance. There Collins slipped. He drew in a whistling breath and leaned on Red's shoulder. "Twisted my ankle," said he. "You'll have to do the inside work, Red."

Red drew back, white-faced. Then he saw that Collins' hand was on his revolver butt and that the muzzle of the weapon beneath the owner's overcoat was held in line with his own ribs. Collins' jaw was set, his hard eyes glittered.

"Go ahead," he snarled savagely. "We can't stay here all night. What's the matter? Lost your nerve?"

Red felt his knees growing weak. He must climb that transom, risking Flanagan's not recognizing him; or he must turn on this man, who held his revolver ready to shoot. Once in, he could turn the spring lock, and the chances were even, if things went right, that the officers might overtake their quarry. Then it would be he who laughed. "Gimme a leg, an' quick," he whispered. He went up easily. He balanced on the door's top. He dropped to the floor. He turned quickly to the latch, and Flanagan's revolver rang out.

The big plain-clothes man leaped across the counter and almost bumped heads with his partner over Red's prostrate form. He bent low, flashed his bulb lantern into the face; then he fought with the night latch and threw open the door. The beat of Collins' feet sounded a block away.

"This ain't the main guy," said Flanagan. "But we got one, anyhow."

Things were unusually quiet at the station. The wagon had just gone out on a hurry call, and the lull following its departure seemed very quiet. The captain and desk sergeant were gossiping lazily, when the door opened and an old man stepped up to the wicket.

"I'm lookin' fer Frank Powers," he said, "my son-in-law. He's just out of prison. Ye might remember him?"

The captain did remember. Red's name was still well known. But that was all. "I'm blessed if I know where he would be," he said. "Didn't he look you up?"

"He came back." The old man's voice was not so steady now as it had been when he talked to Red. He and his wife had been discussing the matter a great deal since then, and the old woman had dropped many tears. "He came back. He wanted to see his little girl — she's livin' wit' us. An' I turned him away. I sent him aff — an' it Christmas eve! An' the ould woman's set on havin' me find him. D'ye think anny of the min know aught of him?"

The clang of the patrol-wagon gong cut in on his words. The vehicle had drawn up at the rear door, which meant a hospital case. Captain and sergeant hurried from the room, leaving the old man alone. He turned to go. His head was bowed and his shoulders were drooping a little more than was their wont. Passing through the long squad-room, he heard some one call his son-in-law's name. He hurried to the rear room whence the voice had come.

A little group of officers and reporters stood about a long table. He caught a glimpse of a ragged coat sleeve.

"I got him dead to rights, just as he was reachin' fer his gun," Flanagan was announcing loudly for the benefit of the reporters. As the old man stepped across the threshold, the big detective bent over the rigid form upon the table and grasped the arm.

"We'll just take a luk at that gun now," he said, and drew the hand away, plunging his own into the tattered coat pocket. His heavy jaw fell and he took a step backward. He dropped on the table; not the revolver he had expected, but a cheap doll, with sawdust-stuffed body and eyes staring upward, wide and dull like those of the chalk-white face beside it.

HOW AMERICAN MISSIONARIES DISAPPOINTED ME

BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

AUTHOR OF "A JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR

FROM the day I entered the missionary school I had to study the English day and night. I was so excited. I could not sleep well with my overjoy. I used to get up about four o'clock and sweep the school-rooms by the lamplight; then I studied.

As I studied so hard, I was put in the most advanced class in the school within a few weeks.

There were two couples and one old maid American missionaries. I used to look upon them as very civilized and very honorable people, because they were from such a great country. And I thought the Christianity must be the most superior ethic, because all the most civilized nations in this world belonged to it. So I decided to investigate the Christianity, notwithstanding the surrounding people used to hate it and call it *Yaso.* The word *Yaso* came from *Jesuit* (I think), but it had double meaning—"mysterious and unpatriotic religion."

Many of my friends asked me seriously, "Are you really going to be a *Yaso?*"

I said, "Yes." And they were shocked very much. I attended the Sunday school and the evening congregations at the missionaries' private house on every Friday. This meeting was held only for those who really desired to become *Yaso.* There were about fifteen people.

All the missionaries had lectures alternately, and Mr. Iinuma was their interpreter. As I was so earnest to study the English, I was curious to see how he translated each English word into Japanese. So my mind was quite absent from the religious matter. One Friday evening the head missionary said to us: "Now, seeing all of you so earnest, I shall baptize you on next Sunday. But to-night I must ask each of you to tell me exactly what you feel."

There were several awful people. They flattered him so unnaturally and so insincerely:

I got quite sick of them, but the missionaries seemed to be very pleased.

He came to me next. I said: "Your honorable religion must be the best in the world, but I am so miserably ignorant about it. So I have only one fear, that your honorable God might not be pleased with my present mind."

He said: "Excellent; splendid!"

I said again: "Is it not a wiser way for me to wait until I study the Bible thoroughly?"

He said: "Not necessary at all. Your sincere faith is worth to be baptized, and, you see, it is so much better to study the Bible after being a Christian. The Bible is most difficult book to understand; only God will help you when you have faith in Him."

There were several boys about the same age with me. They all copied me and said: "We have exactly same idea with Master Yoshio Markino!"

All the missionaries were delighted. On Sunday morning, after the usual sermon, we fifteen of us had to stand near the altar and the two missionaries had to baptize us. I wrote this to my father. He wrote me back thus:

"*Yaso* could not be any bad religion, considering that all the most civilized nations belong to it. Study it very carefully and seriously, and listen to all what the honorable missionaries explain to you. If you find out the truth in it, be most earnest *Yaso*. But don't become a hypocrite, by all means. That is to say, if you could not believe even the slightest details in the doctrines, don't imitate yourself as an earnest *Yaso*. Give it up, even if it cost all your hopes."

In this he meant to give up my situation in that school.

It was only a few days later I went to see Mr. Iinuma. He said: "Now you are a Christian, can you believe your future life?"

I said: "What? What do you mean by 'future life'?"

He smiled and said: "I thought you did not quite understand the Christian's faith. You see, all those missionaries are so happy, because they think that when they do good deeds in this world, they shall be sent to paradise in their next life as their reward!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really, truly. You have been at our Sunday school several times. Have you not heard what they said to you?"

"Mr. Iinuma, I am very much ashamed of myself, but, to tell you the truth, I am so eager to learn the English, you know; therefore I was listening to your translation of each word to study English, and I never thought of what they were talking as a whole. Anyhow, I thought the Christianity was only a very high ethic."

Here he laughed at me.

"But, tell me, how they believe that?"

"Well, they believe they all shall meet each other in heaven and live forever!"

I sighed deeply, and I was astonished beyond the words. Now, I will tell the readers why.

I thought in my boyish mind that all the civilized Westerners were scientific, and they treated every philosophical question with their own science. I was often afraid that the Westerners might laugh at our Buddhists because they are too superstitious and believe the future. What a great surprise to me to hear the Christians believe their future life, too!

"Are the Christians so superstitious, too?"

"You must not call them superstitious. They shall be offended!"

"And they do good deeds because they simply want to go to heaven?"

This last question came into my mind so naturally, because it is the spirit of Samurai to think that, if it were the will of God, we are perfectly willing to suffer in the hell.

Then I put the final question to Mr. Iinuma: "And have you yourself that Christian faith?"

He said: "Yes, I have; but very differently from that of the missionaries."

"May I ask you that?"

Iinuma shook his head. "No; my faith is only for myself. Perhaps it might be wrong. Of course I shall tell you, if you want very badly to hear, but I think the proper way for you is to study from the missionaries directly. Anyhow, you must read the Bible."

He brought me a beautifully bound up Bible. I loved it dearly, because I had never seen such a beautiful book before.

From the next day I used to pray to God first, "Pray let me understand thy Holy Book." And I read it every morning and night. First I started the New Testament, but many references were on the edges of each page. They all were quoted to the Old Testament. I thought it was better to read from the very beginning of Genesis; so I did.

At the same time I belonged to a Bible class which was held every Wednesday night at the missionaries' own room. Of course, I had my doubts and curious questions in my heart, but I tried to be absolutely silent. I said to myself: "Be patient and wait until I finish the whole Bible."

At this time the head missionary was Rev. Klein. He and his wife both were very kind to me. I had quite happy time. I used to have walk on the Commons, and gathered all clover flowers for Mrs. Klein, and she always gave me some cakes which she herself cooked, and I soon began to be much attached to them all. But in eight months' time they had to go back to

America. I felt more sad than any other boy in the school.

Meanwhile my Bible lessons were getting on day after day. Now let me write my first boyish impression of the Old Testament.

I enjoyed Genesis and Exodus very much, because they are so primitive. In a way, they resemble our Kojiki (Kojiki is the primitive history of Japan). About Solomon's wise judgment I may give the readers an awfully similar story in Japan. There was a great judge called O-oka in Japan. He had done innumerous wonderful judgments. Once two mothers came into his court, and they both claimed to be the mother of a little heir. O-oka put the baby between the two women and said to them: "Pull this baby hard. One who gets hold of him shall be his mother." The forgery mother pulled the baby hard. But the real mother cried: "He is not my baby, so you keep him." She did not touch the baby. O-oka said immediately, "I see the real mother's love in this woman's heart."

I enjoyed the Book of Job immensely.

Perhaps we all Japanese boys liked Ecclesiastes most, because it is very like our philosophy, and from the literature point of view it is nearest to our own way. It was very pleasant to read on, too.

Now, about the Book of Ruth. Well, I can not express my feeling with my poor English. I felt as if some strings came out from the book and tied up my head and heart together and pulled them toward the page. Even now I am surprised that a Western woman should pay so much homage to her mother-in-law. Indeed, Ruth was a real Bushido!

But Psalms I was rather disappointed with. I heard a great deal of it as "the most beautiful writing." If one reads it with full religious faith, it may sound sweet and beautiful to him. To me the literature value of Shi-kyo (the ancient Chinese odes) was far above the Psalms!

When I read about two thirds of the Old Testament I went into the New Testament at the same time.

The latter was a great disappointment for me. Of course, the Sermon on the Mountain is very high ethic, but these were not new lessons to me. Many Oriental philosophers have talked about the ethics equal to that sermon long, long ages before.

I quite agree that we all humans are sinners, but a serious question sprang up from the inner side of my heart: "Why the blood of Jesus Christ is the salvation of our souls?"

Here in the New Testament Christ talks of saving the souls by his own blood! And what? He calls himself God?

The readers may be shockingly surprised with my questions, I am sure. But you must remember you were born in the Christian country, therefore every word of the Bible must come quite natural to your mind. In my case it was different. I studied all those references very carefully. What I found out from them was that the references from them were references between the blood of Christ and of sheep; that is to say, the Israels used to sacrifice sheep to worship God and pray his pardon for their sins. And now Christ had taken the part of sheep. Very well! Confucius said: "Those who are making *yo* shall be cursed" (*yo* is a doll which people used to bury together with the dead nobles as the latters' companion in the grave). Because Confucius was afraid that the people might get too sentimental and some day they might bury a real living human together instead of *yo!* Buddha himself hated to kill even a small insect.

Then why should a precious human be sacrificed to save our souls? I felt that the Christian God sounded rather savage!

I came to the conclusion to ask this question to the missionary: If the blood of Christ was so necessary for the salvation, why has the almighty God sent Christ in such a small district alone? And why did he not let us, the Eastern nations, know that before? We, the Eastern nations, have had quite thick population long time before Christ. Were those souls not saved, then? And why?

But now, admitting the salvation of Christ, hadn't Judas Iscariot and those soldiers who crucified Christ fulfilled the will of God to kill Christ?

Some missionary said: "You have read too many bad books. That has made you an evil. Give up all those horrid philosophical books and read only the Bible."

One of them expressed his suspicion that some "bad" Buddhist priest or philosopher was backing me and persuading me to put them into a great trouble.

One old maid missionary called me "very insincere" boy, and she said: "Perhaps you believe Darwin's theory too much. You know Darwin said we, the humans, are the descendants of animals. I think you are a descendant of pigs or donkeys, but we Americans are the children of God."

I never forget her own insincerely sneering face. I was almost crying. I said: "Why you all honorable missionaries are suspecting me in that way? Can't you see how sincere I am? Have I ever tried to oppose against the Christianity? Nay; I am studying the Bible with all my heart and soul. I am trying to make myself

a Christian. Only, I can not understand the Bible, and I am asking what I could not understand with my own knowledge."

My tears were streaming out.

One of them seemed rather angry and said: "The best way for this sickening boy is to send for a doctor. He is not quite right."

Mr. Iinuma soothed them and said: "Please treat this poor boy more kindly. He is quite young and only so earnest. If he gets faith once he may become most useful evangelist."

Iinuma took me to his house.

"Well, Markino San, such are those ignorant missionaries! I am very sorry for you. Don't you remember I told you about one year before that my Christian faith is different, and that you should better to study from the missionaries? However, I find out that your heart is too large to fill up faith from the missionaries' lectures. Mine is just like yours. That is our fate. I had a great struggle, and finally got such different faith from the ordinary Christian. I can not believe many parts of the Bible. But remember the religion is entirely different from the philosophies. You must not argue everything with your logic. It is only by faith. Christ said: 'You can save yourselves only by your own faith.' Perhaps you don't know what is the Buddhism. It is just same with the Christianity."

To my great delight, Mr. James Ballagh came to Nagoya and had preaching in a hall. He was one of the three elder Americans who came to Japan quite early. The other two were Mr. Hepburn and Mr. Birbeck. They often had very narrow escapes under the swords of those anti-foreigner members. In his preaching Mr. Ballagh told us with his excellent Japanese all about his early experiences in Japan.

No sooner than he finished his speech I ventured and introduced myself to him, and said to him: "I have some great question in my heart about the Christianity, for which I have never got any satisfaction, and I often succumb into restlessness. Now I am so happy to meet you. I sincerely beseech you to guide me through all these difficulties."

He said he was going to stay in the same town only for three days more, but he would be delighted to see me every morning at nine o'clock during his stay.

Next morning I went to his room with my classmate Yamada, whose mind was in the same state with mine.

First of all I told him how I had been studying the Bible, and how difficult to believe Christ as the son of God. Also I told him what Iinuma said to me.

Mr. Ballagh gave us such a tender smiling and patted our shoulders, saying: "You are well educated and very philosophical. I am so shamefully ignorant of your high philosophies. Neither do I understand the Bible thoroughly. How good was that which Mr. Iinuma said to you! Indeed, we Christians have nothing but faith unto God. Through this faith I have been perfectly happy all the time. I feel I am blessed by God. Have you read all the Holy Gospels?"

"No."

"Oh, that is more important than the Old Testament. That is the book you shall get faith in God."

"No, no, Mr. Ballagh; that is the book I can not believe."

He smiled and said: "Let us read it now!" He opened the XIV Chapter of St. John. He started the first paragraph: "Let not your heart be troubled," etc., etc. We three had to read alternately. Paragraph 8 was his turn: "'Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.' There, you see, Philip made the same question as you, and let us see what the next paragraph says." Then we came to this paragraph: "If ye shall ask anything in my name, ye shall receive it."

Here Mr. Ballagh said, "Now let us pray." We all kneeled down and prayed.

Next two mornings we had the Bible reading just the same. I enjoyed XV Chapter of St. John too. But Mr. Ballagh said: "Perhaps Romans would suit you, the Japanese, best." And so it was. For instance, fifteenth paragraph of XII Chapter: "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." We have exactly same motto in Japan: "Grieve before any neighbors grieve, and rejoice after every one rejoiced!"

On the third morning he said that it was the last morning, and that he regretted much for not being able to stay with us any longer. However philosophical or logical I might be, I was only a young boy, after all; therefore I was much moved by his paternal love. It was very difficult for me to keep away from my tears.

Yamada and I read the New Testament all through, and we repeated again and again those chapters which Mr. Ballagh showed us.

We tried to have faith in the Bible and the missionaries both. But alas, both were quite failures. As long as I tried to be sincere to my own conscience I could not believe Christ, only I envied those who could have faith, because it must be the happiest thing for them.

About those missionaries we began to observe many things day after day, although we tried hard to respect them. Surely they were not same with Mr. Ballagh!

First of all, there were many missionaries representing each their own sects, such as Methodist Protestants, Methodist Episcopal, Congregation, Presbyterian, Baptist, etc., etc. They all were mocking, fighting, and attacking each other. They often told us, the school-boys, about some bad thing of their own brothers and sisters in the different sects. It was simply sickening. Then their behavior of the money matter was still worse.

For instance, there was a rikisha ride away from Atsuta to our school in Nagoya. It was two miles and half. Some well-to-do Japanese gentlemen would pay from fifteen sens up to twenty sens. And even we poor school-boys used to pay twelve sens. I think that was the lowest possible fare at that time (it was about nineteen years ago and now it must be much higher). But those missionaries always engaged the rikishas without settling the payment, and when they got off, they paid only ten sens and banged the door and went into their house. The rikisha-men shouted, "*Tarimasen, tarimasen!*" ("Not enough, not enough!") They would knock the door. The missionaries never took any notice of that. I often heard some rough rikisha-men shouting: "O you Hon. Foreign Thieves! Fancy, you treat us like this, and then on Sundays you preach with crying voices in the church. Who could believe you, the hypocrites?"

At that time I quite decided in my childish mind that some day I must appeal to the whole world, especially to the Americans at home who were sending these missionaries. Of course this is old story of some eighteen or nineteen years ago, and I sincerely hope it is not like this now.

I may add one more story in China, which I heard from one of my Japanese friends. He had traveled inside of China and then came to London. Our conversation turned into the subject of the anti-foreign feeling in China. He exclaimed with emphasis: "Oh, it was those ignorant missionaries' fault! You see, those real gentlemen in China would never be converted into Christians. They are either Confucians or Buddhists. Only some ruffians would come to the missionaries. They had too much debts to pay, or they commit thefts or robbery, sometimes even murder. They make the Christian chapels as their refuge. They tell the missionaries that they are converted, and then those good people who had suffered from these ruffians came to claim them. Then the refugees creep to the missionaries and beg their help, saying, 'Those pagans come to attack us, because we are converted into Christians.' The ignorant missionaries would not hand these 'Christians' to the 'pagans.' This is the origin of all the trouble in China."

Here is another story which I can have my own full responsibility. When I was staying in a *pension* in Rome two years ago, I met with an old American lady missionary from India. She told me from her own lips that she had been persuading all the Indians in her church to rebel against "such a rotten country" like Britain. I asked her if she had any reliable political opinion, but, to my surprise, she was hopelessly ignorant woman. I sighed deeply. "What injuries are those ignorant American missionaries doing everywhere in this world!"

Now, returning to my old missionary school, the head missionary had imported his newly married wife from America. They both were quite young. However, their awfully sticky behavior was too irritable to our Japanese eyes. During the lesson hours in the class-rooms, the wife was always sitting on her husband's lap, and they embraced each other and kissed all the time. So busy to kiss so that the teacher could not answer to the questions by us the students. Some school-boys were very indignant. They said: "It is beyond the words. They must be thinking us, the Japanese, no more than cats or dogs, because before the humans they ought not to show such behavior."

Most of them began to strike and left the school altogether.

One day that missionary said it was his intention to discontinue the school because he came to Japan only to preach, and he could not find the time to teach English. That was the end of everything, and I had to go back and join to my father and brother in a deep mountainous village. It was quite cut off from the world and I felt rather gloomy. My father told me his debts were getting less and less, and if I wait another year he would send me to Tokyo to study. But to me at that time one year seemed ever so long. One day I had a walk in a deep valley, and I saw a little streamlet. The water was running incessantly between the rocks and grasses. I watched it and I was in a serious mood. I said to myself: "Look that water. It is to run all those curves, but as it never stops, it will go over all those big valleys, and some day it will join to the grand ocean. Oh, let me work, too! Although I can not see a glimpse of my ambition now, some day I shall be able to go out to a grand ocean. Let there be any amount of rocks and precipices, I shall go round all of them! Only I must not waste time in vain!"

I thought the first important thing for me was to learn the English. But it was difficult for me to study without teachers. After two months' time I had a letter from Mr. Iinuma: "My dear Master Markino, nevertheless our missionary's opinion is different, we, all the Japanese teachers,

have decided to reopen our school. We are going to work voluntarily without salaries for a while. We hear some more superior teachers are coming from America in a few months, and we are going to build a new school too. I believe it would be better for you to join to our school than to be in such a lonely village. Come immediately; although we all are poor, we shall do our best for you. You know how we all are fond of you," etc., etc.

I was quite excited, and came out to Nagoya next day.

This time I was very, very poor. I had money scarcely enough to have daily meals. I could not afford to buy an Anglo-Japanese dictionary. I used to study my English lesson when some of my classmate was gone for walk and used his dictionary. Not only the dictionary, but many lesson-books, too.

A summer had come. One who has not been in Japan does not know how many mosquitoes we have in summer. Well, I could not buy a mosquito-net. It was impossible to sleep without a net. Therefore I studied all the night-time. Mosquitoes were good encouragement to wake me up from sleepness. And I slept in the day-time after the school hours. It was getting cold later, and I had not enough bed-cloth.

There was a young man from my own village, and he entered into the medical college in the same town. One day he attempted to commit suicide and failed. The cause for his suicide was a very silly reason. All my boy friends visited on this medical student at a hospital. They argued me, saying: "Isn't that student from your own village? Isn't he your dear friend? Don't you know he is quite ill? Why don't you visit him?"

"Nonsense!" was my reply to every one. "If he met with accident, certainly I should visit him and give my sincere sympathy. But he did try to commit suicide, and he could not succeed. What could I say to him? Only the words I may tell him are I am sorry you could not succeed with your will. And if he ever had a manly spirit, surely he would be too ashamed to face me while he is in such condition. Of course I do not wish him to die. Only I want him to get rid of such a silly idea. I shall wait until he will be quite recovered, and then I shall continue my friendship with him just the same as before. But I dare not utter single word about his stupid attempt."

Some boys agreed with me, but those so-called "earnest Christians" attacked my opinion and said I was heartless. And I lamented, "Indeed, the Christianity is destroying our Bushido and making these youngsters so weak-minded!"

The new school building was in a rapid progress. While the new building was going on we had our school-rooms in a small Japanese style house, and we, the boarding students, were living in other surrounding houses still smaller. One evening we had a prayer-meeting in the school-room. After the meeting was over somebody struck his head against an oil-lamp which was hung above. The lamp fell down and was broken. The floating oil took the fire. One missionary rubbed the fire with the back of stool. That made the oil spread out and the fire become larger. The other began to shout, "Fire, fire!" It seemed to me such a small incident made everybody crazy. I saw only Iinuma and Kawai (the youngest, and my favorite friend) were behaving quite quiet and standing in the corner. I smiled and said to them, "What do you think?" They both smiled back. Iinuma said: "They are all no good. We ourselves must do something." Kawai was quick enough to say, "Sand! Sand!" We all agreed with him and brought in that sand for the new building in a large cloth, and covered the fire with this sand. So we put out the fire.

It was good fortune for us when Mr. Danjo Yebina came to have a speech in the hall. He was a Japanese pastor and said his Christian faith was founded upon the Bushido.

He said: "I suppose most of you in this hall must be the Christians. Your duty is not to attend to the church and sacrifice all your life-time for prayers or Bible reading; but go outside the church and do your respective works most sincerely. If you are students, study your lessons hard; if you are a farmer, cultivate your ground hard; and, you merchant, do your business most honestly . . . . If you are thinking that the paradise and the hell are separated a long distance to each other, I tell you, you are absolutely mistaken. In this world the paradise and the hell are only one place. And God is standing in the middle. All sorts of devils stronger than those wild beasts like lions or tigers are searching for you. If you go to God and beg his assistance, he wouldn't protect you. You might easily be eaten by those devils in front of God. Therefore you must fight against all these strong devils, and, when you conquer them all, God will be pleased with you, and he will crown you."

I was listening to his speech from the very back seat, and I dare not venture myself to flatter him. Therefore he would not know even now how much appreciative I was to his speech. I said to my heart: "That sort of Christian is quite all right in our country. How nice to think I have a splendid Christian brother!"

STOVER at YALE

by Owen Johnson

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

CHAPTER XV

WHEN Stover returned after the summer vacation to the full glory of a sophomore, he had changed in many ways. The consciousness of success had given him certain confidence and authority, which, if it was more of the manner than real, nevertheless was noticeable. He had aged five or six years, as one ages at that time under the grave responsibilities of an exalted leadership.

A great change had likewise come in his plans. During the summer Tough McCarthy's father had died, and Tough had been forced to forgo his college course and take up at once the seriousness of life. Several offers had been made Dink to go in with Hungerford, Tommy Bain, and others of his crowd, but he had decided to room by himself, for a time at least. The decision had come to him as the result of a growing feeling of restlessness, an instinctive desire to be by himself and know again that shy friend Dink Stover, who somehow seemed to have slipped away from him.

Much to his surprise, this feeling of restlessness dominated all other emotions on his victorious return to college. He felt strangely alone. Every one in the class greeted him with rushing enthusiasm, inquired critically of his weight and condition, and passed on. His progress across the campus was halted at every moment by acclaiming groups, who ran to him, pumping his hand, slapping him on the back.

His was the popular welcome, and yet it left him unsatisfied, with a strange tugging at his heart. They were all acquaintances, nothing more. He went to his room on the second floor in Lawrence, and, finding his way over the bare floor and the boxes that encumbered, reached the window and flung it open.

Below the different fences had disappeared under the joyful, hilarious groups that swarmed about them. He saw Swazey and Pike, two of the grinds of his own class, men who "didn't count," go past hugging each other, and their joy, comical though it was, hurt him. He turned from the window, saying aloud, sternly, as though commanding himself:

"Come, I must get this hole fixed up. It's gloomy as the devil."

He worked feverishly, ripping apart the covers, ranging the furniture, laying the rugs. Then he put in order his bedroom, and, whistling loudly, fished out the bedclothes, laid the bed, and arranged his bureau-top. That done, he brought forth several photographs he had taken in the brief visit he had paid the Storys, and, placing them in the position of honor, lit his pipe and, camping on a dry-goods box, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, dreamily considered through the smoke-wreaths the distant snapshots of a slender girl in white.

He was comfortably, satisfactorily in love with Jean Story. The emotion filled a sentimental want in his nature. He had never asked her for her photograph or to correspond, as he would have lightly asked a hundred other girls. He knew instinctively that she would have refused. He liked that in her—her dignity and her reserve. He wanted her regard, as he always wanted what others found difficult to attain. In the two weeks he had spent in camp, they had discussed much together of what lay ahead beyond the confines of college life. He did not always understand her point of view. He often wondered what was the doubt that lay in her mind about him.

She had given him a measure of her friendship—but there was always a reserve, something held back. It was the same with Bob. It puzzled him; it irritated him. He was resolved to beat down that barrier, to shatter it

some way and somehow, as he was resolved that Jim Hunter, whose intentions were clear, should never beat him out in this race.

He rose, pipe in mouth, and, taking up a photograph, stared at the laughing face and the quiet, proud tilt of the head.

"At any rate," he said to himself, "Jim Hunter hasn't got any more than this, and he never will."

He went back to the study, delving into the packing-boxes. From below came a stentorian hallo:

"Oh, Dink Stover, stick out your head!"

In another moment Regan was in the room, and his great bear clutch brought Stover a feeling of warmth with its genuineness.

"Bigger than ever, Tom."

"You look fine yourself, you little bantam!"

"Lord, but I'm glad to see you!"

"Same to you."

"How'd the summer go?"

"Wonderful. I've got four hundred tucked away in the bank."

"You don't say so!"

"Fact."

Stover shook hands again eagerly.

"Tell me all about it."

"Sure. Go on with your unpacking; I'll lend a hand. I've had a bully summer."

"What's that mean?" said Stover, with a quizzical smile. "Working like a slave?"

"No, no; seeing real people. I tried being a conductor a while, got in a strike, and switched over to construction work. Got to be foreman of a gang, night shift."

"You don't mean out all night?"

"Oh, I slept in the day. You get used to it. They're a strange lot, the fellows who work while the rest of you sleep. They brushed me up a lot, taught me a lot. Wish you'd been along. You'd have got some education."

"I may do something of the sort with you next summer," said Stover quietly.

"They tell me Tough McCarthy's not coming back."

"Yes; father died."

"Too bad. Going to room alone?"

"For a while. I want to get away — think things over a bit, read some."

"Good idea," said Regan, with one of his sharp appraising looks. "If a man's given a thinker, he might just as well use it."

Hungerford and Bob Story joined them, and the four went down to Mory's to take possession in the name of the sophomore class. Regan, to their surprise, making one of the party, paid as they paid, with a little touch of quiet pride.

The good resolves that Dink made to himself, under the influence of the acute emotions he had felt on his return, gradually faded from his memory as he felt himself caught up again in the rush of college life. He found his day marked out for him, his companions assigned to him, his standards and his opinions inherited from his predecessors. Insensibly he became a cog in the machine. What with football practice and visiting the freshman class in the interest of his society, he found he was able to keep awake long enough to get a smattering of the next day's work and no more.

The class had scattered and groups with clear tendencies had formed, Hunter and Tommy Bain the center of little camps serious and ambitious, while off the campus in a private dormitory another element was pursuing mannish delights with the least annoyance from the curriculum.

The opposition to the sophomore societies had now grown to a college issue. Protests from the alumni began to come in; one of the editors of the *Lit* made it the subject of his leader, while the College, under the leadership of rebels like Gimbel, arrayed itself in uncompromising opposition and voted down every candidate for office that the sophomore societies placed in the field. That the situation was serious and working harm to the College, Stover saw; but, as the fight became more bitter, the feeling of loyalty, coupled with distrust of the motives of the assailants, placed him in the ranks of the most ardent defenders, where, a little to his surprise, he found himself rather arrayed with Tommy Bain and Jim Hunter in their position of unrelenting conservatism, fighting the revolt which was making head in the society itself, led by Bob Story and Joe Hungerford.

However, the conflict did not break out until the close of the season. The team, under the resolute leadership of Captain Dudley, fought its way to one of those almost miraculous successes, which are not so characteristic of the Yale system as they are the result of the inspiring guidance of some one extraordinary personality.

About a month after the triumphant close of the football season, then, Stover, in the usual course of a thoroughly uneventful morning, rose as rebelliously late as usual, bolted his breakfast, and rushed to chapel. He was humanly elated with what the season had brought, a fame for unflinching courage and cool head-work, which had gone the rounds of the press of the country; but, more than that, he was pleasantly satisfied with the difficult modesty with which he bore his honors. For he was modest. He had sworn to himself he would be, and he was. He had allowed it to make no difference in his relations with the rest of the class. If anything, he was more careful to distribute the cordiality of his

smile and the good-natured "How are you?" to all alike without the slightest distinction.

"How are you, Bill?" he said to Swazey, the strange unknown grind who sat beside him. He called him by his first name consciously, though he knew him no more than this slight daily contact, because he wished to emphasize the comradeship and democracy of Yale. "Feelin' fine this morning, old gazabo?"

"How are you?" said Swazey gratefully.

"To-night?"

"Sorry; I'm busy to-night," said Stover. Swazey, of course, could not realize the abhorrent, almost sacrilegious, break he was making in inviting him on his society evening.

"To-morrow, then?"

"Why, yes; to-morrow."

"I haven't been very sociable in not asking you before," said Swazey, in magnificent incomprehension, "but I'd really like to have you."

"PIKE SCRATCHED HIS EAR AND WRINKLED HIS LONG, POINTED NOSE IN A GRIMACE"

"Tough lesson they soaked us, didn't they?"

"It was a tough one."

Stover, settling comfortably in his seat, nodded genially to right and left.

"I say, Dink."

"Hello, what is it?"

"Drop in on me some night."

"What?" said Stover, surprised.

"Come round and have a chat some time," said Swazey, in a thoroughly natural way.

"Why, sure; like to," said Stover bluffly, which, of course, was the only thing to say.

"Why, thankee."

Stover, entrapped, received the invitation with perfect gravity, although resolved to find some excuse.

But the next day, thinking it over, he said to himself that it really was his duty, and, reflecting how pleased Swazey would be to receive a call from one of his importance, he determined to give him that pleasure. Setting out after supper, he met Bob Story.

"Whither away?" said Story, stopping.

"I'm going to drop in on a fellow called Swa-

zey," said Stover, a little conscious of the virtue of this act. "I sit next to him in chapel. He's a good deal of a grind, but he asked me around, and I thought I'd go. You know — the fellow in our row."

"That's very good of you," said Story, with a smile which he remembered after.

Stover felt so himself. Still, he had the democracy of Yale to preserve, and it was his duty. He went swinging on his way with that warm, glowing, physical delight that the slightest virtuous act is capable of arousing.

Swazey, with his room-mate, Nathaniel Pike, roomed on Divinity Hall, where, attracted by the cheapness of the rooms, a few of the college had been able to find quarters.

He found the door at the end of the long corridor, and thundered his knock as a giant announces himself.

"Dive in," said a piping voice.

Stover entered with strongly accentuated good fellowship, giving his hand with the politician's cordiality.

"Bully quarters you've got here. Blame sight more room than I've got."

Pike, with his hat on, a pad under his arm, apologized for going.

"Awful sorry, Stover; darned inhospitable. This infernal *News* grind. Hope y' will be sociable and stay till I get back."

"How are you making out?" said Stover, in an encouraging, generous way.

Pike scratched his ear, a large, loose ear, wrinkling his long, pointed nose in a grimace, as he answered:

"Danged if I don't think I'm going to miss out again."

"You were in the first competition?" said Stover, surprised — for one trial was usually considered equivalent to a thousand years off the purgatory account.

"Yep, but I was green — didn't know the rules."

"Lord, I should think you'd have had enough!"

"Why, it's rather a sociable time. It is a grind, but I'm going to make that *News*, if I hit it all sophomore year."

"What, you'd try again?"

"You bet I would!"

There was a matter-of-fact simplicity about Pike, uncouth as were his dress and wide sombrero, that appealed to Stover. He held out his hand.

"Good luck to you! And say — if I get any news I'll save it for you."

"Obliged, sir — ta-ta!"

"Holy cats!" said Dink, relapsing into the arm-chair as the door banged. "Any one who'll stick at it like that gets all I can give him."

"He's a wonderful person," said Swazey, drawing up his chair and elevating his hobnailed shoes. "Never saw anything like his determination. Wonderful! Green as salad when he first came, ready to tickle Prexy under the ribs or make himself at home whenever a room struck his fancy. But, when he got his eyes open, you ought to see him pick up and learn. He's developed wonderfully. He'll succeed in life."

Stover smiled inwardly at this critical assumption on Swazey's part, but he began to be interested. There was something real in both men.

"Did you go to school together?" he said.

"Lord, no! Precious little school either of us got. I ran up against him when I landed here — just bumped together, as it were."

"You don't say so?"

"Fact. It was rather queer. We were both up in the fall trying to throttle a few pesky conditions and slip in. It was just after Greek prose composition — cursed be the memory! — when I came out of Alumni Hall, kicking myself at every step, and found that little rooster engaged in the same process. Say, he was a sight,— looked like a chicken had been shipped from St. Louis to Chicago,— but spunky as you make 'em. Never had put a collar on his neck — I got him up to that last spring; but he still balks at a derby. So off we went to grub, and I found he didn't know a soul. No more did I. So we said, 'Why not?' And we did. We hunted up these quarters, and we've got on first rate ever since. No scratching, gouging, or biting. We've been a good team. I've seen the world, I've got hard sense, and he's got ideas — quite remarkable ideas. Danged if I'm not stuck on the little rooster."

Stover reached out for the tobacco to fill a second pipe, all his curiosity aroused.

"I say, Dink," said Swazey, offering him a match, "this College is a wonderful thing, isn't it?" He stood reflectively, the sputtering light of the match illuminating his thoughtful face. "Just think of the romance in it. Me and Pike coming together from two ends of the country and striking it up. That's what counts up here — the perfect democracy of it!"

"Yes, of course," said Stover in a mechanical way. He was wondering what Swazey would think of the society system, or if he even realized it existed, so he said curiously:

"You keep rather to yourselves, though."

"Oh, I know pretty much what I want to know about men. I've sized 'em up and know what sorts to reach out for when I want them. Now I want to learn something real." He

looked at Stover with a sort of rugged superiority in his glance and said: "I've earned my own way ever since I was twelve years old, and some of it was pretty rough going. I know what's outside of this place and what I want to reach. That's what a lot of you fellows don't worry about just now."

"Swazey, tell me about yourself," said Stover, surprised at his own eagerness. "By George, I'd like to hear it! Why did you come to college?"

"It was an idea of the governor's, and he got it pretty well fixed in my head. Would you like to hear? All right." He touched a match to the kindling, and, his coat bothering him, cast it off. "The old man was a pretty rough customer, I guess — he died when I was twelve; don't know anything about any one else in the family. I don't know just how he picked up his money; we were always moving; but I fancy he was a good deal of a rum hound and that carried him off. He always had a liking for books, and one set idea that I was to be a gentleman, get to college and get educated; so I always kept that same idea in the back of my head, and here I am."

"You said you'd earned your living ever since you were twelve," said Stover, all interest.

"That's so. It's pretty much the usual story. Selling newspapers, drifting around, living on my wits. Only I had a pretty shrewd head on my shoulders, and wherever I went I saw what was going on and I salted it away. I made up my mind I wasn't going to be a fool, but I was going to sit back, take every chance, and win out big. Lord of mercy, though, I've seen some queer corners — done some tough jobs! Up to about fifteen I didn't amount to much. I was a drifter. I've worked my way from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, stealing rides and hoofing it with tramps. I've scrubbed out barrooms in Arizona and Oklahoma, and tended cattle in Kansas City. I sort of got a wandering fit which is bad business. But each year I tucked away a little more of the long green than the year before, and got a little more of the juice of books. About four years ago, when I was seventeen,— I'd saved up a few hundreds, — I said to myself:

"'Hold up, look here, if you're ever going to do anything, it's about time now to begin.' So I planted my hoof out in Oklahoma City and I started in to be a useful citizen."

The pipe between Stover's lips had gone out, but he did not heed it. A new life — life itself — was suddenly revealing itself to him; not the guarded existences of his own kind, but the earnest romance of the submerged nine tenths. As Swazey stopped, he said impulsively, directly:

"By George, Swazey, I envy you!"

"Well, it's taught me to size men up pretty sharply," said Swazey, continuing. "I've seen them in the raw, I've seen them in all sorts of tests. I've sort of got a pretty good guess what they'll do or not do. Then, of course, I've had a knack of making money out of what I touch — it's a gift."

"Are you working your way through here?" said Stover. All feeling of patronage was gone; he felt as if a torrent had cleared away the dust and cobwebs of tradition.

"Lord, no," said Swazey, smiling. "Why, boy, I've got a business that's bringing me in between four and five thousand a year — running itself, too."

Stover sat up.

"What!"

"I've got an advertising agency, specialties of all sorts, seven men working under one. I keep in touch every day. Course I could make more if I was right there. But I know what I'm going to do in this world. I've got my ideas for what's coming — big ideas. I'm going to make money hand over fist. That's easy. Now I'm getting an education. Here's the answer to it all."

He drew out of his pocket-book a photograph and passed it over to Stover.

"That's the best in the world; that's the girl that started me and that's the girl I'm going to marry."

Dink took the funny little photograph and gazed at it with a certain reverence. It was the face of a girl pretty enough, with a straight, proud, reliant look in her eyes that he saw despite the oddity of the clothes and the artificiality of the pose. He handed back the photograph.

"I like her," he said.

"Here *we* are," said Swazey, handing him a tintype.

It was grotesque, as all such pictures are, with its mingled sentimentality and self-consciousness, but Stover did not smile.

"That's the girl I've been working for ever since," said Swazey. "The bravest little person I ever struck, and the squarest. She was waiting in a restaurant when I happened to drop in, standing on her own feet, asking no favor. She's out of that now, thank God! I've sent her off to school."

Dink turned to him with a start, amazed at the matter-of-fact way in which Swazey announced it.

"To school —" he stammered. "*You've* sent *her*."

"Sure. Up to a convent in Montreal. She'll finish there when I finish here."

"Why?" said Stover, too amazed to choose his methods of inquiry.

"Because, my boy, I'm going out to succeed, and I want my wife to know as much as I do and go with me where I go."

The two sat silent, Swazey staring at the tintype with a strange, proud smile, utterly unconscious of the story he had told, Stover overwhelmed as if the doors in a great drama had suddenly swung open to his intruding gaze.

"She's the real student," said Swazey fondly. "She gets it all — all the romance of the big things that have gone on in the past. By George, the time'll come when we'll get over to Greece and Egypt and Rome and see something of it ourselves." He put the photographs in his pocket-book and rose, standing, legs spread before the fire, talking to himself. "By George, Dink, money isn't what I'm after. I'm going to have that, but the big thing is to know something about everything that's real, and to keep on learning. I've never had anything like these evenings here, browsing around in the good old books, chatting it over with old Pike — he's got imagination. Give me history and biography — that inspires you. Say, I've talked a lot, but you led me on. What's your story?"

"My story?" said Stover solemnly. He thought a moment and then said: "Nothing. It's a blank and I'm a blank. I say, Swazey, give me your hand. I'm proud to know you. And, if you'll let me, I'd like to come over here often."

He went from the room with a sort of empty rage, transformed. Before him all at once had spread out the vision of the nation, of the democracy of lives of striving and of hope. He had listened as a child listens. He went out bewildered and humble. For the first time since he had come to Yale, he had felt something real. His mind and his imagination had been stirred, awakened, hungry, rebellious.

He turned back, glancing from the lights on the campus to the room he had left,— a little splotch of mellow meaning on the somber cold walls of Divinity,— and then turned into the emblazoned quadrangle of the campus, with its tinkling sounds and feverish, childish ambitions.

"Great heavens! and I went there as a favor," he said. "What under the sky do I know about anything — little conceited ass!"

And he went to his room, locked the door to all visitors, pulled an arm-chair before the fire, and sat staring into it, as solemn as the wide-eyed owls on the andirons.

CHAPTER XVI

THE hours that Dink Stover sat puffing his pipe before the yellow-eyed owls that blinked to him from the crackling fireplace were hours of revolution. His imagination, stirred by the recital of Swazey's life, returned to him like some long-lost friend. Sunk back in his familiar arm-chair, his legs extended almost to the reddening logs, his arms braced, he seemed to see through the conjuring clouds of smoke that rose from his pipe the figures of a strange self, the Dink Stover who had fought his way to manhood in the rough tests of boarding-school life, the Dink Stover who had arrived so eagerly, whose imagination had leaped to the swelling masses of that opening night and called for the first cheer in the name of the whole class.

That figure was stranger to him than the stranger in his own entry. Together they sat looking into each other's eyes in shy recognition, while overhead on every quarter hour the bell from Battel Chapel announced the march toward midnight. Several times, as he sat plunged in reverie, a knock sounded imperiously on the locked door; but he made no move. Once from the campus below he heard Dopey McNab's gleeful voice mingling with the deep bass of Buck Waters:

> "Oh, father and mother pay all the bills,
> And we have all the fun.
> That's the way we do in college life.
> Hooray!"

The sound died out. Upstairs a piano took up the refrain in a thin, syncopated echo. From time to time a door slammed in his entry, or from without the faint hallo:

"Oh, Jimmy, stick out your head."

Dink, shifting, poked another log into place and returned longingly to his reverie.

He could not get from his mind what Swazey had told him. His imagination reconstructed the story that had been given in such bare detail, thrilling at the struggle and the drama he perceived back of it. It was all undivined. When he had thought of his classmates, he had thought of them in a matter-of-fact way as lives paralleling his own.

"Wonder what Regan's story is — the whole story?" he thought musingly. "And Pike and all the rest of — " He hesitated, and then added, "— of the fellows who don't count."

He had heard but one life, but that had disclosed the vista of a hundred paths that here in his own class, hidden away, should open on a hundred romances. He felt, with a sudden realization of the emptiness of his own life, a new zest, a desire to go out and seek what he had ignored before.

He left the fire suddenly, dug into his sweater, and flung a great ulster about him. He went out and across the chilly campus to the very steps where he had gone with Le Baron on his

"'FATHER AND MOTHER PAY ALL THE BILLS, AND WE HAVE ALL THE FUN!'"

first night, drawing up close to the wall for warmth. And again he thought of the other self, the boyish, natural self, the Dink Stover who had first come here.

What had become of him? Of the two selves it was the boy who alone was real, who gave and received in friendship without hesitating or appraising. He recalled all the old schoolmates with their queer nicknames — the Tennessee Shad, Doc MacNooder, the Triumphant Egghead, and Turkey Reiter. There had been no division there in that spontaneous democracy, and the Dink Stover who had won his way to the top had never sought to isolate himself or curb any natural instinct for skylarking, or sought a reason for a friendship.

"Good Lord!" he said, almost aloud. "In one whole year what have I done? I haven't made one single friend, known what one real man was doing or thinking, done anything I wanted to do, talked out what I wanted to talk, read what I wanted to read, or had time to make the friends I wanted to make. I've been nothing but material — varsity material — society material; I've lost all the imagination I had, and know less than when I came; and I'm the popular man in the class! Great! Is it my fault or the fault of things up here?"

Where had it all gone — that fine zest for life, that eagerness to know other lives and other conditions, that readiness for whole-souled comradeship with which he had come to Yale? Where was the pride he had felt in the democracy of the class, when he had swung amid the torches and the cheers past the magic battlements of the College, one in the class, with the feeling in the ranks of a consecrated army gathered from the plains and the mountains, the cities and villages of the nation, consecrated to one another, to four years of mutual understanding that would form an imperishable bond wherever on the face of the globe they should later scatter? And, thinking of all this young imagination that somehow had dried up and withered away, he asked himself again and again:

"Is it my fault?"

Across the campus Buck Waters and Dopey McNab, returning from a marauding expedition, came singing, arm in arm:

> "Oh, father and mother pay all the bills,
> And we have all the fun.
> That's the way we do in college life.
> Hooray!"

The two pagans passed without seeing him, gloriously, boyishly happy and defiant, and the rollicking banter recalled in bleak contrast all the stern outlines of the lives of seriousness he had felt for the first time.

At first he revolted at the extremes. Then he considered. Even their life and their point of view were something unknown. It was true he was only a part of the machine of college, one of the wheels that had to revolve in its appointed groove. He had thought of himself always as one who led, and suddenly he perceived that it was he who followed.

A step sounded by him, and the winking eye of a pipe. Some one unaware of his tenancy approached the steps. Stover, in a flare-up of the tobacco, recognized him.

"Hello, Brockhurst," he said.

"Hello," said the other, hesitating shyly.

"It's Stover," said Dink. "What are you doing this time of night?"

"Oh, I prowl around," said Brockhurst, shifting from foot to foot.

"Sit down."

"Not disturbing you?"

"Not at all," said Stover, pleased at this moment at the awe he evidently inspired. "I got sort of restless; thought I'd come out here and smoke a pipe. Amusing old spot."

"I like it," said Brockhurst. Then he added tentatively: "You get the feeling of it all."

"Yes, that's so."

They puffed in unison a moment.

"You're hitting up a good pace on that *Lit* competition," said Dink, unconscious of the tone of patronage into which he insensibly fell.

"Pretty good."

"That's right. Keep plugging away."

"Why?" said Brockhurst.

"Why, you ought to make the chairmanship," said Dink, surprised.

"Why should I?"

"Don't you want to?"

"There are other things I want more."

"What?"

"To go through here as my own master, and do myself some good."

"Hello!"

Stover sat up amazed at hearing from another the thoughts that had been in his own mind.

"That's good horse sense," he said, to open up the conversation. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to do the best thing a fellow can do at our age. I'm going to loaf."

"Loaf!" said Dink, startled again, for the word was like treason.

"Just that."

"But you're not going to do that. You're out to make the *Lit*. You're heeling something, like all the rest of us," said Stover, who suddenly found himself on the opposite side of the argument, revolting with a last resistance at the too bold statement of his own rebellion.

"I'm not 'heeling' the *Lit*," said Brockhurst. His shyness disappeared; he spoke energetically, interested in what he was saying. "If I were, I would make the chairmanship without trouble. I'm head and shoulders over the rest here, and I know it. As it is, some persistent grubber who sits down two hours a day, thirty days a month, nine months of the year for the next two years, who will regularly hand in one essay, two stories, a poem, and a handful of portfolios, will probably beat me out."

"And you?"

"I? I write when I have something to write, because I love it and because my ambition is to write."

"Still, that's not exactly loafing."

"It is from your point of view, from the College point of view. It isn't what I write that's doing me any good."

"What, then?" said Stover, with growing curiosity.

"The browsing around, watching you other fellows, seeing your mistakes."

"Well, what are they?" said Dink, with a certain antagonism.

"Why, Stover, here are four years such as we'll never get again — four years to revel in; and what do you fellows do? Slave as you'll never slave again. Why, you're working harder than a clerk supporting a family!"

"It's a good training."

"For a certain type, yes, but a rather low type. Thank you, I prefer to go my own way, to work out my own ideas rather than accept others. However, I'm a crank. Any one who thinks differently here must be a crank."

While they were talking the hour of twelve had struck, and presently across the campus came a mysterious line of senior society men, marching silently two by two, returning to their rooms.

"What do you think of that?" said Stover, with real curiosity.

"That? A colossal mumbo-jumbo that has got every one of you in its grip." He paused a moment and gave a short laugh. "Did you ever stop to think, Stover, that this fetish of society secrecy that is spread all over this Christian, democratic nation is nothing but a return of idol-worship?"

This idea was beyond Stover, and so, not comprehending it, he resented it. He did not reply. Brockhurst, perceiving that he had spoken too frankly, rose.

"Well, I must be turning in," he said. "So long, Stover. You go your way and I'll go mine; some day we'll talk it over — four years out of college."

"The fellow *is* a crank," said Dink, going his way. "Got some ideas, but an extremist. One or two things, though, he said are true. I rather like to get his point of view, but there's a chap who'll never make friends."

And he felt again a sort of resentment, for, after all, Brockhurst was still unplaced according to college standards, and he was Stover, probable captain, one of those rated sure for the highest society honors.

The following night Stover again went over to Swazey's rooms. It being Saturday, one or two men had dropped in: Ricketts, a down-East Yankee who recited in his divisions, a drawling, shuffling stripling with a lazy, overgrown body and a quick, roving eye; Joe Lake, a short, compact, fluent Southerner from Texas; and Bud Brown, from a small village in Michigan, one of the class debaters who affected a Websterian deportment.

"I brought my pipe along," said Stover genially. "Got a place left where I can stow myself? Hello, Ricketts. Hello, Lake. Glad to shake your hand, Brown. How's the old *News* getting along, Pike? By the way, I'll give you a story Monday."

"Right in here, sir," said Lake, making room.

A couple of stout logs were roaring in the fireplace, before which, propped up with cushions, the majority of the company were sprawling. Stover took his place, filling his pipe. His arrival brought a little constraint; the conversation, which had been at fever pitch as he stood rapping at the door, dwindled to desultory remarks on inconsequential things.

"Well, I certainly am among the fruits of the class," thought Stover, eyeing the rather shaggy crowd, where sweaters and corduroys predominated and the razor had passed not too frequently.

In the midst of this hesitation, Regan's heavy frame crowded the doorway, accompanied by Brockhurst. Both were surprised at Stover's unaccustomed presence, Brockhurst looking at him with a little suspicion, Regan shaking his hand with new cordiality.

"Have you, too, joined the debating circle?" he said, crowding into a place by Stover and adjusting the fire with a square-toed boot.

"Debating circle?" said Stover, surprised.

"Why, this is the verbal prize-ring of the College," said Regan, laughing. "We settle everything here, from the internal illnesses of the University to the external manifestations of the universe. Pike can tell you everything that is going to happen in the next fifty years, and so can Brocky — only they don't agree. I'm around to get them out of clinches."

Swazey, Lake, Ricketts, and Brown in one

corner installed themselves for a session at the national game, appropriating the lamps and leaving the region about the fireplace to be lit by occasional gleams from the fitful hickories. Brockhurst, the champion of individualism, was soon launched on his favorite topic.

"The great fault of the American nation, which is the fault of republics, is the reduction of everything to the average. Our universities are simply the expression of the forces that are operating outside. We are business colleges purely and simply, because we as a nation have only one ideal — the business ideal."

"That's a big statement," said Regan.

"It's true. Twenty years ago we had the ideal of the lawyer, of the doctor, of the statesman, of the gentleman, of the man of letters, of the soldier. Now the lawyer is simply a supernumerary enlisting under any banner for pay; the doctor is overshadowed by the specialist with his business development of the possibilities of the rich; we have politicians, and politics is deemed impossible for a gentleman; the gentleman, cultured, simple, hospitable, and kind, is of the dying generation; the soldier is simply on parade."

"Wow!" said Ricketts, jingling his chips, "they're off."

"Everything has conformed to business, everything has been made to pay. Art is now a respectable career — to whom? To the business man. Why? Because a profession that is paid $3000 to $5000 a portrait is no longer an art, but a blamed good business. The man who cooks up his novel according to the weakness of his public sells a hundred thousand copies. Dime novel? No; published by our most conservative publishers — one of our leading citizens. He has found out that scribbling is a new field of business. He has convinced the business man. He has made it pay."

"Three cards," said Swazey's voice. "Well, Brocky, what's your remedy?"

"A smashing war every ten years," said Brockhurst shortly.

"Why, you bloody butcher," said Regan, who did not seize the idea, while from the card-table came the chorus:

"Hooray, Brocky, go it!"

"That's the way!"

"You're in fine form to-night!"

"And why a war?" said Pike, beginning to take notice.

"A war has two positive advantages," said Brockhurst. "It teaches discipline and obedience, which we profoundly need, and it holds up a great ideal, the ideal of heroism, of sacrifice for an ideal. In times of war young men such as we are, are inspired by the figures of military leaders, and their imaginations are stirred to noble desires by the word 'country.' Nowadays what is held up to us? Go out — succeed — make money."

"That's true, a good deal true," said Regan abruptly. "And the only remedy, the only way to fight the business ideal, is to interest young men in politics, to make them feel that there are new battle-fields."

"Now Tom's in it," said Lake, threshing the cards through his fingers. At the card-table the players began to listen, motioning with silent gestures.

"I *am* off," said Regan, bending forward eagerly and striking his fist against his open hand. "That's the one great thing our colleges should stand for; they ought to be great political hotbeds."

"And they're not," said Brockhurst shortly.

"The more's the pity. There I'm with you. They don't represent the nation: they don't represent what the big masses are feeling, fighting, striving for. By George, when I think of the opportunity, of what this place could mean, what it was meant to mean! Why, every year we gather here from every State in the Union, a picked lot, with every chance, with a wonderful opportunity to seek out and know what the whole country needs, to be fired with the same great impulses, to go out and fight together —" He stopped clumsily in the midst of a sentence, and flung back his hair, frowning. "Hang it, I can't express it; but the idea is immense, and no one sees it."

"I see it," said Pike. "That's my ambition. I'm going back; I'm going to own my own newspaper some day, and fight for it."

"But why don't the universities reflect what's out there?" said Regan, with a gesture.

"Because, to make it as it should be, and as it was, a live center of political discussion," said Brockhurst, "you've got to give the individual a chance, break through this tyranny of the average, get away from business ideas."

"Just what do you mean when you say we are nothing but a business college?" said Stover, preparing to resist any explanation. He understood imperfectly what Regan was advocating. Politics meant to him a sort of hereditary division; what new forces were at work he completely ignored, though resolved on enlightenment. Brockhurst's attack on the organization of the College was personal, and he felt that his own membership in the sophomore society was aimed at.

"I mean this," said Brockhurst, speaking slowly in the effort to express a difficult thought. "I hope I can make it clear. What would be the natural thing? A man goes to college. He

"'LIFE'S REAL TO THOSE FELLOWS; THEY'RE AFTER SOMETHING IN THIS WORLD'"

works as he wants to work, he plays as he wants to play, he exercises for the fun of the game, he makes friends where he wants to make them, he is held in by no fear of criticism above, for the class ahead of him has nothing to do with his standing in his own class. Everything he does has the one vital quality: it is spontaneous. That is the flame of youth itself. Now, what really exists?"

As he paused, Stover, unable to find an opening for dissent, observed with interest the attitudes of the listeners: Pike, his pipe forgotten in the hollow of his hand, was staring into the fire, his forehead drawn in difficult comprehension; Regan was puffing steady, methodical puffs, nodding his head from time to time. In the background Swazey's earnest face was turned in their direction, and the cards, neglected, were moving in a lazy shuffle; Brown, the debater, man of words rather than ideas, was running his fingers nervously through his drooping hair, chafing for the chance to enter the fray; Lake, tilted back, his fat body exaggerated under the swollen rolls of his sweater, from which from time to time he dug out a chip, kept murmuring:

"Perfectly correct, sir; perfectly correct."

Ricketts, without lifting his head, arranged and rearranged his pile of chips, listening with one ear cocked, deriving meanwhile all the profit which could be gained from his companions' divided attention. Two things struck Stover particularly in the group — the rough, unhewn personal exteriors, and the quick, awakened light of enthusiasm on their faces while listening to the expounding of an idea. Brockhurst himself was transformed. All the excessive self-consciousness which irritated and repelled was lost in the fervor of the thinker. He spoke, not as one who discussed, but as one who, consciously superior to his audience, announced his conclusions; and at times, when most interested, he seemed to be addressing himself.

"Now, what is the actual condition here?" He rose, stretching himself against the mantel, lighting a match which died out, as did a half-dozen others, unnoticed on his pipe. "I say our colleges to-day are business colleges — Yale more so, perhaps, because it is more sensitively American. Let's take up any side of our life here. Begin with athletics. What has become of the natural, spontaneous joy of contest? Instead you have one of the most perfectly organized business systems for achieving a

required result — success. Football is driving, slavish work; there isn't one man in twenty who gets any real pleasure out of it. Professional baseball is not more rigorously disciplined and driven than our 'amateur' teams. Add the crew and the track. Play, the fun of the thing itself, doesn't exist; and why? Because we have made a business out of it all, and the College is scoured for material, just as drummers are sent out to bring in business.

"Take another case. A man has a knack at the banjo or guitar, or has a good voice. What is the spontaneous thing? To meet with other kindred spirits in informal gatherings in one another's rooms or at the fence, according to the whim of the moment. Instead what happens? You have our University musical clubs, thoroughly professional organizations. If you are material, you must get out and begin to work for them — coach with a professional coach, make the Apollo clubs, and, working on, some day in junior year reach the varsity organization and go out on a professional tour. Again an organization conceived on business lines.

"The same is true with the competition for our papers: the struggle for existence outside in a business world is not one whit more intense than the struggle to win out in the *News* or *Lit* competition. We are like a beef trust, with every by-product organized, down to the last possibility. You come to Yale — what is said to you? 'Be natural, be spontaneous, revel in a certain freedom, enjoy a leisure you'll never get again, browse around, give your imagination a chance, see every one, rub wits with every one, get to know yourself'?

"Is that what's said? No. What are you told, instead? 'Here are twenty great machines that need new bolts and wheels. Get out and work. Work harder than the next man, who is going to try to outwork you. And, in order to succeed, work at only one thing. You don't count — everything for the College.' Regan says the colleges don't represent the nation; I say they don't even represent the individual."

"What would you do?" said Brown. "Abolish all organizations?"

"Absolutely," said Brockhurst, who never recoiled.

"What! Do you mean to say that the College of 1870 was a bigger thing than the College to-day?"

"My dear Brown, it isn't even debatable," said Brockhurst, with a little contempt, for he did not understand or like the man of flowing words. "What have we to-day that is bigger? Is it this organization of external activities? We have more bricks and stones, but have we the great figures on the teaching staff? I grant you, this is purely an economic failure — but at the bottom of the whole thing compare the spirit inside the campus now and then. Who were the leaders then? The men of brains. Then the College did reflect the country; then it was a vital hotbed of political thought. To-day everything that has been developed is outside the campus; and it's so in every college. This is the tendency — development away from the campus at the expense of the campus. That's why, when you ask me would I wipe out our business athletics and our professional musical and traveling dramatic clubs, I say, yes, absolutely. I would have the limits of college to be the walls of the campus itself, and we'd see, when men cease to be drafted for one grind or another, whether they couldn't begin to meet to think and to converse. However, that brings up the whole pet problem of education, and I'm through talking. Go on, Pike; tell us that we are, after all, only schools for character."

"Brocky, you certainly are a radical — a terrific one," said Pike, shaking his head. Regan, smoking, said nothing.

"A sort of red-shirt, eh?" said Brockhurst, smiling.

"You always go off on a tangent."

"Well, there's a good deal in what Brocky says," said Regan, nodding slowly, "about bringing us all back into the campus and shutting out the world. It's the men here, all sorts and conditions, that, after all, are big things, the vital thing. I'm thinking over what you're saying, Brocky — not that I follow you altogether, but I see what you're after — I get it."

Stover, on the contrary, was aware of only an antagonism, for his instinct was always to combat new ideas. There were things in what Brockhurst had said that touched him on the quick of his accepted loyalty. Then, he could not quite forget that in the matter of his sophomore society he had rejected him as being a little "queer." So he said rather acidly:

"Brockhurst, one question. If you feel as you do, why do you stay here?"

Brockhurst, who had withdrawn, a little self-conscious again after his outburst, flushed with anger at this question. But with an effort he controlled himself, saying:

"Stover has not perceived that I have been talking of general conditions all through the East; that I am not fool enough to believe one Eastern university is fundamentally different in essentials from another. What I criticize here I criticize in American life. As to why I remain at Yale, I remain because I think — because, having the advantages of my own point

of view, I can see clearer those who are still conventionalized."

"But you don't believe in working for Yale," persisted Stover, for he was angry at what he perceived had been his discourtesy.

"Work for Yale! Work for Princeton! Work for Harvard! Bah! Sublime poppycock!" exclaimed Brockhurst, in a sort of fury. "Of all drivel preached to young Americans, that is the worst. I came to Yale for an education. I pay for it — good pay. I ask, first and last, what is Yale going to do for me? Work for Yale, go out and slave, give up my leisure and my independence — to do what for Yale? To keep turning the wheels of some purely inconsequential machine, or strive like a gladiator. Is that doing anything for Yale, a seat of learning? If I'm true to myself, make the most of myself, go out and be something, stand for something *after* college, then ask the question if you want. Ridiculous! Hocus-pocus and flapdoodle! Lord! I don't know anything that enrages me more. Good night; I'm going. Heaven knows what I'll say if I stay!"

He clapped his hat on his head and broke out of the door. The chorus of exclamations in the room died down. Ricketts, still shifting his victorious pile, began to whistle softly to himself. Regan, languidly stretched out, kept watching with a twinkle in his eyes Stover, staring red and concentrated into the fire.

"Well?" he said at last.

Stover turned.

"Well?" said Regan, smiling.

Dink rapped the ashes from his pipe, scratched his head, and said frankly:

"Of course I shouldn't have said what I did. I got well spanked for it, and I deserve it."

"What do you think of his ideas?" said Regan, nodding appreciatively at Stover's fair acknowledgment.

"I don't know," said Stover, puzzled. "I guess I haven't used my old thinker enough lately to be worth anything in a discussion. Still——"

"Still what?" said Regan, as Dink hesitated.

"Still, he has made me think," he admitted grudgingly. "I wish he didn't quite — quite get on my nerves so."

"There's a great deal in what he said tonight," said Pike meditatively; "a great deal. Of course, he is always looking at things from the standpoint of the individual; still, just the same——"

"Brocky always states only one side of the proposition," said Brown, who rarely measured swords when Brockhurst was present in the flesh. "He takes for granted his premise, and argues for a conclusion that must follow."

"Well, what's your premise, Brown?" said Stover hopefully, for he wanted to be convinced.

"This is my premise," said Brown fluently. "The country has changed, the function of a college has changed. It is now the problem of educating masses and not individuals. To-day it is a question of perfecting a high average. That's what happens everywhere in college: we all tend toward the average; what some lose others gain. We go out, not as individuals, but as a type — a Yale type, Harvard type, Princeton type, five hundred strong, proportionately more powerful in our influence on the country."

"Just what does our type take from here to the nation?" said Stover; and then he was surprised that he had asked the question that was vital.

"What? What does this type stand for? I'll tell you," said Brown readily, with the debater's trick of repeating the question to gain time. "First, a pretty fine type of gentleman, with good, clear, honest standards; second, a spirit of ambition and a determination not to be beaten; third, the belief in democracy."

"All of which means," said Regan, "that we are simply schools for character."

"Well, why not?" said Pike. "Isn't that a pretty big thing?"

"You're wrong on the democracy, Brown," said Regan, with a snap of his jaws.

"I mean the feeling of man to man."

"Perhaps."

Stover at that moment was not so certain that he would have answered the same. The discussion had so profoundly interested him that he forgot a certain timidity.

"What would Brockhurst answer to the school-for-character idea?" said Stover.

"I calculate he'd have a lovely time with it," said Ricketts, with a laugh; "a regular dog-and-slipper time of it."

"In all which," said Swazey's quick voice, "there is no question about our learning a little bit."

A laugh broke out.

"Lord, no!"

"That doesn't count!"

"Why the curriculum?"

"That," said Regan, rising, "brings up the subject of education, which is deferred until another time. Ladies and gentlemen, good night. Who's winning? Ricketts. That's because he's said nothing. Good night, everybody."

Stover went with him.

"Tom," he said, when they came toward the campus, "do you know what I've learned tonight? I've learned what a complete ignoramus I am."

"How did you happen in?" said Regan.

Stover related the incident without mincing words.

"You're a lucky boy," said Regan, at the conclusion. "I'm glad you're waking up."

"You know I know absolutely nothing. I haven't thought on a single subject, and as for politics, and what you men talk about, I don't know the slightest thing. I say, Tom, I'd like to come around and talk with you."

"Come," said Regan; "I've had the door on the latch for a long while, old rooster."

CHAPTER XVII

One direct result came to Stover from the visits to Swazey's rooms. Despite the protests and arguments, he did not report for the competition for the crew.

"Stay in for a couple of months," said Le Baron; "we want the moral effect of every one's coming out."

"Sorry; I've made up my mind," said Dink.

"Why?"

"Want time to myself. I've never had it, and now I'm going to get it."

Le Baron of the machine did not understand him, and he did not explain. Stover was essentially a man of action and not a thinker. He did not reason things out for himself, but when he became convinced he acted. So, when he had thought over Brockhurst's theories and admitted that he was not independent, he determined at once to be so. He began zealously, turning his back on his own society crowd, to seek out the members of his class whom he did not know, resolved that his horizon should be of the freest. For the first time he began to reason on what others said to him. He went often to Swazey's rooms, and Regan's, which were centers of discussion. Some of the types who drifted in were incongruous, bizarre, flotsam and jetsam of the class; but in each, patiently resolved, he found something to stir the imagination; and when, under Regan's quickening influence, he stopped to consider what life in the future would mean to them, he began to understand what his friend, the invincible democrat, meant by the inspiring opportunity of college — the vision of a great country that lay on the lips of the men he had only to seek.

Dink was of too direct a nature, and also too confident in the strength of his position, to consider the effect of his sudden pilgrimage to what was called the "outsiders." Swazey and Pike, at his invitation, took to dropping into his room and working out their lessons with him. Quite unconsciously, he found himself constantly in public companionship with them and other newly discovered types who interested him.

About two weeks after this new life had begun, Le Baron stopped him one day, with a little solicitous frown, saying:

"Look here, Dink, aren't you cutting loose from your own crowd a good deal?"

"Why, yes, I guess I am," Dink announced, quite unconsciously.

"I wouldn't get identified too much with — well, with some of the fellows you've taken up."

Stover smiled, and went his way undisturbed. For the first time he felt his superiority over Le Baron. Le Baron could not know what he knew — that it was just these new acquaintances who had waked him up out of his torpor and made a thinking being of him. Others in his class, mistaking his motives, began to twit him:

"I say, Dink, what are you out for?"

"Running for something?"

"Getting into politics?"

"Junior prom, eh?"

He turned the jests aside with jests as ready, quite unaware that in his own crowd he was arousing a little antagonism; for he was developing on such deep lines that he did not perceive vexing details.

All at once he remembered that it had been over a fortnight since he had called at the Storys', and he ran over one afternoon about four o'clock, expecting to stay for dinner; for the Judge kept open house to the friends of his son, and Stover had readily availed himself of the privilege to become intimate.

Although Bob Story was bound to him by the closest social ties, Dink felt, nor was he altogether at fault in the feeling, that the brother was still on the defensive with him, due to a natural resentment perhaps at Dink's too evident interest in his sister.

When he arrived at the old Colonial house set back among the elms, Eliza, the maid, informed him that no one was at home. Miss Jean was out riding. But immediately she corrected herself, and, going upstairs to make sure, returned with the welcome information that Miss Story had just returned and begged him to wait.

He took the request as a meager evidence of her interest, and entered the drawing-room. Waiting there for her to come tripping down the stairs, he began to think of the new horizon that had opened to him, and the new feeling of maturity; and, feeling this with an acute realization, he was impatient for her to come, that he might tell her.

It was a good ten minutes before he turned suddenly at a rustling on the stairs, and saw her, fresh and flushed from the ride.

"It's awfully good of you to wait," she called to him; "I did my best to rush."

Arrived on the landing, she gave him her hand, looking at him a little earnestly.

"How are you? You're a terrible stranger."

"Have I been very bad?" he said, holding her hand.

"Indeed you have. Even Bob said he hardly saw you. What have you been doing?"

She withdrew her hand gently, but stood before him, looking into his face with her frank, inquiring eyes. Stover wondered if she thought he'd been a trifle wild; and, as there was no justification, he was immensely flattered, and a little tempted dramatically to assume an attitude that would call for reform. He smiled and said:

"I've been on a voyage of discovery, that's all. You'll be interested."

They sat down, and he began directly to talk, halting in broken phrases at first, gradually finding his words as he entered his subject.

"By George! I've had a wonderful two weeks — a revelation — just as though — just as though I'd begun my college course; that's really what it means. All I've done before doesn't count. And to think, if it hadn't been for an accident, I might have gone on without ever waking up."

He recounted his visit to Swazey's rooms, drawing a picture of his self-satisfied self descending *en prince* to bestow a favor; and, warming out of his stiffness, drew a word picture of Swazey's telling his story before the fire, and the rough sentiment with which he brought forth the odd, common little tintypes.

"By George! the fellow had told a great story and he didn't know it; but I knew it, and it settled me," he added with earnestness, always aware of her heightened attention. "It was a regular knockout blow to the conceited, top-heavy, prancing little ass who had gone there. By Jove, it gave me a jar. I went out ashamed."

"It is a very wonderful life — simple, wonderful," she said slowly, thinking more of the relater than of the story. "I understand all you felt."

"You know, life's real to those fellows," he continued, with more animation. "They're after something in this world; they believe in something, they're fighting for something. There's nothing real in me — that is, there wasn't. By George, these two weeks that I've gone about, looking for the men in the class, have opened up everything to me. I never knew my own country before. It's a wonderful country! It's the simple lives that are so wonderful."

She had in her hand a piece of embroidery, but she did not embroider. Her eyes never left his face. For the first time, the rôles were reversed: it was he who talked and she who listened. From time to time she nodded, satisfied at the decision and direction in his character, which had answered the first awakening suggestion.

"Who is Pike?" she asked.

"Pike is a little fellow from a little life in some country town in Indiana; the only one in a family of eight children that's amounted to anything — father's a pretty rum sort, I guess; so are the rest of them. But this fellow has a dogged persistence — not so quick at thinking things out, but, Lord! how he listens; nothing gets away from him. I can see him growing right under my eyes. He's interested in politics, same as Regan; wants to go back and get a newspaper some day. He'll do it, too. Why, that fellow has been racing ahead ever since he came here, and I've been standing still. Ricketts is an odd character, a sort of Yankee genius, shrewd, and some of his observations are as sharp as a knife. Brockhurst has the brains of us all; he can outthink us every one. But he's a spectator; he's outside looking on. I can't quite get used to him. Regan's the fellow I want for a friend. He's like an old Roman. When he makes up his mind,— it takes him a long while,— when he does, he's right."

He recounted Regan's ideas on politics — his enthusiasm, and his ideal of a college life that would reflect the thought of the nation. Then, talking to himself, he began to walk up and down, flinging out quick, stiff gestures.

"Brockhurst states a thing in such a slap-bang way — no compromise — that it hits you at first like a blow. But when you think it over he has generally got to the point. Where he's wrong is, he thinks the society system here keeps a man wrapped in cotton, smothering him and separating him from the class. Now, I'm an example. It's all a question of the individual. I thought it wasn't at one moment, but now I know that it is. You can do just what you want — find what you want.

"But we do get so interested in outside things that we forget the real; that's me. Brockhurst says we ought to bring the college back to the campus, and the more I think of it the more I see what he means. The best weeks, the biggest in my life, are those when I've realized I had an imagination and could use it." Suddenly he halted, gave a quick glance at her, and said:

"Here I'm talking like a runaway horse. I got started."

"Thank you for talking to me so," she said eagerly.

He had never seen in her eyes so much of genuine impulse toward him, and, suddenly re-

called, in this moment of exhilaration, to the personal self, he was thrilled with a strange thrill at what he saw.

"You remember," he said, with a certain new boldness, "how impudent you used to be to me, and how furious I was when you told me I was not awake."

"I remember."

"Now I understand what you meant," he said, "but then I didn't."

She rose to order tea, and then turned impulsively, smiling up to him.

"I think — I'm sure I felt it would come to you; only I was a little impatient."

And with a happy look she offered him her hand.

"I'm very glad to be your friend," she said, "to make amends; and I hope you'll come and talk over with me all that you are thinking. Will you?"

He did not answer. At the touch of her hand, which he held in his, at the new sound in her voice, suddenly something surged up in him, something blinding, intoxicating, that left him hot and cold, rash and silent. She tried to release her hand, but his grip was not to be denied.

Then, seeing him standing head down, boyishly unable to speak or act, she understood.

"Oh, please!" she said, with a sudden weakness, again trying to release her fingers.

"I can't help it," he said, blurting out the words. "Jean, you know as well as I what it is. I love you."

The moment the words were out, he had a cold horror of what had been said. He didn't love her, not as he had said it. Why had he said it?

She remained motionless a moment, gathering her strength against the shock.

"Please let go my hand," she said quietly.

This time he obeyed. His mind was a vacuum; every little sound came to him distinctly, with the terror of the blunder he had made.

She went to the window and stood, her face half turned from him, trying to think; and, misreading her thoughts, a little warm blood came back to him, and he tried to think what he would say if she came back with a light in her eyes.

"Mr. Stover."

He looked up abruptly — he had scarcely moved. She was before him, her large eyes seeming larger than ever, her face a little frightened, but serious with the seriousness of the woman looking out.

"You have done a very wrong thing," she said slowly, "and you have placed me in a very difficult position. I do not want to lose you as a friend." She made a rapid movement of her fingers to check his exclamation. "If what you said were true, and you are too young to have said such solemn words, may I ask what right you had to say them to me?"

"What right?" he said stupidly.

"Yes, what right," she repeated, looking at him steadily with a certain wistfulness. "Are you in a position to ask me to be your wife?"

"Let me think a moment," he said, drawing a breath.

He walked away to the table, leaning his weight on it, while, without moving, she followed with a steady gaze, in which was a little pity.

"Let me help you," she said at last.

He turned and looked up for the first time, a look of wretchedness.

"It would be too bad that one moment should spoil all our friendship," she said; "and because that would hurt me I don't want it so. You are a boy, and I am not yet a woman. I have always respected you, no more so than to-day, before — before you forgot your respect toward me. I want always to keep the respect I had for you."

"Don't say any more," he said suddenly, with a lump in his throat. "I don't know why — what — why I forgot myself. Please don't take away from me your friendship. I will keep it very precious."

"It is very hard to know what to do," she said. Then she added, with a little heightening of her color: "My friendship means a great deal."

He put out his hand and gently took the end of a scarf which she wore about her shoulders, and raised it to his lips. It was a boyish, impulsive fantasy, and he inclined his head before her. Then he went out hurriedly, without speaking or turning, while the girl, pale and without moving, continued to stare at the curtains which still moved with his passing.

TO BE CONTINUED

A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVIL

BY

JANE ADDAMS

AUTHOR OF "THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND THE CITY STREETS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV. TRAGEDIES OF LONELY AND UNPROTECTED GIRLS

THERE is no doubt that philanthropy often reflects and dramatizes the modern sensitiveness of the community in relation to a social wrong because those engaged in the rescue of its victims are able to apprehend, through their daily experiences, many aspects of a recognized evil concerning which the public are ignorant and therefore indifferent. However ancient a wrong may be, in each generation it must become newly embodied in living people, and the social custom into which it has hardened through the years must be continued in individual lives. Unless the contemporaries of such unhappy individuals are touched to tenderness or stirred to indignation by the actual embodiments of the old wrong in their own generation, effective action can not be secured.

The social evil has, on the whole, received less philanthropic effort than any other well-recognized menace to the community, largely because there is something peculiarly distasteful and distressing in personal acquaintance with its victims, a distaste and distress that sometimes lead to actual nervous collapse. A distinguished Englishman has recently written that "sober-minded people who, from motives of pity, have looked the hideous evil full in the face, have often asserted that nothing in their experience has seemed to threaten them so nearly with a loss of reason."

Nevertheless, this comparative lack of philanthropic effort is the more remarkable because the average age of the victims of the social evil is between sixteen and eighteen years, the age at which girls are still minors under the law in respect to all matters of property. We allow a minor to determine for herself whether or not she will live this most abominable life, although if she resolves to be a thief she will, if possible, be apprehended and imprisoned; if she becomes a drunkard she will be restrained; even if she chooses to be a professional beggar, she will be interfered with; but the decision to lead this evil life, disastrous alike to herself and the community, although well known to the police, is openly permitted. If a man has seized upon a moment of weakness in a girl and obtained her "consent," although she may thereafter be in dire need of help, she is put outside all protection of the law. The courts assume that such a girl has deliberately decided for herself, and that because she is not of "previous chaste life and character" she is lost to all decency. Yet every human being knows deep down in his heart that his own moral energy ebbs and flows, that he could not be judged fairly by his moments of weakness and defeat, and that after such revealing moments, although shocked and frightened, he is the same human being, struggling as he did before. Nevertheless in some states a little girl as young as ten years of age may make this irrevocable decision for herself on the ground that chastity is altogether an individual affair. Several instances illustrate better than could be done in any other way the youth and helplessness of young girls who, if they had not been rescued by protective agencies, would have become permanent outcasts, although they would have entered a disreputable life through no fault of their own.

The Country Girl a More Valuable Asset than the City Girl

The illustrations in this article are all taken from the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago in connection with its efforts to protect girls from overwhelming temptation. Doubtless many other associations could offer equally convincing testimony, for in recent years the

number of people to whom the very existence of the white slave traffic has become unendurable, and who are determinedly working against it, has enormously increased.

A surprising number of country girls have been either brought to Chicago under false pretenses, or have been decoyed into an evil life very soon after their arrival in the city. Country girls are in constant danger because they are much more easily secreted than girls procured from the city. A country girl entering a vicious life quickly feels the disgrace and soon becomes too broken-spirited and discouraged to make any effort to escape into the unknown city which she believes to be full of horrors similar to those she has already encountered. She desires above all things to deceive her family at home, often sending money to them regularly and writing letters describing a fictitious life of hard work. She even occasionally visits her country home without being discovered.

More than Half the Unfortunate Girls in Chicago Come from Farms and Small Towns

Mr. Clifford Roe estimates that more than half of the girls who have been recruited into a disreputable life in Chicago have come from the farms and smaller towns of Illinois and neighboring states. The report of the Chicago Vice Commission tells of many girls, living in small cities and country towns, who come to Chicago from time to time under arrangements made with the landlady of a seemingly respectable flat or apartment. They remain long enough to earn money for a spring or fall wardrobe and return to their home towns, where their acquaintances are quite without suspicion of the methods they have employed to secure the much admired costumes brought from the city.

Often an unattached country girl who has come to live in a city has gradually fallen into a vicious life from sheer lack of social restraint. Such a girl, when living in a smaller community, realized that good behavior was a protective measure and that any suspicion of immorality would quickly ruin her social standing; but, when removed from such surveillance, she hoped to be able to pass from her regular life to an irregular one and back again before the fact had been noted, quite as many young men hope to do.

The Story of a Pretty Chambermaid and Her Reckless Adventure

The experience of a pretty girl who came to the office of the Juvenile Protective Association a year ago is fairly typical of the argument that many of these country girls offer in their own defense. This girl had been a hotel chambermaid in an Iowa town where many of the traveling patrons of the hotel had made love to her, one of them occasionally offering her protection if she would leave with him. At first she indignantly refused, but was at length convinced that the acceptance of such offers must be a very general practice and that, whatever might be the custom in the country, in a city no one made personal inquiries. She finally consented to accompany a young man to Seattle, both because she wanted to travel and because she was discouraged in her attempts to "be good." A few weeks later, when in Chicago, she left the young man, acting from what she considered a point of honor, as his invitation had been limited to the journey which was now completed. Feeling too disgraced to go home, and under the glamour of the life of idleness she had been leading, she had gone voluntarily into a disreputable house, in which the police had found her and sent her to the office of the Association. She could not be persuaded to give up her plan, but finally consented to wait for a few days to "think it over," and, as she was leaving the office in company with a representative of the Association, they met the young man, who had been distractedly searching for her and had just discovered her whereabouts. They were married the very same day, and of course we never saw them again.

The Terrifying Experience of Two Farmers' Daughters in a Great City

It is, however, much cheaper and safer to procure country girls after they have reached the city. Perhaps the most flagrant case that the Association ever dealt with was that of two young girls who had come to Chicago from a small village in West Virginia, hoping to earn large wages in order to help their families. They arrived in the city penniless, having been robbed en route of their one slender purse. As they stood in the railway station, utterly bewildered, they were accosted by a man who presented the advertising card of a "good boarding-house" and offered to take them there. They quite innocently accepted his invitation; but an hour later, finding themselves in a locked room, they became frightened and realized that they had been duped. Fortunately the two agile country girls had no difficulty in escaping from a second-story window, but upon the street they were, of course, much too frightened to speak to any one again and wandered about for hours. The house from which they had escaped bore the

sign "Rooms to Rent," and they therefore carefully avoided all houses whose placards offered shelter. Finally, when they were desperate with hunger, they went into a saloon for a "free lunch," not in the least realizing that they were expected to take a drink in order to receive it. A policeman, seeing two young girls in a saloon "without escort," arrested them and took them to the nearest station, where they spent the night in a wretched cell.

At the hearing the next morning, where, much frightened, they gave a very incoherent account of their adventures, the judge fined them each fifteen dollars and costs, and as they were unable to pay the fine, they were ordered sent to the city prison. When they were escorted from the court-room, another man approached them and offered to pay their fines if they would go with him. Frightened by their former experience, they stoutly declined his help, but were over-persuaded by his graphic portrayal of prison horrors and "the disgrace that their imprisonment would bring upon the folks at home." He also made clear that, when they came out of prison thirty days later, they would be no better off than they were now, save that they would have the added stigma of being jailbirds. The girls at last reluctantly consented to go with him, when a representative of the Juvenile Protective Association, who had followed them from the court-room and had listened to the conversation, insisted upon the prompt arrest of the man, who was a well-known "cadet." When the entire story finally secured from the girls was related to the judge, he reversed his decision, fined the man one hundred dollars, which he was abundantly able to pay, and insisted that the girls be sent back to their mothers in Virginia. They were farmers' daughters, strong and capable of taking care of themselves in an environment that they understood, but in constant danger because of their ignorance of city life.

The Young Girl's Natural Love of Pleasure Utilized for Her Downfall

The methods employed to procure city girls must be much more subtle and complicated than those employed with the less sophisticated country girls. Although the city girl, once procured, is later allowed more freedom than is accorded to either a country girl or an immigrant girl, every effort is made to demoralize her completely before she enters the life. Because she may at any moment escape into the city which she knows so well, it is necessary to secure her inner consent. Those whose profession it is to furnish girls for the white slave trade apparently find it possible to decoy and demoralize most easily that city girl whose need for recreation has led her to the disreputable public dance-hall or other questionable places of amusement.

Gradually those philanthropic agencies that are endeavoring to be of service to the girls learn to know the dangers in these places. Many parents are utterly indifferent to or ignorant of the pleasures that their children find for themselves. From the time these children were five years old, such parents were accustomed to see them take care of themselves on the street and at school, and it seems but natural that when the children are old enough to earn money they should be able to find their own amusements.

The Low Dance-Hall with Its Long Intermissions and Cheap Liquor

The girls are attracted to the unregulated dance-halls not only by a love of pleasure but by a sense of adventure, and it is in these places that they are most easily recruited for a vicious life. Unfortunately, there are in Chicago one hundred and ninety dance-halls connected directly with saloons, while liquor is openly sold in most of the others. This consumption of liquor enormously increases the danger to young people. A girl after a long day's work is easily induced to believe that a drink will dispel her lassitude. There is plenty of time between the dances to persuade her, as the intermissions are long, fifteen to twenty minutes, and the dances short, occupying but four or five minutes; moreover, the halls are hot and dusty and it is almost impossible to obtain a drink of water. Often the entire purpose of the dance-hall, with its carefully arranged intermissions, is the selling of liquor to the people it has brought together.

After the girl has begun to drink, the way of the "cadet," who is often in league with the "spieler" who frequents the dance-hall, is comparatively easy. He assumes one of two rôles—that of the sympathetic older man or that of the eager young lover. In the character of the former, he tells the "down-trodden working-girl" that her wages are a mere pittance and that he can secure a better place for her with higher wages if she will trust him. He often makes allusions to the shabbiness or cheapness of her clothing and considers it "a shame that such a pretty girl can not dress better." In the second rôle, he apparently falls in love with her, tells of his rich parents, complaining that they want him to marry a "society swell," but that he really prefers a working-girl like herself. In

either case he establishes friendly relations, exalted in the girl's mind, through the excitement of the liquor and the dance, into a new sense of intimate understanding and protection.

Girls Often Unable to Recover Themselves After the First Misstep

Later in the evening she leaves the hall with him for a restaurant, because, as he truthfully says, she is exhausted and in need of food. At the supper, however, she drinks much more, and it is not surprising that she is at last persuaded that it is too late to go home and in the end consents to spend the rest of the night in a near-by lodging-house. Six young girls, each accompanied by a "spieler" from a dance-hall, were recently followed to a chop-suey restaurant and then to a lodging-house, which the police were instigated to raid, and where the six girls, more or less intoxicated, were found.

If no one rescues the girl after such an experience she sometimes does not return home at all, or, if she does, feels herself initiated into a new world where it is possible to obtain money at will and to secure the pleasures that it brings. She comes at length to consider herself superior to her less sophisticated companions, but as this latter state of mind is untenable for any length of time the girl is soon found openly leading a disreputable life.

Exploiting the Children of the Very Poor

The unregulated amusement-parks are apparently most dangerous to little girls twelve or fourteen years old who are childishly eager for amusement and totally unable to pay for a ride on the scenic railway or for a ticket to an entertainment. They easily accept many favors from the young men who are standing near the entrances for the express purpose of finding disappointed children. The reward which is demanded from the girls later in the evening, after they have enjoyed the many "treats" which the amusement-park offers, apparently seems of little moment. Their childish minds are filled with the memory of the lurid pleasures to the oblivion of the later experience, and they eagerly tell their companions of this possibility of "getting in to all the shows." These poor little girls pass unnoticed amid a crowd of honest people seeking recreation after a long day's work, groups of older girls walking and talking gaily with young men of their acquaintance, and happy children holding their parents' hands. This cruel exploitation of the childish eagerness for pleasure is, of course, possible only among a certain type of forlorn city children who are totally without moral standards and into whose colorless lives a visit to the amusement-park brings the acme of delirious excitement.

Their home environment has been similar to that of many children who come to grief through the five-cent theater. These eager little people, to whom life has offered few pleasures, crowd around the door hoping to be taken in by some kind soul, and when they have been disappointed over and over again and the "last performance" is about to begin, a little girl may be induced unthinkingly to barter her chastity for an entrance fee. Many children are also found who have been decoyed into their first wrongdoing through the temptation of the saloon, in spite of the fact that one of the earliest regulations in American cities for the protection of children has been the prohibition of the sale of liquor to minors.

The Disreputable Theatrical Agency and Its Deceptive Advertisements

The older girls attending the cheap theaters and the vaudeville shows are most commonly approached through their vanity. They readily listen to the triumphs of a stage career sure to be attained by such a "good-looker," and a large number of them follow a young man to the woman with whom he is in partnership under the promise of being introduced to a theatrical manager. There are also theatrical agencies in league with disreputable places, who advertise for pretty girls, promising large salaries. Such an agency, operating with a well-known "near theater" in the state capitol, was recently prosecuted in Chicago and its license revoked.

The methods pursued on excursion-boats are similar to those of the dance-hall, in that decent girls are induced to drink quantities of liquor to which they are unaccustomed. On the high seas liquor is usually sold in original packages, which enormously increases the amount consumed. It is not unusual to see a boy and a girl drink, between them, an entire bottle of whisky.

Some of these excursion-boats carry five thousand people, and in the easy breakdown of propriety which holiday-making often implies and in the absence of police, to which city young people are unaccustomed, the utmost freedom and license are often indulged in.

Thus the lake excursions, one of the most delightful possibilities for recreation in Chicago, through lack of proper policing and through the sale of liquor, are made a menace to thousands of young people to whom they should be a great resource.

Cities Must Provide Their Young People with Amusement

When a philanthropic association, with a knowledge of the commercial exploitation of youth's natural response to gay surroundings, attempts to substitute innocent recreation, it finds the undertaking most difficult. Chicago, after a thorough investigation of public dance-halls, amusement-parks, five-cent theaters, and excursion-boats, is insisting upon more vigorous enforcement of the existing legislation, and is also urging further legal regulation; Kansas City has instituted a Department of Public Welfare with power to regulate places of amusement; a New York committee has established model dance-halls; and several cities, among them Cleveland and Milwaukee, are urging the appointment of commissions on public recreation, while New York and Columbus have already created them.

Perhaps nothing in actual operation is more valuable than the small parks of Chicago in which the large halls are used every evening for dancing, and where outdoor sports, swimming-pools, and gymnasiums daily attract thousands of young people. Unless cities make some such provision for their youth, those who sell the facilities for amusement in order to make a profit will continue to exploit the normal desire of all young people for recreation and pleasure. But, until municipal provisions adequately meet this need, philanthropic and social organizations must be committed to the establishment of more adequate recreational facilities.

More Danger for Young Girls in Domestic Service than in Any Other Occupation

Although many dangers are encountered by the pleasure-loving girl who demands that each evening shall bring her some measure of recreation, a large number of girls meet with difficulties and temptations while soberly at work, and of these by far the largest number are girls who are in domestic service.

In spite of the fact that domestic service is always suggested by the average woman as an alternative for the working-girl whose life is beset with danger, the federal report on "Women and Child Wage-Earners in the United States" gives the occupation of the majority of girls who go wrong as that of domestic service, and in this it confirms the experience of every matron in a rescue home. The report suggests that the danger comes from the general conditions of work. "These general conditions are the loneliness of the life, the lack of opportunities for making friends and securing recreation and amusement in safe surroundings, the monotonous and uninteresting nature of the work done as these untrained girls do it, the lack of external stimulus to pride and self-respect, and the absolutely unguarded state of the girl except when directly under the eye of her mistress."

The Loneliness and Isolation of the Girl in Domestic Service

In addition to these reasons, the girls realize that the opportunities for marriage are fewer in domestic service than in other occupations, and, after all, the great business of youth is securing a mate, as the young instinctively understand. Unlike the working-girl who lives at home and constantly meets young men of her own neighborhood and factory life, the girl in domestic service is brought into contact with very few possible lovers. Even the men of her former acquaintance, however slightly Americanized, do not like to call on a girl in some one else's kitchen and find the entire situation embarrassing. The girl's mistress knows that for her own daughters mutual interests and recreation are the natural foundation for friendships with young men — friendships which may or may not lead to marriage but which are the prerogative of every young girl. The mistress does not, however, apply this worldly wisdom to the "maid" in her service, although the girl may be only eighteen or nineteen years old, utterly dependent upon her for social life, save during her afternoons and evenings "out."

The majority of domestics are employed in families where there is only one, and the tired and dispirited girl, often without a taste for reading, spends many lonely hours. That most fundamental and powerful of all instincts has, therefore, no chance for diffusion or social expression, and, like all confined forces, tends to degenerate. The girl is equipped with no weapon with which to contend with those poisonous images that arise from the senses, and a girl in the bondage of these images, bred of fatigue and loneliness, becomes an easy victim.

The Friendless Position of the Colored Servant

This is especially true of the colored girl, who, because of her traditions, is often treated with so little respect by white men that she is constantly subjected to insult. Even the colored servants in the New York apartment-houses, who live at home and thus escape this loneliness, are obliged to seek their pleasures late into the night, because their working hours extend until

nine in the evening. American cities offer occupation to more colored women than colored men, and this surplus of women, in some cities as large as one hundred and thirty or forty women to one hundred men, affords an opportunity to the procurer which he quickly seizes. He is often in league with certain employment bureaus who make a business of advancing the railroad or boat fare to colored girls coming from the South to enter into domestic service. The girl, in debt and unused to the city, is often put into a questionable house and kept there until her debt is paid many times over. In some respects her position is not unlike that of the imported white slave, for, although she has the inestimable advantage of speaking the language, she finds it even more difficult to have her story credited. This contemptuous attitude is a disadvantage to her in many ways, for so universally are colored girls in domestic service suspected of blackmail that the average court is slow to credit their testimony when it is given against white men.

The Tragic Story of a Young Norwegian Girl

When a girl who has been in domestic service loses her health, or for any other reason is unable to carry on her occupation, she is often curiously detached and isolated, because she has had so little opportunity for normal social relationships and friendships. One of the saddest cases ever brought to my personal knowledge was that of an orphan Norwegian girl who, coming to America at the age of seventeen, had been for three years in one position as general housemaid, during which time she had drawn only such part of her wages as was necessary for her simple clothing. At the end of three years, when she was sent to a public hospital with nervous prostration, her employer refused to pay her accumulated wages on the ground that owing to her ill health she had been of little use during the last year. When she left the hospital, practically penniless, advised by the physician to find some outdoor work, she sold a patented egg-beater for six months, earning scarcely enough for the barest necessities and in constant dread lest she could not "keep respectable." When she was found wandering upon the street, she not only had no capital with which to renew her stock, but had been without food for two days and had resolved to drown herself. Every effort was made to restore the half-crazed girl, but unfortunately hospital restraint was not considered necessary, and a month later, in spite of the vigilance of her new friends, her body was taken from the lake.

No Mercy Shown to the Servant in Disgrace

A surprising number of suicides occur among girls who have been in domestic service when they discover that they have been betrayed by their lovers. Perhaps nothing is more astonishing than the attitude of the mistress when the situation of such a forlorn girl is discovered, and it would be interesting to know how far this attitude has influenced these girls either to suicide or to the equally reckless choice of a disreputable life, which statistics show so many of their number have elected. The mistress almost always promptly dismisses such a girl, assuring her that she is disgraced forever and too polluted to remain for another hour in a good home. In full command of the situation, she usually succeeds in convincing the wretched girl that she is irreparably "ruined." Her very phraseology, unknown to herself, is a remnant of that earlier historic period when every woman was obliged in her own person to protect her home and to secure the status of her children. The indignant woman is trying to exercise alone that social restraint which should have been exercised by the community and which would have naturally protected the girl if she had not been so completely withdrawn from the community in order to serve exclusively the interests of her mistress' family.

The Dreary Outlook of the Girl Mother

Such a woman seldom follows the "ruined" girl through the dreary weeks after her dismissal — her difficulty in finding any sort of work, the ostracism of her former friends added to her own self-accusation, the poverty and the loneliness, the final ten days in the hospital, and the great temptation which comes after that to give away her child. The baby-farmer who haunts the public hospitals for such cases tells her that upon the payment of forty or fifty dollars he will take care of the child for a year, and that "maybe it won't live any longer than that." Unless the hospital is equipped with a social service department such as the one at the Massachusetts General, the girl leaves it weak and low-spirited and too broken to care what becomes of her. It is in moments such as these that many a poor girl, convinced that all the world is against her, decides to enter a disreputable house. Here, at least, she will find food and shelter, she will not be despised by the other inmates, and she can earn money for the support of her child. Often she has received the address of such a house from one of her companions in the maternity ward, where, among the fifty per

cent of the unmarried mothers, at least two or three sophisticated girls are always to be found, eager to "put wise" the girls who are merely unfortunate. Occasionally a girl who follows such unfortunate advice still insists upon keeping her child. I recall a pathetic case in the Juvenile Court of Chicago where such a mother of a five-year-old child was pronounced by the judge to be an "improper guardian." The agonized woman was told that she might retain the child if she would completely change her way of life; but she insisted that such a requirement was impossible, that she had no other means of earning her living, and that she had become too idle and broken for regular work. The child clung piteously to the mother, and, having gathered from the evidence that she was considered "not good," assured the judge over and over again that she was "the bestest mother in the world." The poor mother, who had begun her wretched mode of life for her child's sake, found herself so demoralized by her hideous experiences that she could not leave the life, even for the sake of the same child, still her most precious possession. Only six years before, this mother had been an honest girl cheerfully working in the household of a good woman whose sense of duty had expressed itself in dismissing the "outcast."

The Girl in Domestic Service the Last Representative of Old-Time Labor Conditions for Women

These discouraged girls, who so often come from domestic service to supply the vice demands of the city, are really the last representatives of those thousands of betrayed girls who for many years met the entire demand of the trade; for, while a procurer of some sort has performed his office for centuries, only in the last fifty years has the white slave market required the services of extended business enterprises in order to keep up the supply. Previously the demand had been largely met by the girls who had voluntarily entered a disreputable life because they had been "ruined." While the white slave traffic was organized primarily for profit, it could, of course, never have flourished unless there had been a dearth of these discouraged girls. Is it not also significant that the surviving representatives of the girls who formerly supplied the demand are drawn most largely from the one occupation which is furthest from the modern ideal of social freedom and self-direction?

Domestic service represents in the modern world, more nearly than any other of the gainful occupations open to women, the ancient labor conditions under which woman's standard of chastity was developed and for so long maintained. It would seem obvious that both the girl over-restrained at home as well as the girl in domestic service had been too much withdrawn from the healthy influence of public opinion, and it is at least significant that domestic control has so broken down that the girls most completely under its rule are shown to be those in the greatest danger. Such a statement undoubtedly needs the modification that the girls in domestic service are frequently those who are unadapted to skilled labor and are least capable of taking care of themselves; yet the fact remains that they are belated morally as well as industrially. As they have missed the industrial discipline that comes from regular hours and systematized work, so they have missed the moral training of group solidarity, the ideals and restraints which the friendships and companionships of other working-girls would have brought them.

The Self-Supporting Girl Finds Her Greatest Safeguard in Her Fellow Workers

In the better paid and more skilled positions open to women the social restraint afforded by this companionship is most valuable, as are the new business women's codes which are developing among them, although at present it is often manifested by the social ostracism of the one of their number who has broken the conventions. When the judgment of her peers becomes, not less firm but more kindly, the self-supporting girl will have a safeguard and restraint many times more effective than the individual control which has become so inadequate for the girl in domestic service, or the family discipline which, with the best intentions in the world, can not cope with existing social conditions.

The Redeeming Power of Maternal Affection

The most perplexing case that comes before the philanthropic organizations trying to aid and rescue the victims of the white slave traffic is the type which involves a girl who has been secured when so lonely, detached, and discouraged that she greedily seized whatever friendship was offered her. Such a girl has been so eager for affection that she clings to even the wretched simulacrum of it afforded by the man who calls himself her "protector," and she can only be permanently detached from the life to which he holds her when she is put under the influence of more genuine affections and inter-

ests. That is doubtless one reason it is always more possible to help the girl who has become the mother of a child. Although she unjustly faces a public opinion much more severe than that encountered by the childless woman who also endeavors to "reform," the mother's sheer affection and maternal absorption enable her to overcome the greater difficulties more easily than the other woman who is without the new warmth of motive can overcome the lesser ones. The Salvation Army in their rescue homes have long recognized this need for an absorbing interest which should involve the Magdalen's deepest affections and emotions, and therefore often utilize the rescued girl to save others.

Certainly no philanthropic association, however rationalistic and suspicious of emotional appeal, can hope to help a girl once overwhelmed by desperate temptation, unless it is able to pull her back into the stream of kindly human fellowship and into a life involving normal human relations. Such an association must needs remember those wise words of Count Tolstoy's:

"We constantly think that there are circumstances in which a human being can be treated without affection, and there are no such circumstances."

THE MOUNTAINS

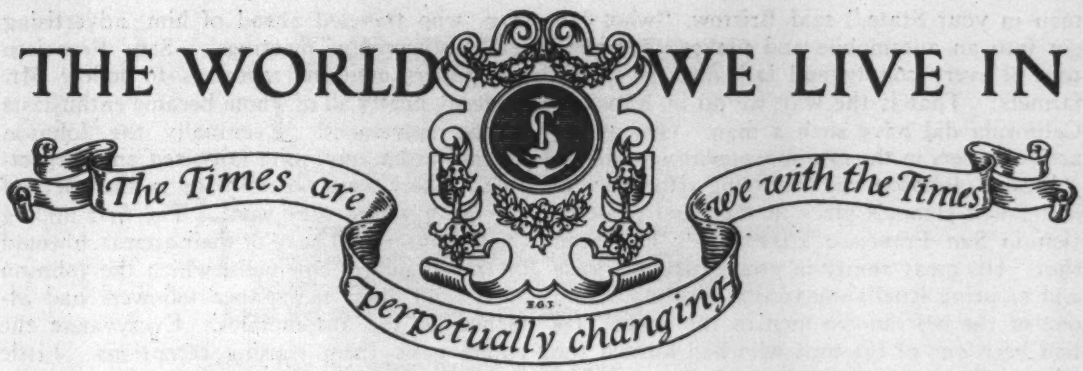
BY KATHARINE TYNAN

I WISH I could get the peace of the mountains into me,
The mountains of God that are ever calm, full of rest;
Be quiet, they say, and lift their faces to heaven.
The lark with his wings as he rises brushes their crest;
Theirs are the roses of dawn, the glories of even;
The quiet of night folds their heads to her breast.
I wish I could get the peace of the mountains into me,
And not to have all the world a trouble to me.

I am full of frets and fatigues, of angers and fears.
I wish the mountains would teach me their secret of peace.
They have seen men born and die and the work of their hands
Pass like the leaves of autumn; increase and decrease
Of this world's glory; the years like a glassful of sands
Run out and be finished, the centuries wither and cease.
They have looked to God through all the days and the years.
I wish I was still, like the mountains — not vexed, full of fears.

Everything passes — the mountains whisper to me.
There is nothing that matters, they say, but God and the soul.
They have cowls of the mists and rain for their habits gray;
And this world's glory has only death for its goal.
Be still, there is only God and the soul, they say;
Everything passes save only God and the soul.
I wish I could get the peace of the mountains into me,
And not to have all the world a trouble to me.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN



WHAT THE DIRECT PRIMARY DID FOR CALIFORNIA

THE public is now fairly familiar with the fact that California has become a progressive State. From absolute domination by the Southern Pacific Railroad to the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall, and Employers' Liability — these extremes indicate the changes that have taken place in less than two years. In the general rejoicing, however, we should not lose sight of the new political device that has made possible this revolution. That device is the direct primary.

Hardly anything in politics in recent years has aroused so much discussion as this direct primary. Everywhere the political bosses have denounced it. And even the advocates of better things have not unanimously accepted it. As a matter of fact, the direct primary has not been an unqualified success in every State where it has been tried. The experience of California, however, is of great importance, because it clearly shows what can be accomplished by the people under a good primary law, when they are united and determined to accomplish definite ends.

The Perfected Southern Pacific Machine

The direct primary is simply a new method of selecting political candidates for office. Under it the old-time political convention is abolished, and the people themselves select their candidates by popular vote. One of the first States to adopt this new method was Minnesota. In 1904 Oregon followed with one of the most complete direct primary laws in the United States. When, two or three years ago, the people of California were looking for some means of freeing themselves from the political control of the Southern Pacific Railroad, they naturally started a movement for a direct primary law. Without such a law the leaders in this movement — Hiram Johnson, Francis Heney, Fremont Older, and the others — saw that they could make absolutely no headway. No State has ever had so completely organized a political machine as California. It was organized in every county and every town, and its emissaries controlled all political conventions, State and county. However much the rank and file of the party might advocate the nomination of particular men, these men could never secure public office unless they had previously obtained the O. K. of the political workers for the Southern Pacific Railroad. Things got so bad that it became quite the usual thing for any one who wished to go to the California Legislature to pay a visit to San Francisco, and, with hat in hand, ask permission of the men who ran the Southern Pacific Railroad. Under the old convention system every one despaired of changing this régime. The only way to change it was boldly to take the power of making nominations out of the hands of the political conventions and hand it over directly to the party voters.

Fifteen Men Against the Southern Pacific

As soon as the people had obtained their primary law, the California progressives began to organize. Just how to make a direct appeal under the primary law was at first something of a puzzle. A well-known Californian happened to run against Senator Bristow, of Kansas, one day in Washington. "Haven't you got some

man in your State," said Bristow, "who can get into an automobile and make a complete tour of every county and talk directly to the farmers? That is the way we do in Kansas." California did have such a man. One of the active leaders in the new movement was Hiram Johnson. Johnson was the young attorney who had taken Heney's place in the Ruef prosecution in San Francisco after Heney had been shot. His great ability in prosecuting this case and securing Ruef's conviction had made him one of the best-known men in the State. He had been one of the men who had formed the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, an organization created for a particular purpose. That purpose was to throw the Southern Pacific Railroad out of politics in California. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League at once informed Mr. Johnson that he was to be their candidate. At this time the League consisted of fifteen or twenty men. Against them they had all the wealth and power of the Southern Pacific, and a great mass of partizan leaders whom no one had yet succeeded in arousing against that great corporation. The task was certainly a formidable one; without the direct primary law they could never have succeeded.

Hiram Johnson — A Political Revivalist

Under the new system the primary to select a candidate for governor was to be held on the 16th of August, 1910. Hiram Johnson started to work on the 10th of March. On that day he got into an automobile, with his son as driver, and started for the northern part of the State. He preached everywhere, just like an itinerant revivalist. With regular Salvation Army methods, he exhorted at street corners. At first the populace was somewhat amused by this novel way of conducting a political campaign; but Johnson was a ready and vigorous talker, and they soon learned that he had something definite to say. He started his political revival sermons under the shadow of Mount Shasta. Here, in a little town where a political candidate had never appeared before, he talked to a small group of farmers. He proceeded in this way for a considerable time before any one, except his intimates, knew that he was conducting a campaign. In the early days nothing about his tours appeared in the newspapers. He talked away for several weeks, denouncing the Southern Pacific road and its political methods, before the political machine learned what was going on. As he went through the State, however, the movement began to grow. Mr. Johnson finally dignified his campaign by engaging an advance man, who traveled ahead of him, advertising the forthcoming meetings. San Francisco newspapers assigned reporters to follow Mr. Johnson, nearly all of whom became enthusiasts in the movement. Eventually the Johnson procession became quite fair-sized and respectable. There were no railroads in the parts of the State where they went. The first inkling the farmers would have of their approach would be the ringing of cow-bells, which the Johnson party and their newspaper followers had attached to the automobiles. Everywhere the voters gave them rousing receptions. Little towns would have felt very much hurt not to have been included in the itinerary. Both men and women attended the meetings in force, and even the school children took this opportunity of learning their first lessons in decent government.

"Will You Keep the Faith?"

All through the campaign Mr. Johnson confined his remarks to one subject. He did not talk about the tariff or the currency — he simply reduced his speeches to one phrase: "Throw the Southern Pacific Railroad out of politics." He gave in great detail the whole history of the Southern Pacific domination and what it had meant to the public life of California. And Mr. Johnson early saw that all these people were heart and soul opposed to the Southern Pacific Railroad. They were eager to do everything that he asked them to do. They had been fooled so often, however, that at first they mistrusted the new leaders. Old farmers would come up to Johnson, take his hand, and say: "Johnson, will you keep the faith? If we nominate you, will you do to the Southern Pacific just what you say you will do?" Evidently they all believed his promises on this point, for, when the day came for the primary election, Johnson, who had started out a few months before with only fifteen or twenty followers, was chosen by a large majority.

The direct primary has been tried in many States, but nowhere has it shown such tremendous effectiveness as in California. Here it gave the people their first taste of power. It has so sharpened their appetite that they are constantly demanding more. And, under the new conditions, it is inconceivable that California should ever slump back into the hands of a great corporation. The incident has an important lesson for other States, such as New York, where the old-time political hacks have, so far, defeated the public demand for an effective primary law.

Continued on page 56 of the advertising section

THE QUEEN'S MOOD

BY

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE flower-sweet Queen was walking in her garden.
Drifting her way the lemon-petals fell;
Myrtle and orange blew their breath about her;
Even the sunshine had a pleasant smell.

Above her the white palace in its glory
Lifted long lines of columns in the light;
Through the wide plain, below, the sinuous river
Mirrored the far sierra's silver height.

The palm trees stirred their plumes in clear wind-azure,
Where silken winds went sighing to and fro;
The roses climbed and overtopped the cypress
And turned the shadow into blushing snow.

Only to breathe was bliss that summer morning,
The young Queen thought, along her bowery aisle:
Only to breathe—and love—ah, that was heaven!
(The place had been less fair without her smile.)

Low in the plain beside the oozy river,
One lay, the while, beneath her thatch of straw,
Withered and gray as eld, and cursed all heaven,
And cursed the light of morn, and cursed the law!

That day her man-child—treasure sole and single,
The blossom of her being's one delight—
Must leave the frolic air, the joy of living,
Must go into the void of the vast night.

Born with great pangs, with greater pangs his dying
Shattered her soul. Oh, what were life when death
Darkened those splendid eyes! Be bitter blighting
On all who, while she anguished, drew glad breath!

Naught of that desolate outcry, that black horror,
Knew the young Queen. To her so sweet life seemed,
This summer morning, that with sudden blessing
She turned to do the happy thing she dreamed.

"I will entreat the King," she said in going,
"Because he loves me—and I am his wife,"
Stately and sweet, "that all who leave their prison
This day for death shall have free air and life!"

That night a man, alive with mighty pulses,
To clasp his mother through the darkness stalked.
Neither divined they breathed because that morning
The flower-sweet Queen in her high garden walked.